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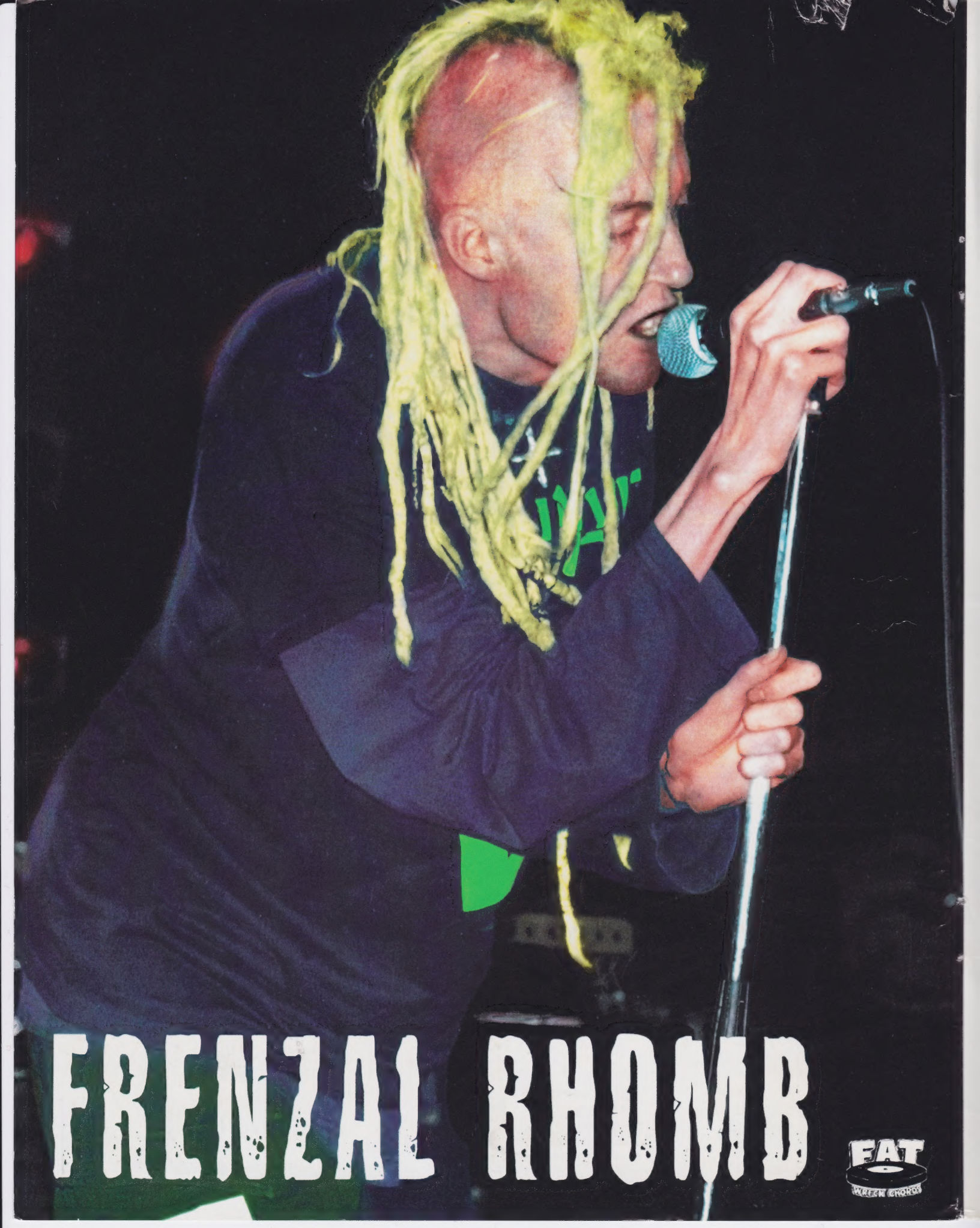
July/August 1999, #119

the
BellRays

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TV KILLERS
TV KILLERS



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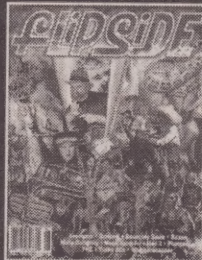
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Rodney On The Roq's Top 20 Requests

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15. Blur "Bug Man"
16. Kahimi Karie "One Thousand 20th Century Chairs"
17. Kula Shakur "Shower Your Love"
18. My Life Story "It's A Girl Thing"
19. Hurricane #1 "Come Alive"
20. 21st Century Girls "Doing 21st Century Girls"

➤ Deborah
Harry of
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"Yeah Yeah
Yeah!"
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THANK YOU: Karen for kicking some mail ass and learning the ropes quickly. Jose Parada C. for the BellRays photos, John for helping out with the mail, Matt Average for help scanning, David Guthrie for the Rob Zombie illustration, John the Minor for the use of the Davie Allan poster, John Alvarado for his picture in Jimmy's column, Nam for her record reviews and XSXW report, K. for live reviews, Kat for live reviews and photos, Miss Sarah A. Stierch for her record and zine reviews, Brian GTA for the Nextstep interview, Drunk Ted for the Daniel Johnston interview and photos, Say "Hey" to Gary Hornberger, the new comics columnist, Holly for the Limp interview and pictures, Sal Cochino for live reviews and record reviews, Brenda Double for a record review, live reviews, and pictures, Sick Boy for his record reviews and comic, Bill Toxic Ranch for helping coordinate the Raw Power pictures, family trees, and interview, Ray Boland for the Ricanstruction interview and Sam Lahoz for the pictures, Frank Mullen, Jason Thrasher, and Luther Blissett for the Jucifer photos, Margaret Saadi for the Street Walkin' Cheetahs photos, all the people that didn't write their names on the back of photos for the SWCs, Laine Harris for the Pineal Ventana picture, Squeaky, Kirin, Blu, Zack Negative, Mike Ramek, Heather Oh, Roger Moser Jr., J.Cyco, Donofthedeaky, Southern Fried Keith, Comma, Larry Riotgun, Bart, Liz O, and Arthur Robert for their record reviews. **CORRECTIONS:** Pat's no hoe - that's Pat "Adam Bomb" Hoed. **FUCK YOU:** Other People's Music. Call Jan Houst at (416) 966-9798 and ask why he doesn't feel like paying for the ad we ran. Tell him Flipside sent you.

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STAFF/CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINES:

Issue #120 - July 5th

• #121 - September 7 • #122 - November 8

JOHNNY A.

This is not an editorial, because all I could think about was the fact that one of my best friends decided to take his life, but don't call it an obituary either... I don't know why.... anyway....

The guy was Johnny Anus, singer and guitarist for Anus the Menace, the band he had recently reformed with Phil Colon and his brother Mike. Enough probably can't be said about what special guys John and his three brothers are. First of all, Bill, Mike, Paul and John are as different from each other as four people can possibly get, and each has chosen a unique course for their lives. But fortunately for me, they all have a burning passion for music, particularly the loud and original kind. They're also unconditionally devoted and caring brothers and (well, I didn't know Paul that well), about as good as good friends get. The personal impact of this event was such that I wouldn't have imagined and I'm sure is an unbearable tragedy for such close and connected brothers.

If you were fortunate enough to get to know John, you knew he had some pretty strong convictions - and this event, which some might casually dismiss as a predictable end to hard drug involvement, actually leaves some pretty heavy questions unanswered. Yeah, John was no stranger to hard drugs and alcohol, in fact he thrived on that shit. Anyone could certainly vouch for his dedication to "Party like dynamite". Well, it turns out that on one such quest to party like "There's No Tomorrow" (TNT), John found himself moonlighting as Dr. Feelgood, and things went dreadfully wrong. His reaction, as his own Judge and Jury, was to sentence himself to what he must have considered the ultimate malpractice penalty - death.

John's bombshell of a decision is one hell of a mind fuck. What would you do in a situation like John's? His decision is hard evidence for his unique and dedicated nature, qualities you just don't find in all that many people. Faced with that situation, I'm sure most people would likely follow the course paved by more popular role models, the likes of OJ Simpson. I can't say that I would have done as John, perhaps some-where in between, but I know one thing, John, you're a much better man than OJ.

On the lighter side, John was a great musician. He played in bands around LA for many years - the first music of his being released when he played in Corpus Delicti - a quite accomplished Goth / fringe outfit that broke up just as they were getting somewhere (like opening for the Cure). From there he picked up the pace and tortured his strings for Personae Defect, Pus Filled Wound and finally with Anus The Menace (with 2 full lengths, comp cuts and a single that we put out).

His lyrics were often confusing (and confused) but got the job done, usually quite well once you looked between the lines of his minimal but precise observations. For instance, John was always fascinated with the relative definition of "normal" and liked to observe things as an unbiased third party. "It's Such A Beautiful Day In The Neighborhood", a song Flipside put out on "The Big One" compilation CD, John relates how on a "normal", beautiful day in any-neighborhood USA, the natives cut a clearing in the vegetation, drag out their portable sacrificial altars and proceed to burn animal carcasses. In John's own words:

"It's such a beautiful day in the neighborhood/
birds are chirping, lawnmowers cutting/
bar-b-ques burning dead animals..."

John also had a pretty strong dislike for closed minds - especially towards race, religion or sex. John wasn't gay, and not as far as I know (although I'm sure he'd try anything at least once) but he vigorously supported the right for that choice and was truly beyond many of the deepest sexual hangups so common today. This one time we were silkscreening the disks of the "City Of LA Power" comp, John, of course volunteered - actually he was just there, didn't even have to ask, so was Dave Rice (ex-Sandy Duncan's Eye) and well as Joy and myself. Once done, a casual party continued and at some point Dave expressed his desire to have his dick pierced. John having recently pierced his eye brow felt sort of the expert and offered his services. To the shock and amazement of Joy and myself, Dave accepted John's offer!! After a series of location consultations between swigs of vodka, they had it all figured out. Joy and I never laughed so hard at the sight of John kneeling before Dave, Dave's dick firmly in John's hand (slippery devil) and John trying to stab what looked like a nail through it! Dave decided that even with the vodka anesthetic it still hurt too much - but John was determined. So the rolled around on the ground until the tone of things kinda changed. Before we knew it they were in a full on fist fight - each landing some blood gushing blows before we broke it up. They quickly realized how stupid it had all become - so they kissed and made up!! I shit you not!

Anyway, John had a song called "I Wish I Was Gay So You Would Hate Me" that summed up his feelings. Simple and to the point. His playing followed a similar style, accenting his utter contempt for the subjects of his lyrics. He preferred what he called a "penetrating" sound, something loud, something that sliced and cut, violated, like a Marine on a search and destroy mission with a piano wire. Anything but nice. Of course his brilliance was a hit or miss proposition, depending on the party favors of the evening and how he timed it. I know this infuriated his band mates - both of them stable and consistent musicians. Quite a few shows disintegrated into a mess, but there were those gems when it all came together. When John was on he'd take that band through a rendition of their cut-loose number "Church of Juniper" that could stand up to any rock masterpiece you could think of. Only better. Cause he meant it, man.

I had a lot of good times with John. He was the only one I knew who really loved raves, I'd never seen him into anything as much as when a Guy Called Gerald came to town... then after the show, after the party, when I'm really dragging my ass, hangover fading in over the buzz, John pops out his tongue showing a fresh new blotter cluster! If nothing else, I guess that had to be his trademark.

Ok, I'm rambling... it seems like I could go on and on. But I won't. People that knew him are experiencing mixed or mixed up feelings. You bet. It still takes a few seconds for the reality of him gone to register and send a wave of dread over me. Then the sadness and sense of loss, just plain bummed. Then, I swear, I can hear his brother Bill offer up some of his verbal punctuation (as he had done numerous times before), "Fuckin' John!" I'll have to agree - Goddamn fuckin' John....

Ok, I'll admit, John never said anything close to "Party Like Dynamite." I just really wanted John's friends to stop everything and in an effort to embarrass me, focus their attention on him, maybe even rack their brain, think of everything they ever did with John and everything he ever said. I hope it worked, I think John would have been amused...
— Al

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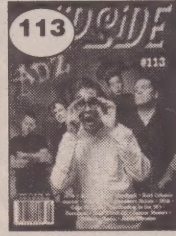
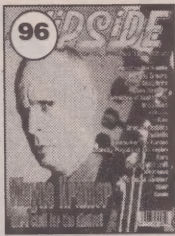
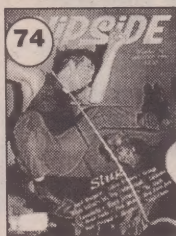
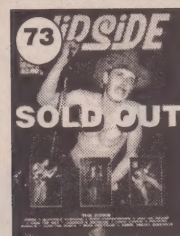
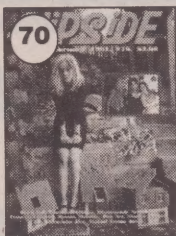
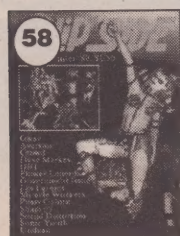
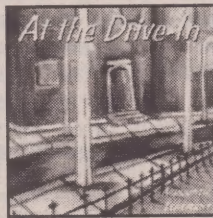
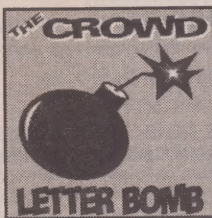
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CORRESPONDENCE

NOT REALLY ASSHOLES

Hi Todd:

Thanks much for the very kind words in your review of the first issue of *Hit List*. It's very gratifying to me to learn that people who I respect like our zine so much. Plus, you shrewdly deduced that most of our columnists, despite their "asshole" public personae, are in fact not really assholes at all on a personal level. We're actually nice guys who have an aggressive and provocative style of writing. As for me, I was not only the record review section creator and record review editor for MRR, but the primary person other than Tim who was involved in creating the whole magazine. I'm not sure I'm proud of that in this day and age, however! In any case, thanks again for the rave review, and for agreeing to an ad exchange, which is very supportive. We definitely appreciate it.

Jeff Bale,

Hit List, SF, CA

P.S.-By the way, I totally agreed with your review of "Decline of Western Civilization, Part 3". Although I felt kinda sorry for the way most of those gutter punks were treated by their families, and thought some of them were surprisingly funny, I found myself almost entirely unable to identify with them. Alas, they seem to have let life crush their spirits, and had in the process become "losers" or "bums in training", all by the tender age of 18! Being neurotic, alienated, and rebellious is certainly punk, but hopefully being wholly dysfunctional is not. Then again, maybe it is...

A NOVELTY BAND

Todd:

Hey, man! Thank you so much for coming to our Al's Bar show! Sorry it took so long to write, my computer is a piece of shit, always crashing in the middle of whatever I'm doing. I hope the next time we come to LA we can get the chance to educate more folks than just your smiling face. I'm going to send you an advance CD of the most recent stuff we've recorded if you like...our all-women authors EP "G.L.O.W. - Gorgeous Ladies Of Writing". The rest of the tour was fun, except the next night in SF at the Covered Wagon. We played with these "OI" skinhead bands who didn't appreciate the edu-core at all. I guess it's really a blue collar working man's thing to be an uneducated stupid fucking moron. When I called the skinheads illiterate pussies someone threw a glass at me. That's rock n' roll! Portland made up for it, a guy who had seen us before actually brought us a 200 word essay on HP Lovecraft he had written! We're reaching people! That makes me so happy! Anyway, just wanted to express my thanks for your coming out for us. Hope everything is peachy down Flipside way. Feel free to drop me an email anytime!

Thanks again,

Jake

(Yo Jake, Al here, Todd told me all about you guys so there will be at least 2 smiling faces at your next LA show. LA/Hollywood, being the music industry focus that it is, has always had some sort of alternative/underground music scene that the freaks and otherwise malcontent could escape to. When I became old enough for a fake ID, the rock alternative going was a sort of street rock/glam metal mix. The style at the time was pretty much like the mid-80's longhair hardcore crossovers, and kept the punk scene a bit disguised. But not for long. Eventually people took sides, and you would no longer see the likes of Quiet Riot playing with the suddenly completely opposite-looking, sounding, thinking "New Wave" bands. The caliber of people at this embryonic stage was absolutely amazing! Everyone was actively involved: bands, magazines, club owners, producers, etc and just about everyone was a genuine character if not an eccentric genius! The variety of bands and their creative output will probably never be matched again. And for a while there it just kinda boiled away... But creative, intelligent people kinda get bored fast, or perhaps look for the opportunity to recreate themselves. Needless to say, but a couple of gigs full of "stupid fucking morons" and you find yourself watching 6 bands that sound the same sounding like someone mediocre. And it all seems ok with the audience who are pre-occupied with finishing up PE class. Well, ok, besides complaining I did want to say, good for you guys, you thought of something new! - Al)

DROPIN KICKOUT MURPH THE SURF

Hey Al

It's me your old surfing buddie Frank! That's right, Big Frank. Any way, I hope all is well with you I have a wonderful 2 year old baby and couldn't be happier. Do you still surf a lot? You

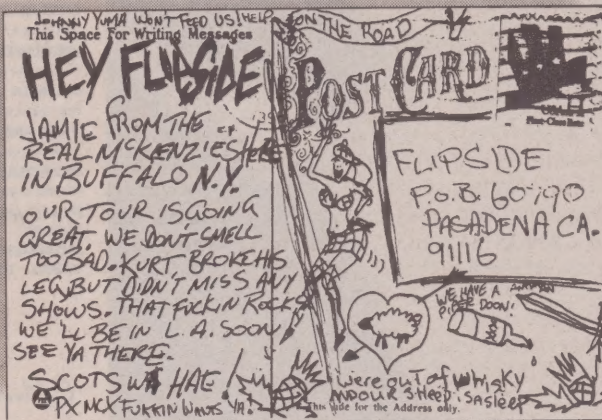


should come up North and try Mavericks. It rivals any big wave in the world. Anyway I saw a show that I had to share with you. First off my apologies to Ducky Boys and Oxymoron, as I arrived late I wouldn't have even been able to get in if not for the kindness of Dropkicks guitarist Rick for letting me on their list as one of their friends didn't show. Well I got inside just in time to see Sacramento's Pressure Point, and let me tell you these guys are pure power. This was my first time seeing them and I was truly impressed. The crowd knew every song and sang it loud! These guys also take a very non-racist approach and have a solid following to back them up. They even did some covers better than the originals. Even the Dropkicks said next time they wanted to play before them. I honestly can't say enough about how impressed I was so if you ever have the chance, see them, preferably in Sacto. Next up were the Dropkicks and they were up to the task. Playing all the favorites old and new. With new

singer Al Barr they are definitely a force. "Curse of a Fallen Soul" was truly moving. All in all a great, powerful show with intelligence behind the music. Remember not to judge a book by its cover or haircut or lack there of or you will miss out on some fine music. Thanx again to Rick for getting me in and giving me a show I won't soon forget.

B.F.

(Hey Frank! Long time 'eh? Well, I don't surf nearly as much as I used to... but Mavericks!?! No fucking way, dude! Don't tell me you're hanging out with... what's his name - "Tick" - and those West Side Lane locals now? You'll probably be the one to show them how to El Rolo the Cauldron with your sponge! Well, I'm too old for that hectic stuff, but if you're towing I'd go for Black Hand when it's closing out Half Moon Bay! Well, you were always good at tricks, from Sadlands to just grinding at curbs, but how did you pull off having a baby!?! Seriously, don't pull a Foo and keep in touch! - Al)



NAGGIE FOR MAGGIE

Flipside;

Hey, I just read the letter in yr most recent issue from someone wondering where Maggie Song, among other people, was. Her band that you mentioned, the Fibonaccis, broke up about ten years ago (and were a band that changed my life). Last I heard, she was concentrating on performance art. Your correspondent might find it more fruitful to inquire along those avenues. Not trying to be a pest.

KH

(Well KH, thank you very much. Ya see, by the very nature of us being the Flipside and all, the people in our pages aren't always the easiest to keep track of. That's where you readers come in - especially with a little incentive. Ok, free sub to the first person with the most Maggie information. A recent photo would certainly score big, but a letter from Maggie would probably even make KH happy! 123GO! - Al)



(whom we played with last weekend), are doing TWO Naked Raygun covers every set, even though they only have one ex-member. Pegboy can do one Raygun cover since they have two ex-members.

Do they have any plans other than getting more fat?

Well, I'm sure they plan to continue drinking heavily, though I guess that could technically be considered a part of their Getting More Fat plan. Actually, Larry's the only one who's really getting fat. Pierre is maintaining his constant stockiness, and the Haggertys are still skinny as rails. But seriously folks, I talked to Joe Haggerty a couple of months ago at a Vibrators show and asked him what was up, and he said that they plan to do at least one more album. A "really cheap album," he said, I think referring to the fact that they spent WAY too much money and time recording that last one...

I wanna know. Everybody wants to know, man! Okay, now on to my question: You say... "An

METASTASIS

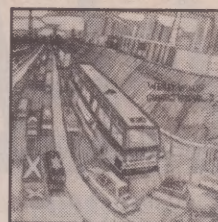
Hello. Good talking to you yesterday, too. Directly to your questions! A couple things, then down to business.

Is it true that Pegboy broke up on the way to their last gig?

Not true. Their most recent gig was Saturday, May 29th, here in Chicago. My band Lynyrd's Innards had the pleasure of opening for them, and they did not break up. They DID do a Naked Raygun cover, though ("Treason"), which they pulled off quite nicely. Of all the times I've ever seen 'em, this was the first time I've ever seen them do a Raygun song. I guess they figure that since Pezzatti's (mediocre) new band, The Bomb



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active role in keeping bands and labels running. I myself try and order direct from bands, and a lot of the time (but not always) in addition to my order their will be stickers and fliers, and often a note from the band, or who ever runs the label. If you worried about getting ripped off, I find that it's the exception not the rule. I think out of all the stuff I've ordered over the last 3 years (about 2 records a month) that I have been ripped off a total of 2 times. One of the times was by a would be label. I wrote the band who's record I'd ordered and it turns out the record was never pressed, but the band sent me stickers and stuff. But if you're really worried, e-mail the label or band, or write and ask for info on their release (be nice and send a stamp).

So take the chance, and you may find the experience very rewarding.

Eric Reanimator

PS: I always like to order 2 copies of 7"s, that way I have one to lend or give to friend.

(Eric, you don't know how right you are! Although in his column this issue, Todd presents a very good argument why it might be too late, I think that with a enough people with an attitude like Eric's, the situation can be reversed. The bottom line is that you show support by how and where you spend your money. If you buy records from major record store chains - you are directly supporting their continued growth and existence. If you do as Eric does, you are supporting yourself and your scene. Back when I was a kid (Yeah, stretch your imagination there, but fuck, that's probably before most of you were born!) I used to correspond with some freaky rockers on the east coast. I started by just getting their 7 inchers and then when they came out here we hung out. I did the fanzine thing: interview, took pictures, etc. They'd float me tons of cool stuff and I gave them photos, one of which ended up on a fancub release. That don't happen when you shop at Blockbuster!! Who was the band - oh, none other than Glen and the Misfits! - Al)

FOLK

Dear Retodd:

Mondo kudos for #118's "INmajorDIE!" I picked up my first cover of Flipside at a corner newsstand in the East Village during my brief and befuddled tenure in the Crabby Apple, about the time I got my first inkling that the #1 problem with the music biz is the music industry. Now, after several years-worth of browbeating my less-enlightened friends about how the majors can't even take care of their own on staff, much less the vast majority of sub-platinum selling musicians, the task has been greatly simplified: put a reprint of Steve Albini's fabulously scathing Baffler essay "The Problem With Music" in one hand, and copies of yer exhaustively-researched major-derivative flowcharts in the other. I'm just a lil' ol' folksinger who's never been loud enough or kewl enough to be a punk rawker, but work like yers has reassured me it's more about where the music comes from than what it actually sounds like...which means, on a good day, I'm at least as punk as yer grandma's asshole, and which has also freed me up to write songs like "Not For The Radio". "If money were everything then Bill Gates would be King/ but he still can't sing."

Folk Mel

Patrick Ian

EAT A VEGAN

"If a big animal had a chance, it wouldn't take another glance. It would eat you up." - NOFX.

As I promised, I'm back to discuss animal products and the effects they have on your body. Let me make it clear from the start; I'm not a vegetarian nor an animal lover. I am well studied in nutrition, physical therapy, and natural hygiene. The information I relay here is from an unbiased professional perspective.

Animal products will make you sick and eventually kill you!

The meat and dairy industries have lied to you for years and will continue to. Think of all the money involved in these industries. How to lie with statistics. Researchers can manipulate statistics to make any point they wish. Benjamin Disraeli, a prime minister of England in the nineteenth century, once said, "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics." Throughout this article I will give you a number of references next to statements about animal products. At the end I will provide a bibliography. So go challenge me. I promise you it's the truth. Ever heard of high blood cholesterol, arthritis, or osteoporosis? Who hasn't? Consider this. If it were not for animal products you would not have ever heard of these three problems, let alone know what they are. The only reason they exist is because of the consumption of animal products. Animal products are very high in fat, very high in cholesterol, and very low in fiber. This is a fact. Cholesterol is a substance unique to animals and humans. It is secreted by the liver and is necessary for many functions of the body.

Many people think of cholesterol in only a negative way. However, the human body secretes about 2000 milligrams of it daily and the body uses it in all of its' tissues. Only your own cholesterol can be utilized. Cholesterol in your diet is a severe health hazard. Remember you can find cholesterol nowhere else but in the tissues of animals. (1)Studies have shown that while animal protein raises blood cholesterol, vegetable protein actually lowers it. (2)Gall stones, caused by cholesterol. (3)heart disease = cholesterol (4)The diseases caused by the consumption

of animal products are too vast to name them all. A thirty year study in Scandinavia showed an indisputable link between milk and arthritis. (5)The word cancer is synonymous with pain, helplessness, anguish, and death. Animal products cause cancer! Did you hear me? I'll say it again animal products (milk, eggs, meat butter, byproducts of these) cause cancer! If all animal products were removed from our diets, cancer (other than smoking related cancer) would cease to be a problem. Here's a list of cancers animal products cause: colon, breast, liver, kidneys, prostate, testicles, uterus, and ovaries. (6,7,8,9,10,11) A high fiber diet is proven to prevent colon cancer. (12) Remember animal products have very little fiber. I can't explain how we got so tapped into eating meat, but we weren't designed to eat meat. The history of our species is clear. We developed as eaters of plant foods, not as flesh eaters.(13) Our teeth are not fangs made for the rending and tearing of flesh. True flesh eaters attack their prey, somehow kill it, and bite right into it. Uncooked, unspiced, bloody, and on the spot. Do that to a cow and then tell me how we are flesh eaters. There are many examples

of our physical makeup that differ from a flesh eater, but you will have to trust me. This can't be too big of an article. I don't have my own column like Shit Ed. So I'm hearing your questions; How am I supposed to get the protein my body requires? How do I get calcium without milk? Well to answer your protein question. You don't get protein that your body utilizes from animals. Chicken is eaten. You have chicken protein. Beef is eaten. You have beef protein. Follow me? Protein is built from amino acids. There is not a psychologist on earth who would tell you different. Look at elephants, water buffalo, oxen, and razorback gorillas. They are huge healthy animals. They all are vegetarians. Go take on one of them if they are protein deficient. Lions on the other hand have a different digestive tract designed to turn flesh into protein and glucose. They also eat their meat raw. Every amino acid needed to build human protein is to be found in fruits and vegetables. So, you can get a kick out of these cheese and meat commercials. I'm sure you have already seen a milk mustache on every

celebrity you can think of. Right? Well that's money at work. Lots of money. Loads of money. With all of that money changing hands do you think that the truth has any baring? No, of course not. Money kills people. The fact is that the majority of the people on earth react to cows milk by getting sick. (14) Those ads I spoke of, always have the same slogan. "Calcium the way nature intended it." Well, they left off two very important words, "for calves." Cows milk is for calves. All mammals make milk for their young but not for other species. Also once those young begin to grow they are weaned off milk. As humans we are twisted. Once we are weaned off mothers milk we turn to cows milk. Does that make any sense? No, it doesn't. It makes money though. In my next article I'll discuss pasteurization and the diseases caused by milk consumption, but to wrap this up, the calcium question still remains. Calcium comes from soil that plants absorb and incorporate into their structure. Animals consume the plants and absorb the calcium. That's where the cow gets the calcium. So your best bet for adequate calcium intake would be from the following: raw nuts, seeds, grains, beans, fresh fruit, dried fruit, and vegetables. (15) By the way, a little calcium is good. A lot of calcium will kill you. Ever

heard of osteoporosis? Look it up. Between 15 and 20 million people are affected by it in the United States alone. So there you have it, the truth. It's a beautiful thing. Some day you might even get used to hearing it. Nah, the establishment wouldn't let that happen. You keep believing in TV and media and I'll just keep telling the truth.

Who needs to diet with liposuction.

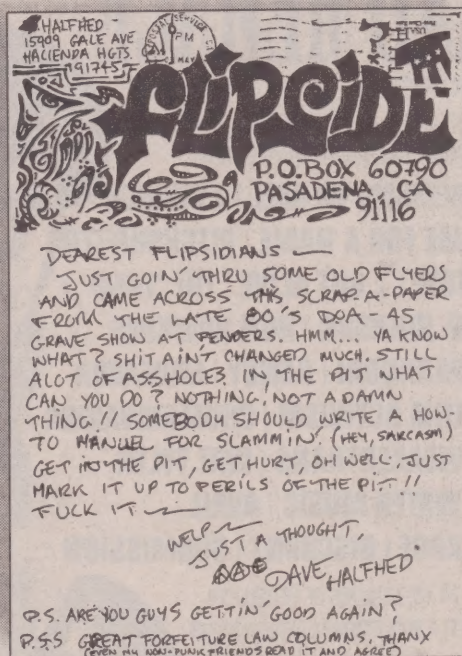
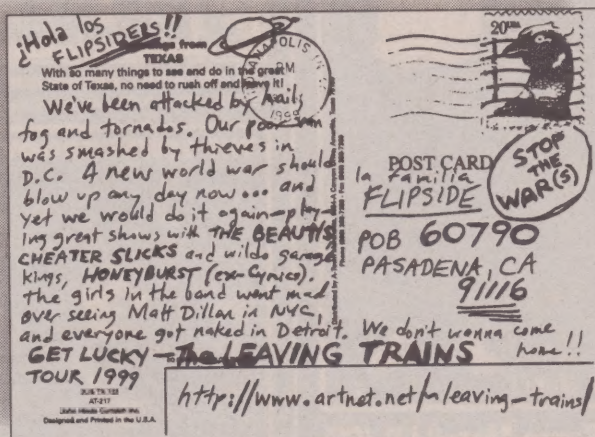
Sick Boy

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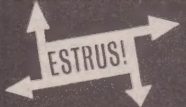
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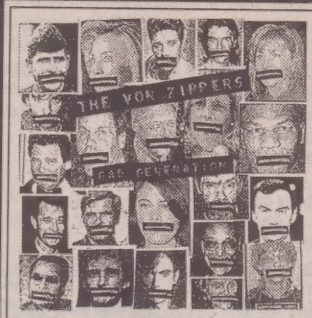


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autonomous label is self sufficient in that it is free of direct or indirect association to any major label for which it is dependent upon for services such as billing, accounting, inventory, manufacturing, or distribution. If you swear you're autonomous and we find out otherwise, our business relationship will be terminated."

Well, here's the thing about that. A lot of our records are distributed by ADA, which, so far as I know, is owned, or was owned, by Warner. They're one of countless distributors that we sell to; it's not like we're "exclusive" with them by any stretch. They're just one of countless distributors that we sell to. But still, the way you define "autonomous" has me a little concerned that we might not qualify, and I'm not one for starting trouble. Lemme know what you think, and feel free to gimme a call and we can discuss it.

Keep on a'rockin' me baby,

Jay

(Jay, funny you should mention ADA because that was the one distributor that Todd couldn't really get the definitive specs on. And if Todd wasn't 100% sure, he wasn't gonna waste your time. What you say is about as much as I know as well. As for our "autonomous" thing, well, the exact reason for coming up with another word to apply to the situation was so that if there was a problem - you could (as you have) ask us what *WE* mean. Sorta like how you can argue Straight Edge as much as you like, but Ian will always have the final word. In this case, the critical word (of all fucking things!) is "dependent". By using "countless" distributors, you are clearly free of any one company exerting any overbearing influence on you. But even if you did choose to go with an exclusive, the key then becomes their "Major" status.

Honestly, this is all so hair splittingly silly, but you wouldn't believe the arguments and deceit that are pretty much an everyday burden. I think there is a painfully obvious difference between a genuine auto label and a major. Like the guy scraping by to pay for pressing the vinyl and then hand folding, numbering, painting, etc the sleeves and selling them at gigs. That's gotta be fucking night and day different from anything that goes on at BMG. Yeah, there's DIY involved, and Shit Ed might gracefully simplify it to intention. That works too. The bottom line is we want to give that guy a break with advertising. That's it. We don't even hate major labels. Really! But when you see their full color page ads in Spin and read about the millions they spend yucking it up and THEN get some guy on the phone whining about our ridiculously low ad rates and how he deserves the "indie" rates... well, you get the picture. -Al)

SWIMMING HEAD

Jesus Christ!

I just picked PS#118 off the stands and my head is still swimming from this article. I thought the drug stuff was good but this is almost a frightening. "The Teeth of the Hydra are upon you..." T Rex. I can't believe this massive attempt to cover the globe with a product that is a luxury and not a necessity (debatable, I know). Still. You wonder why the Industry is dead set on controlling the MP3 technology. What better way for artists to contact people on a wide scale with CD quality music. The law suit begins next week. Maybe I've been reading too much Xenocrony, but what better way to market your product by getting its users to shoot up a high school. Maybe the Ozzy Osbourne case of subliminal suicide should be looked into. These fuckers are trying to control us all with their bullshit music and chicken shit values. I am outraged. I plan to order as much 12 CDS for a penny from as many sources as I can and encourage others to do the same and make a bonfire. This is serious shit. We should be at war with these screw heads. Do you know how much power and influence these evil money hungry swine wield? You have blown me away again with a well researched and written piece. Careful, they may come for you. They may offer you a wheel barrel of cash to shut up and work for them. By the way, who owns Flipside? Please say its just Al. Invasion of the Corporate body snatchers. I cringe at the thought. I mean this is scary enough to go postal Columbine style at your local Tower records. Lord help us all. Get the Mackin letter writing machine on line, we need to fight back before creative and independent thought are completely wiped out for the pursuit of money. Jim Morrison was right, we are all SLAVES!

Rocco in Kingman

PS: I would be curious to see what other corporate domination these hellish bastards are running in our life...I mean isn't Sony tied into the Pepsi/ KFC/ TacoSmell/ Lucas film thing? This is the NWO, get my bible and my gun Martha, the Apocalypse is here.

RED HOT AND BLUE

Dear Al,

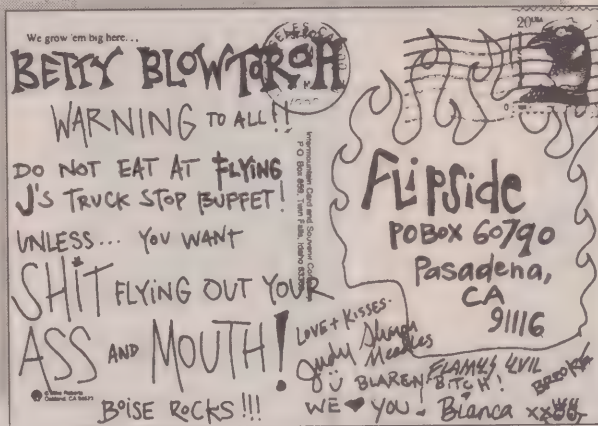
I have been a reader of Flipside for many years, and even though your area of focus is mostly regional, you have surpassed a multitude of mags. Forced Exposure, Grand Royal, Spin (No politics, just rock my ass), Sound Choice, MMR, all have gone under, in some form or fashion. I just want to thank you for always being there, like Teddy Ruxpin with the Swans tape inside sitting next to the bed. But I have been on a quest for the Flipside compilations (CD version) for a long time. I met someone at film school with a slip case version and finally updated my tapes, but, alas, those will die soon. Please give me direction for I have tired my eyes at the fine print in

the back of mags, and have looked at enough used CDS of the Red, Hot and Blue in the compilation selections. Not that I like the songs or the music, I just like the quotes.

Respectfully yours,

Lantz Barbour, KGSU-Ft. Collins, Colorado, Public Radio-Alternative Music Director (1985-1992), Director of Photography-Silver Spring, MD(1999-99)

(Lantz: To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I know what the hell you're talking about!!! But I've got news nevertheless! Yeah, that comp was out briefly as we were falling out from Mordam, thinking we'd press more when we recovered a bit. Well, our brief episode with Rotz was anything but rejuvenating, in fact, Flipside Records is pretty much a done deal. Kaput. We will continue to sell our back stock and maintain a catalog of the stuff that sells (like Beck, At The Drive-In, Babyland, Crowd) But no new stuff. Oh, the news, the Best Of Flipside Vinyl Fanzines Volume One to Three will see world wide release later this year as a joint Gasatanka Flipside effort (as always) but with fresh licensing through Musical Tragedies in Germany, those cool guys in Spain and domestically through our good friends at Triple X. Joe in Germany is doing three separate discs and Triple X a spiffy box set - and it's all newly cleaned up (for your quote listening pleasure) digitally remastered and fucking rocks!!! - Al)



ACE IN THE HOLE

Todd Baby!

This is the Ace man coming to you from Susanville, CA, the home of Sickboy. I am retired at 21. I am a greaser that grew up on punkrock; guess I'm a punkabilly. Your magazine kicks ass and I have a lot of respect for you Todd. I don't know how many times I was gonna write and changed my greasy mind. I am gonna tell you cats out there a little bit about Sickboy. Everything I have ever heard out of his mouth is truth. I have challenged him, and have been proven wrong every time. I sometimes wish I could follow him around with a pen and pencil. But moving on, do you remember when punkrock was punkrock? Mike Ness got criticized for that and it kind of flared my hemmholds. Sickboy remembers when punkrock was punkrock you snapperheads. He keeps it real by this mag. And by teaching people in the system like me any way he can. He betters the scene. It bugs me when some lame writes smart ass comments about him in their letters. They are so naive about what he says just because he gets their panties in a bunch. I know he doesn't everything in his articles, but I don't see anyone else trying. Do you remember when rockabilly was rockabilly? Just joking, it sucked though. All this new punk rockabilly is bad ass. I haven't met no one as true to the scene as Sickboy and I probably never will. I don't want to miss anyone off here. I just want to thank the people who show you how punkrock was, and should be.

Social D., Cramps, Sickboy-

Much love and respect -Ace

PS: Rollins kicks ass and beaners gonna eat beans. Now get mad.

YOU BIG GORILLA

Hello friends!

My name is Manoel Rosas da Silva Filho or "Billmor." I am Mob Ape band's drummer and your new Brazilian friend, I hope so! I am writing this letter to start an eternal friendship as well to know more about Flipside magazine and movement.

How is the American underground scene? Here in the city that I live, it is small, but we always have some shows with local bands, sometimes every weekend!

Well, my band's name is Mob Ape (aggressive/hardcore/metal). We have recorded our debut demo (tape) called "Vitimas" (= Vietnams). You will receive it soon. Maybe we send it you? Mob Ape is made by: Marcio & Marcondes (vocals), Andre (bass), Rodrigo (guitars), Dinda (guitar), and me (on drums).

What do you think about the band's name? What do you know about the Brazilian bands? Do you speak Portuguese?

Well, I will be here waiting for your answer and I hope it come soon! Thank you much for your attention. I tried to write in English! Sorry for my awful English. I hope to learn more English with these letters.

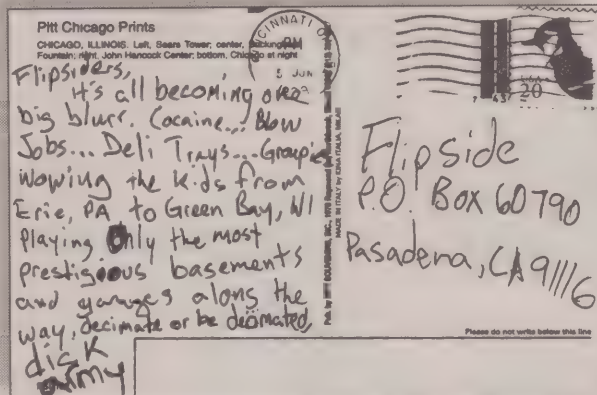
Vigorous embrace for you.

A lot of peace, health, and victory.

Sincerely,

Billmor/ Manoel Rosas da Silva Filho,

R. Roderico Toscano, 29, Jardim Planalto, Joao Pessoa - PB, 58088040 Brazil.



DO IT FOR YOURSELF

The joy's and importance of getting your records straight from the band or small labels by mail. As the Co-owner of Reanimator Records, I check my PO Box almost every day, and too many days I find it empty. Now I'd love for all of you out there to drop everything and order the records we've put out, but I'd be just be happy to know that the readers out there are actively ordering many of their records from bands and labels. With all the stories and the horror that is record distribution these days, I urge each of you to take the time to write some letters, send some money and get your records from the people who are putting them out. DIY isn't just about the zines, bands and the labels doing everything themselves, the listener has to take an

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SPiRiT OF COMPETITION

Dear Flipside,

I read on this pamphlet from Christian Identity folks that 60% of rapes in the United States are committed by black males. I think the Christian dudes were trying to illustrate the animalistic nature of the brutahaz, but to me it shows how lame we, the white males have become. I want all the white males reading this to go out to the nearest 7-11 and rape the youngest bitch you can find!! Let's not let our Black buds pass us by in the love connection! Rape, pillage, slaughter! EL DUCE COMMANDS IT!!! Fuck Jesus lovin' skinheads, let's turn North America in the New Sodom! HAIL THE CHURCH OF EL DUCE! Blessed be the bearer of the donkey dick!!!!

Public Animal #2, John Hutt

PS: Does anybody know if Flipper are still together? Todd, Al, ShitEd even? Tell me please, I need to know! Last I heard they were on Def Jam or some bullshit like that. The world needs laughter. EAT DICK, BITCH!!!

(Well, girls - this sounds like a challenge to me! Are you going to let MALES (black or white) pass by FEMALES in "the love connection"? And if I remember correctly, females rank pretty low when it comes to ANIMAL torture and cruelty. You can't let that happen, even if he is Number Two! I'm pretty sure if Tribe 8 look through their old, chopped-in-half pile, they'd have the rubber equivalents of donkey dick - they'll be pretty handy for his sodomy challenge. Al)

LULU'S MARBLE

Dear P. Edwin,

Many thanks for sending us your fab article on Japanese scene. Regarding Lulu's Marble, I am terribly sorry to tell you that my friend Akko, the lead singer/guitarist died accidentally on a sad day of Jan '99. She was a really talented woman, I did spend a month in her Tokyo house 2 months before the tragedy. She was a great and enthusiastic person. Even today I still can't believe it. We all lost a little star. For Lulu's Marble, Oka, Miwa, Toshie, they had lost their best friend, their sister. I don't think they have any musical plan in the near future. The talented Lulu's Marble was one of the most exciting and pure girl bands on this planet at the end of this century. Dear Edwin P. Letcher, take care of yourself and please keep giving this corrupted world some good advice in musical taste.

Aux Plaisirs,
Christelle

SOCIAL DISTORTIONS

Flipside and Flipside readers,

Howdie, it's been awhile. The last time I wrote was around '94-'96 from Orange County jail. I just wanted to drop a few lines since I've got nothin' but time these days. As you can tell, once again I'm behind bars and will be 'til the end of 2002. I've been locked up a little more than a year and have been at this hellhole of all hellholes about 8 months. We've been on lockdown since Jan. 3. Actually the blacks and Mexicans have been. Whites have been off for a while. As for know they're still slammed and we get yard so it's been "all white" around here for a few months. Every time the cops give them action, someone gets stabbed or beaten, including cops, so they'll be slammed for a while. Along with that and all the junkie business, it's just a matter of time before an all out melee. This place is a bomb ready to explode.

I got the first issue of my subscription. That Shane guy was here but got transferred right before I got here and as I can tell from his new address, he's at C.M.C. San Luis Obispo. Hey Shane, must be nice to be at a country club. How'd ya swing that? I guess if you can turn a blind eye to all the trash there, it's alright. Anyway, one thing real quick and I'll get on with my exploits on the streets.

First of all, I just want to say, "all you whining, trendy, bandwagon, punx that complain about skins and Skrewdriver this and Skrewdriver that, Skrewdriver was more punk than you'll ever be. All you liberal lame-ass hippy fucks would change your tune if you've walked where I've walked, seen what I've seen and dealt with what I've dealt with. Punk rock isn't about peace, love, and happiness. Punk rock is war and it's about anger, aggression, anarchy, rebellion, and going against the grain, and in the words of the Business, it's about "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And sometimes the truth hurts so just deal with it or go slamdance, or wait, excuse me, "mosh" your life away at a Pearl Jam show.

It's pretty fucked. These hamsters around here get to blast their hate whitey Ice Cube, Ice Tee crap and we (nazi, punks, and skins) can't have any Skrewdriver, let alone some good old fashioned Oi ie. Upstarts, Rejects, Cocksparrer, Blitz, Anti Pasti. I guess if we could get the right catalog approved we could, but as of right now, the catalogs we have are pretty limited, but I got some cool stuff: Dwarves, Rev. Horton Heat, S.D., Clash and Humpers.

Believe me, I listen to all kinds of punk, particularly bands from my backyard (O.C.): The Crowd, Hated, Shattered Faith, Middle Class, Adolescents, Jack era T.S.O.L., Social Distortion, China White, speaking of: "A member of the working class I don't punch a time clock, I can pick my own hours and I don't have to show, snatch it from the rich I'm gonna keep it for

myself cause I'm an ordinary criminal." -China White circa '81. Although none of these bands are still together, in some form they are: ADZ, D.I., U.S. Bombs, JoyKiller, Pushers, Joyride, El Centro. I've been into this scene since '81 and besides surfing and skating it's been my world, attitude, existence period. Like I was saying, I listen to all kinds of punk & Oi as you can tell from my Johnny Thunders (R.I.P.) envelope, but Skrewdriver were the kings, (R.I.P.) Ian Stuart. They were just speaking of the truth. Open your eyes and look around, do you like that your city, county, and country is being overrun with mud? "Hail the New Dawn" motherfuckers and don't let 'em grind you down! Would you rather have a country full of Ian Stuart or Vanilla Ice wigglers?

Anyway, onward and upward. As far as the streets, a few weeks before I got busted I saw Nashville Pussy at Club Mesa, best show I've seen in a long time. They rocked the fuck out of that place and then that goddess broke out with that pyro. shit and about burned up half the crowd, too cool, punk as fuck. Now going back a few months, summer '97, I went out on the

road with Social Distortion, broke my parole but oh well. Started off in Sacramento where they played with A.F.I., L7 and the Offspring. Mike was pissed having to open for these fags and said something to the fact when he came on stage, like, "It's good to see some girls rockin' harder than some of these guy bands," and they did, L7 was cool. Offspring was gay with their lights and fog machines. I guess they do what they do, which is generic 90's punk for the masses. Next show was Santa Cruz and they played with Red 5, which is Beth from Suicide Door's new trip, they're cool. On the drive from Sacramento to Santa Cruz I said something to Mike about Lude Boy and sure enough he through in the set that night, cool as fuck, fuckin' rocked. Biscuits ruled on drums, best punk rock drummer ever, fuck just look at his alma mater's. He started with the best punk rock band ever, "D.O.A.". He was in Back Flag for a minute, Floorlords, Danzig, and now Social D., on top of it all that he's a cool down to earth dude.

Some other shows were Ventura with Supersuckers, Swinging Utters (who ruled), "Teenage Genocide", "Angels were deep at the show, I was trippin, there were about 20, most of them young, a few older ones. Come and find out that a few of them are ex Ventura Skinhead Dogs. Yeah, bikers aren't my cup of tea, listen to that Jackel song on U.S. Bombs "War Birth", that'll explain it. Anyway they invited Mike back to their clubhouse after the show where he went and played cards all night.

Another show was in Irvine with Unwritten Law, Robert Gordon, Royal Crown Review. It was a cool outside show in Orange County way out in the boonies, at the same place where they have the Hootenany. Billie Joe (Green Day) was running around backstage, I don't know if he's clueless or not but he thought Dennis was Mike because he came up and complimented him on the new record. At least he knows where his roots are. By the way, "White Light, White Heat, White Trash", rips, check out- "Don't Drag Me Down", "Throughout These Eyes", "Down On the World", "Gotta Know the Rules", "Pleasure Seeker", and the punked up version of "Under My Thumb".

At the Irvine show we were standing there and they were getting ready to go on and some KROQ shit was playing on the P.A. and Mikes all, "Fuck that shit! Put some old punk on!" A minute later "Kids Of the Black Hole" came on. It was pretty cool, fit the bill if you know what I mean.

Anyhow, that's my little road to ruin. I had to do some fast talking to my parole officer but it was well worth it and I had a blast, I went go into detail but I'm sure you can imagine. Other than almost losing my chick, (as of now I think I have because I haven't heard from her in two months) I've got no regrets.

Some other shows I went to were my roommate Raybo's band Bonecrusher. One memorable time they played with Smogtown (Yeah, "Porno Beach") at the bar across the street from our pad, "The Stag" in Costa Mesa. RIP. Duane from the U.S. Bombs and others were playing at a party at our pad before the show and Duane being Duane was so drunk by the time Bonecrusher played he couldn't stand up. After they played we got Duane back to the pad and the full on punk and disorderly scene erupted. He ended up getting arrested in front if our pad. Oh well he was out in 24 hours. Why can't I get lucky like that?

I missed the drunkfest at the Clipper in Long Beach. with Humpers, Bombs, Bonecrusher, and numerous others. Fuck! I was there and in and got sidetracked. I ended up shacking up in a motel

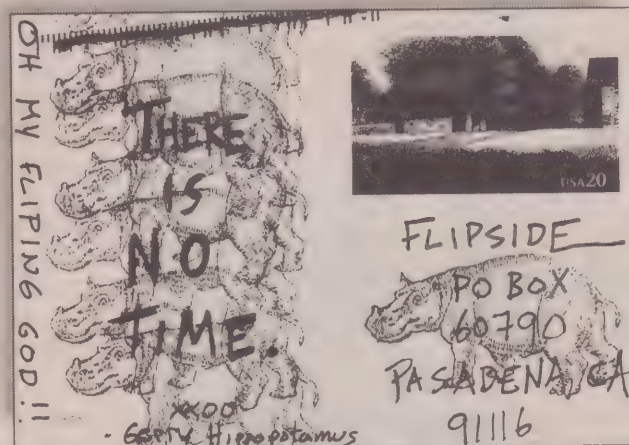
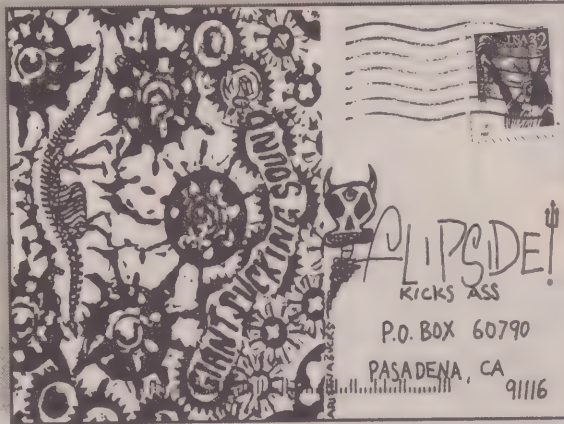
room, nodding out. I'm still kicking myself in the ass for that one. Especially since the Humpers are no more. That's bout it. If there's any Punk Rock Skirts out there that are down for the cause and want to brighten my day in this hellhole, don't be shy and write me at the address at the end of this.

Who says you can't have fun in prison? It rained last week and me and my dawg Nathan, a skin from San Diego Bomber Boys, were doing long ass slides/grinds on these nice painted curbs they have on the yard. Haha, fuck you all. "Do what you can with what you have, where you are." I guess, huh? A little convict ingenuity. I knew these skate boots were good for something besides kickin'; hamsters heads in. I'm gone till next time.

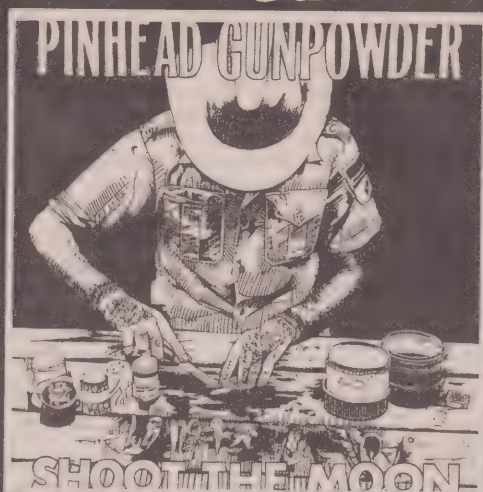
Live your life, ignore heros, fuck the system, and don't let 'em grind you down.

Yours Truly, Derek

Derek Bryan #J-03366, B-2-201 P.O. Box 5002, Calipatria, CA 92233-5002

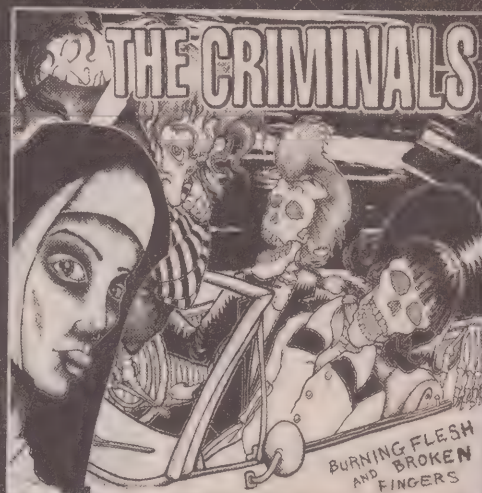


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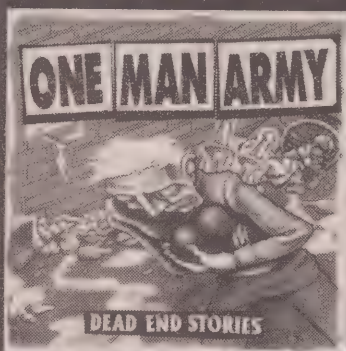


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LUNGFISH

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW

Dear Flipside folks

Your column in #117 by Shane and Mort Aartvark provoked me to write to serve as a semi-correction/differing POV to each article. First, the easy one: The Residents. They are from Louisiana as Aart and Mort reported. However, the Residents never tried to hide this. On the cover of their first album, "Meet the Residents" (which, by the way, the cover is a brutally funny parody of the "Meet the Beatles" cover), it mentions that the Residents are from Louisiana. Apparently, the personnel has changed somewhat over the last 25 years. Nobody officially knows for sure since nobody knows the identity of the individual Residents themselves. Rumor once had it that Andy Kaufman was a Resident.

On to the harsher one (thanks Shane). Shane doesn't like the spoken word of Henry Rollins and Jello Biafra. Fine. I won't try to stop him. But his complaint about Jello's material being too obvious and whiny struck me. Having only heard a small amount of spoken word, I can't say what's the best or worst. I did get to see Jello do a performance at Western Kentucky University in March. In a climate of political and social ennui like Kentucky, many of the things Jello said seemed to make too much sense. To a well-informed, actively involved person, what Jello and others say may indeed sound "trite and obvious". But there are many who aren't informed or active, and the things Rollins, Biafra, and others (can you recommend any others?) Say may be what those folks need to hear.

I've enclosed a CD for review. Hope you enjoy it, whoever reviews it.

Michael Farmer a.k.a. "Mr. Newton"
PO Box 295 Fordsville, KY 42343

CLASS WAR

Hey Flipside,

I am a sophomore student at a high school in Kentucky. I am writing about the recent school shootings that have been taking place around the country, especially the most recent one in Littleton, Colorado. The majority of the people and media all think that the involved gunmen in these shootings are just a bunch of crazy teenagers who can't handle their anger in any other way. I believe there is a lot more to it.

First I want to say that I don't in any way fully justify what these students have done. A lot of the media believes that these students were just ridiculed every now and then, and that it's not that serious. But the media does not notice that when these outcast kids are told that they are worthless everyday of their life, it could make them more mentally unstable than they already are. My friends and I get treated unfairly in the same way but we can ignore it a lot easier. Basically what happens is that these kids are sick of seeing high school athletes getting away with whatever they want. I get sick of it too but once again I just ignore it.

Just recently a friend and I were harassed by two jocks in a class and the subject was taken to the principal of the school. When the principal found out that one of the jocks was on the baseball team they were free to go. This made me mad, but what happened next angered me even more. The principal decided to turn the tables on us and found everything she could on getting us in trouble, and we were punished. Fortunately I will not let this get to me by listening to punk rock and playing in a band, but a lot of other teenagers can't do the same. I strictly oppose censorship or uniforms, but there are other ways to solve this epidemic of school violence. We have to teach kids at an early age that discrimination is wrong and you can't just ridicule someone because they are different.

See Ya, anonymous

JOHN STAB ARMY

Dear Al and Flipside,

I just want to vent my opinion on two letters that were written in Flipside #118. The first one was written by a so called punk called Kip Mendelson, saying that "old punks" suck. The second letter on the Denver SXE Mob. First, we will start with you Kip. Who are you to say old punks suck? Most of you young punks have no idea what is going on in music and the scene. And for that matter you should shut your hole! I have been a punk since 1981 when punk was punk. None of this Green Day/ Blink182 crap. That's so played out it's not even worth listening to anymore. In our days us old punks were chased by longhairs and sweated all the time by the LAPPED. It wasn't even funny. These young punks now a days look less threatening and do not even make old ladies cross the street like we use to. We went through shit for being punk! We didn't just walk through the front door like you kids! At least us older punks have heart. There still are so many older punk bands that deserve a record contract than these Green Day kids. So my advice to you Kip is that you start listening to the real punk, like "Government Issue," "The F.U.'S" and "Betty Blue." Realize that if it wasn't for us older punks you guys would cease to exist. Now for the so called Denver Straight Mob. You give straightedge a bad name with your beating up people who drink, smoke, and do drugs. Your stupidity is so unjustified that you're the ones that need the beating. It's your empty-headed words and actions that give straight-edge a bad name. When Ian MacKaye started SXE it's pretty much the same aspect of punk, think for yourself. But it seems we don't have brains for ourselves and need to blow up the Flipside offices sky high. There's nothing wrong with SXE, and I know a lot of people who don't smoke, drink, or do drugs. That's their choice. But please feel free to come to Hollywood and knock a beer and smoke out of my hands or my homies' and you'll be curbside edge in no time!

Sincerely (with no respect)

Tim (The Lonelyboy C), Hollywood Los Angeles Death Squad

FOR A BETTER RACE

Dear Flipside,

Hello, how is everything going out there in the free world! Just as long as you keep up the good work and the shipping of my mags, I should be alright! Well, I have a few things to say about a couple of letters that I have read in the most recent issue, #117 I just finished the reading the letter "White Light, White Heat" By Paul Morrison, let me say to Paul, Yeah Bro, like you, I agree with 99% of the issues which you discussed in your letter and I definitely agree with you on the subject of those so-called "Punk Fuckers" screaming about unity, peace, and for the fucking equality of homo's. What a fucking joke, but on the other hand, even though we may disagree with them, they have the right to their own beliefs. Just like you and I have our own beliefs (even though we are discriminated for ours), but hey, life goes on right, but as for all you "Unity Punk Rockers" do me a big favor and rip that "I don't care about you, Fuck you" Fear patch of your jackets and give it to someone who will wear it with some pride and really does not give a fuck!! Now Paul, there were a few things that you said, that did not sit too well in my guts! The first one has to do with your quote "I

love my race and strive to better it!" Well Paul, I do the same, but by you and I sitting in these prisons, we are not doing anything to better our race- understand what I am saying! And what about all these whites that are high on dope, that destroys more good whites than any interracial couple ever will Don't you agree?

OK, Now on to your P.S.- About the punks and Oi boys, not just singing but taking action! Now take a minute and think back on what you said about hate crimes, so what you are telling me is that you want every punk and Oi boys sitting up in prison like you and I? Now what good is that going to do our race? You tell me! Now about your statement, "Quit just singing" Bro, a good song will get into a lot more minds than any swift kick too the face will ever get into! So for all you out there reading this, keep the singing

alive (especially the Oi), at least for me! Enough on that letter, I made my point! Now on to the letter "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck" By Eric Fortner. Hey Eric, as a white man (proud) I am offended by your remark- "Fuck Resistance records". You know what, if you don't like it, go out and buy yourself a fucking Rancid album, that should make you happy, and as for your comment about the KKK shirt, quit bitching, its only cotton!!! Oh yeah, white people fear for their personnel safety too. Especially when we have to drive thru places like Compton, or other places similar to that, so, Fuck, fuck, fuck! Live with oppression!!! You're in the USA and last time I checked, it was a free fucking country! So live with it! Well I'm done talking shit for now, but hey Paul- much respects, "stand strong, stand proud" and for all you braced strapped, boot wearing bros out there, much love and respect Oi. One last note- Decry rules-

That's for you Taz!! ARRRRRRR!! One shit talking fan,

R. Kashey

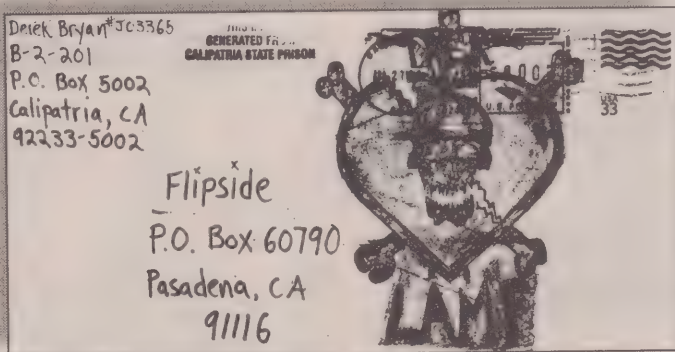
FUCK THE SYSTEM

Shit! Todd, I had no idea you ran my letter on the Seizure articles. I finally made it! I keep regenerating copies and sending them out and handing them out to any body with brains enough to see how wrong and corrupted these so called legal actions are. The reactions are varied

but people seem to understand and think about what you wrote. I just wish I would get a reply from some of the politicians I sent copies too. I want to know that my vote does count, that these people do represent me. I know, these are the same pig fuckers that are letting this shit happen and jointly profit from it. Now pour that article of the music business on top of that and I really begin to see what a controlled and contrived society we live in. It has really opened my eyes up to see what a police state of blatant commercialism we are prisoners of. It's fucking depressing. I mean I grew up sucking on the tit that was "Freedom and Liberty and Justice for all", "Pursuit of happiness", to find that it is all about money

and greed and power. I guess I always knew but kept a blind eye and deaf ear to it. You really ripped the lid off of it for me and it will take a while for me to get it where I can take it. My drug years are long gone and I see the danger in all of it but what these uber cops are doing is just as dangerous and wrong. We are simply helping to subsidize the police machinery that will continue to be used to rob what little liberty we have left. I worry about freedom of speech but now I see unless you are saying something that can't be packaged, cloned, marketed, resold and so fourth, who in the fuck will hear it? I mean look at all the bands that did time in minors gracing the pages of Flipside, who later got sucked up by the all mighty money maker, did they ever give back to the same community that followed and supported them? I feel like the spirit of Tim Yo is speaking through me, next I will be asking you, what is punk? Sorry, I'm just really moved by all this and ask only that you keep hitting it hard with the articles, I know it is not easy and I wish I was as sharp as you to do such great work, but right now its you baby, you are the man on point, watch out in front of you and we'll watch your back...there is no price for loyalty, I feel Flipside as served me well over the years, I hope to repay that debt someday, someday....

John Galloway
aka Rocco in Kingman



AMPHIBIAN

COMICS

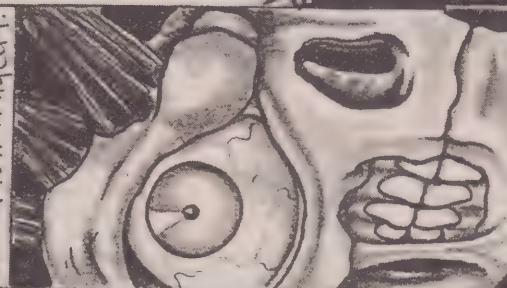
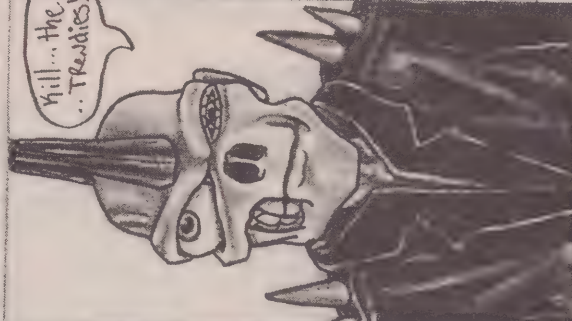
Futurist: Dee Kompose Inc - Punk Rockers
Don't have dreadlocks, hippies do.
Now go die!

See heads down to the
local bar to buy overpriced
drugs.

... When suddenly he is
Alleged to a tragedy.

Kill... the...
... Traditions!

All I want
is another
Rubbish Riot!



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Day", "The
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For Your Punkstyle!

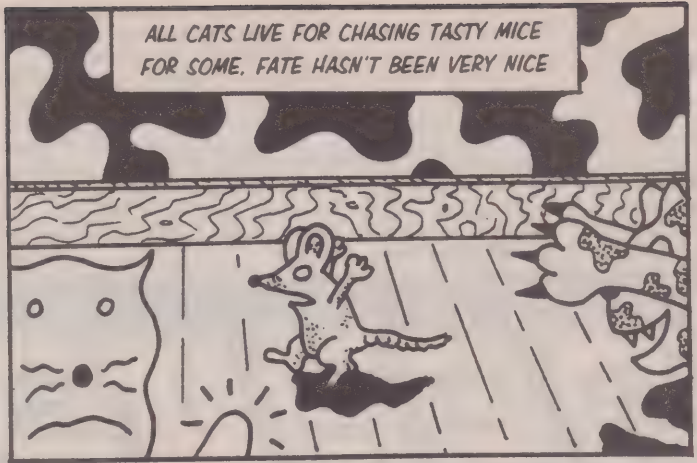
Happy Hair Jowers
All other Punk
Jowers Inc.

Please, Destroy
the Corporate Idols,
Never let them
Hijack Your Dream!

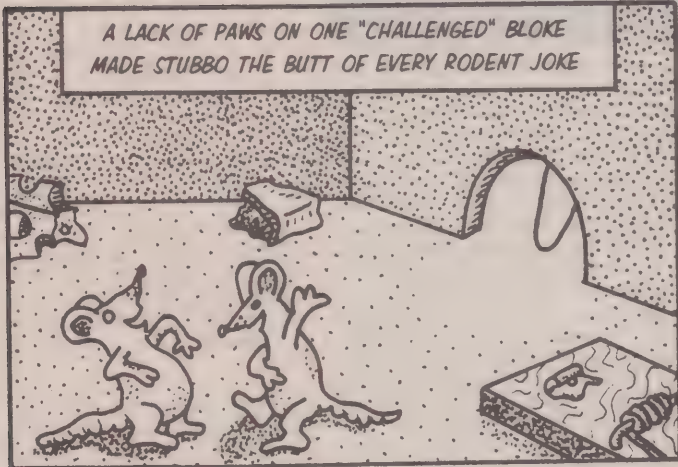


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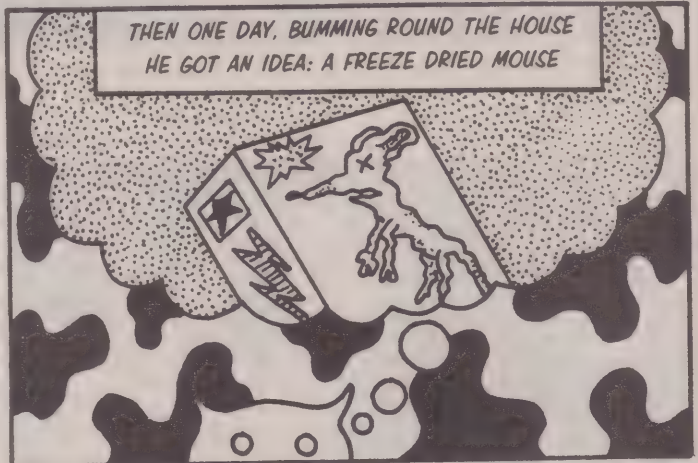
ALL CATS LIVE FOR CHASING TASTY MICE
FOR SOME, FATE HASN'T BEEN VERY NICE



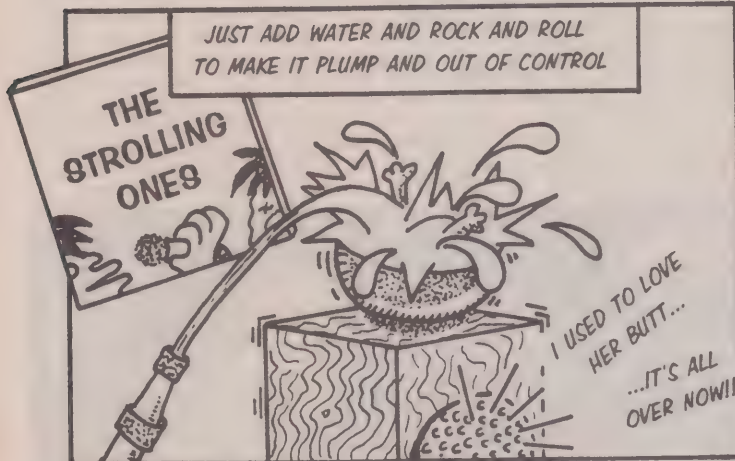
A LACK OF PAWS ON ONE "CHALLENGED" BLOKE
MADE STUBBO THE BUTT OF EVERY RODENT JOKE



THEN ONE DAY, BUMMING ROUND THE HOUSE
HE GOT AN IDEA: A FREEZE DRIED MOUSE



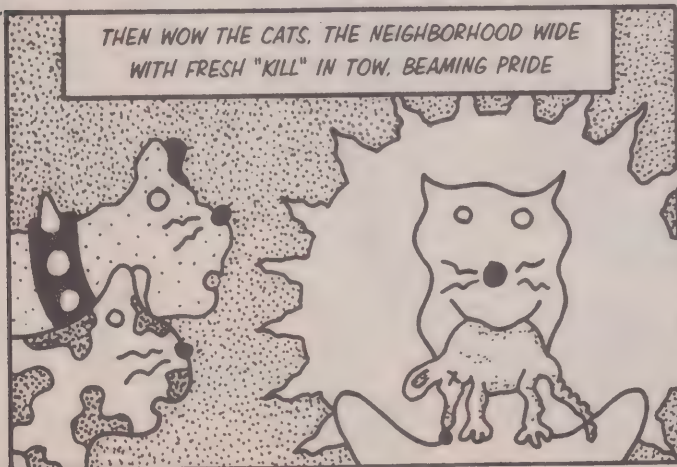
JUST ADD WATER AND ROCK AND ROLL
TO MAKE IT PLUMP AND OUT OF CONTROL



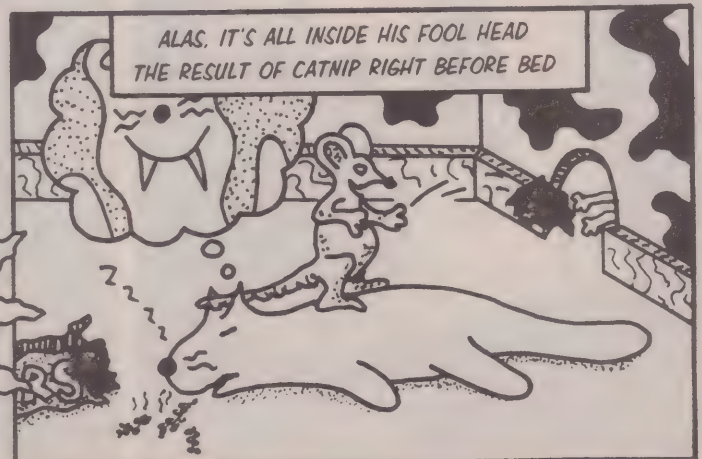
THRILL AS IS DANCES AND STARTS TO SCOOT
YOUR RAD PAWLESS SELF IN HOT PURSUIT



THEN WOW THE CATS, THE NEIGHBORHOOD WIDE
WITH FRESH "KILL" IN TOW, BEAMING PRIDE



ALAS, IT'S ALL INSIDE HIS FOOL HEAD
THE RESULT OF CATNIP RIGHT BEFORE BED



THE END

It was less than twenty-four hours after Columbine High students Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris massacred over a dozen of their schoolmates in Littlefield, Colorado when I saw the first Special Report. I was watching the report on a hotel lounge television that was tuned to CNN and the ambient noise made it impossible to hear the audio portion, but the images were petty self-explanatory. There were scenes clipped from the climax of Brian DePalma's "Carrie" which then cut to a clip of The Sex Pistols'

probably snagged from MTV. I had a feeling that it wouldn't take too after the shock of the killings wore off for the media and the politicians to start pointing fingers. And, silly me, I actually thought there might be some kind of basis for what was being reported, like maybe they found some Sex Pistols or Marilyn Manson CDs among Klebold and Harris' belongings. But, nope, it turned out that Klebold and Harris were heavy into industrial bands KMFDM and Rammstein not punk rock or alternative music. In fact,

a shred of evidence. And yet, we all heard that there was, on every local, national and cable news broadcast. Why? Because Marilyn Manson, violent movies and the video game Doom all fit nicely into this whole "Culture of Death" theory that they're pushing and that we're going to be hearing a lot more about in the coming months. And, unfortunately, it's going to have some impact on all of our lives. Within a couple of weeks of the Littlefield incident Marilyn Manson announced that he was canceling

love how the news media excludes itself from the "Culture of Death" trend even though every news station in America focuses mostly on violent crimes and then end up making celebrities out of violent criminals.) Inevitably this will enable the powers that be to lash out at all the things that challenge their sensibilities. The same day as the Littleton tragedy it was announced that three suspected members of the "Trenchcoat Mafia" were being held for questioning. They were released shortly after and they later appeared on the Jenny Jones show. Anybody who caught that broadcast may have noticed that one of the kids was wearing a Minor Threat t-shirt, one was wearing an Exploited t-shirt and the third kid had a mohawk. They were all basically light years away from the privileged, clean-cut looking Harris and Klebold. But that just goes to show you that, for the next few months at least, youth oriented self-expression is going to be a risky thing. Unless, of course, that self-expression is school sanctioned like that horrible Columbine song they sang at the memorial. I hate to come off as being insensitive, but didn't that thing suck? It was possibly worse than Elton John's "Candle in the Wind" tribute to Princess Di. I feel sorry for all of the victims' families, of course, but if I hear that thing one more time on the news I'm just gonna puke. Hey, I just can't stand weepy pop ballads like the theme to "Titanic" which that song strongly resembles. Hey, that's my criticism, so shoot me. (Uh, perhaps I should re-phrase that last part...)

Well, as we all know by now April 20th was Adolph Hitler's birthday, but there was another anniversary that month too that was a bit more fun to celebrate: the twenty year anniversary of Al's Bar. This celebration was near and dear to my heart 'cause I've been going to Al's Bar for the past fifteen years or so. I somehow managed to sneak into the place before I was twenty-one and I even had one of the windows of my old Toyota broken the same night. (Getting a window of your car smashed outside of Al's Bar was almost an initiation ritual back in those days.) And like a lot of people who

BOBISMS

video for "Anarchy in the U.K.," followed by clips of some rap videos and finally ending with a shot of Marilyn Manson and Twiggy Ramirez goofing around in footage that was

as of this writing, there has been no tangible connection made by the authorities investigating this case between the killings in Littleton and Marilyn Manson. Nothing. Not

the remaining dates of his U.S. tour and MGM Entertainment announced that they would be re-calling video tapes of "The Basketball Diaries" because of the fantasy death sequence contained in the movie. Now, I'm not that worried about Marilyn Manson. He'll be ok. He's shagging Rose McGowan and he still has all his millions and, hell, his tour wasn't going that well anyways. And, it's not like being unable to find copies of "The Basketball Diaries" is such a tragedy either. It's not a great movie and I think that even Jim Carroll doesn't particularly care for it. What is troubling is that I'm pretty sure that this is only the tip of the iceberg. It's gonna get worse. And not because our politicians and legislators really believe that popular culture is truly to blame for the deaths of those teenagers. Of course they don't. Nobody with half a brain really believes that tired, old line. They do it because it's the easiest thing to do. They do it to placate a mainstream America that demands action when there is no effective action that can be taken. They do it because it will keep their names in the news where they'll be associated with the "right" side of the issue. (And incidently, I



↑Jim Miller, some guy, Miss Koko Puff,
↑Keith Morris, Midget Hand Job,
→Rod and John of The Urinals



have become regulars at Al's, for the first few years of going there I used to get lost trying to find the place all the time. Since those days Al's has morphed into, probably, the best small club in L.A. This is due in no small part to the efforts of Al's Bar family members like Toast, Kevin Fitzgerald, Sharon Needles, Stay-C, Jim Miller and Cliff The Doorguy who've maintained a friendly and fun atmosphere that always made it worth the trek downtown.

And so Al's Bar turned twenty with an all-day event that featured sets by **Midget Handjob** (Featuring Keith Morris & friends), **Mike Watt**, **PopDefect**, **The Leaving Trains**, **The Urinals** and an extremely rare set by **Sylvia Juncosa**. Needless to say this was THE gig of the Easter weekend and pretty much anyone who has ever played, hung out or just gotten drunk at Al's Bar before, showed up at some point. I was particularly pleased to see The Urinals who were playing their first show with their new guitarist, former 10 Foot Faces and Chrome-moly Violets front man Rod Barker. The Urinals ended their set with an awesome cover of The Thirteenth Floor Elevators' "You're Gonna Miss Me" and if you stuck around for The Leaving Trains you would have caught them doing a cover of The Urinals' "Black Hole." I should also mention that the Trains are doing a pretty kick-ass cover of Eddie and the Subtitles' "American Society" as well as some swell new tunes.

And speaking of the Al's Bar family, Sunday booker Jim Miller has packed up and moved to Portland, Oregon and I consider that something of a blow to the L.A. music scene 'cause Jim really was one of the unsung heroes of the underground. Even while playing the club circuit in his

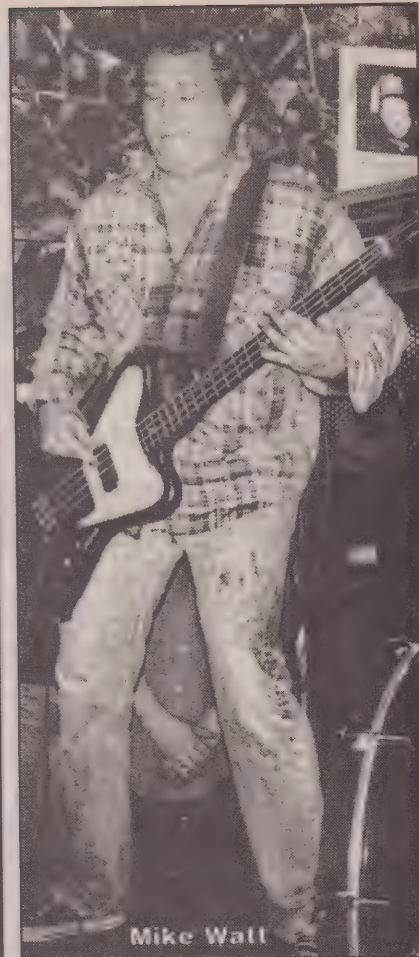
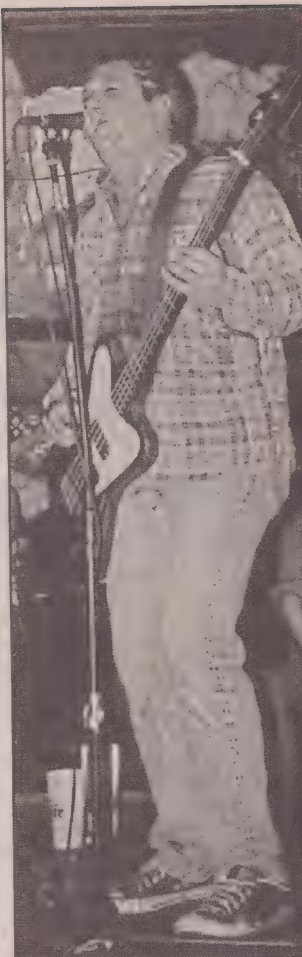
old band **Black Angel's Death Song**, Jim was always spreading the word about other bands that he believed in and he turned me on to a few that became favorites of mine like Love Battery, The Eyeliners and Third Grade Teacher. And when B.A.D.S. called it quits a few years ago (after releasing three CDs of great music) he began booking shows and managing his own fave band Third Grade Teacher. During this past year of working with them, 3GT has grown into a reputable outfit, drawing consistently at their live gigs and attracting a loyal fanbase largely due to Jim getting the word out on them. And so L.A.'s loss is Portland's gain. I hope the Pacific Northwest is good to you, buddy. We'll all miss you here.

And speaking of **Third Grade Teacher**, their latest CD "Under Klass" is now available on Third Grade Records and it features a lot of the crowd pleasing tunes they've been cranking out in their live sets. It's another indy release so interested parties who are out of state should inquire about the new one by writing to Third Grade Teacher at PO Box 292604, Los Angeles, CA 90029. Special Thanks to: Nurse Nam for driving me to SXSW this past March and to Ellicott Garcia of Austin, Texas for helping me to get into Flaming Lips show at SXSW.

A Very Special Thanks to: The Eyeliners for letting me hang out with them during the Southwest leg of their U.S. tour with The Groovie Ghoulies. And an Extra Special Thanks to the Baca family for their contribution to punk rock music and for their contribution to the gene pool.

Have a great summer and I'll catch y'all next time.

-Bob Cantu



Mike Watt

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'ello, darlin'. 'ello, Guvnor. I say! Eh, wot? D'yer fancy a spot o' tea? Very well, drink your stupid coffee then... The only time I was ever in England, I didn't have time to do much more than look out the window at London from the Heathrow terminal. That isn't going to stop me from writing about their smarmy music of the early '60s though. Dear me, no. As a matter of fact, I'm going to offer up a quick overview of the climate that helped shape that scene, a synopsis of my favorite beatsters of the day, a look at some modern

Mersey types with the Beatle-booted throwbacks of today, I decided there was enough merit to their mania to commit a few pages of praise to it... especially since I, too, happen to dig Merseybeat music and would much rather expound its dubious virtues than any number of other goof ball genres.

There is an excellent, two-album compilation, that came out on Sire Records in '75, called "Roots of British Rock." Aside from being a wonderful listen, it is the most concise example of the skiffle, Music Hall, sappy pop,

wrinkle in the music continuum would fill volumes. I don't have the space, time or inclination to pursue them. Ian Whitcomb has written extensively about the progression of music and the people involved and is highly recommended to anyone who would like to read about the evolution of music. For the sake of simplicity, the staid popular music of England, combined with the wild and woolly rhythms from America, gave rise to a hybrid known as Merseybeat. Being a mix of this and that, the basic style differs considerably

ments of American rockers, they wore suits that they gave their own personal touches of style to, they exuded charm and self assurance in roughly equal measure and they gave everything they played a strong dose of blindly blissful Beatlesness. Though they seemed to have appeared out of thin air with a new look and sound, they had been slogging away for years in dingy hell holes in their local neighborhoods and in Hamburg and had recorded two albums worth of marginal material. For Polydor they had released a single,

NO CAR GARAGE

cats who have opted for emulating those bands and my own feeble excuses for being so taken with the whole kit and caboodle. I'll be paraphrasing rather heavily from the liner notes of albums (old and new), making brash statements based on nothing but my own biased opinions and/or misconceptions, limiting the discussion to Merseybeat bands I'm aware of, arbitrarily assigning that term to bands regardless of their professed musical intent, avoiding any weighty issues that might possibly arise, skipping willy nilly from one era to another and generally rambling on and on about stuff that practically nobody is interested in. But, hey, would you expect any less? If you want my spin on some recent live shows and recorded spew, you can find it at the end of this article. For the time being, I think I'll join you in a hot cup of joe and get this labor of misplaced love started. So, polish up yer pointy shoes, don yer swingin'est threads and limber up yer shimmy for:

MERSEYBEAT MADNESS THEN AND NOW

I got the idea for this issue's theme when I received a CD from a brand spanking new band from Japan, **The Neatbeats**. It came in too late for inclusion in last issue's Japanese garage rock celebration but, after giving The Neatbeats the once over, I realized they don't have all that much in common with those other bands anyway. Aside from being obsessively retro, they apparently don't share the awe of '50s American blues, rock and roll and rhythm and blues that their featured countrymen exhibit... except that music as it ended up after being filtered through early '60s British blokes. I also realized that my latest fave raves, **The Kaisers**, are just as dedicated to the same ridiculous, (gear!, fab!), anachronistic sound and fashion statement. After cross referencing a bunch of original

ultra melodic intro and pseudo jazz that shaped the teen psyche of late '50s/early '60s England, that I know of. The author of the liner notes, Bomp! Records' Greg Shaw, did a fantastic job of explaining the reasons why there was a considerable lag time between rock and roll from America and rock and roll from England and why the music underwent the unique changes that led to the British Invasion. If you are looking for raw and outrageous, look elsewhere; most of the music



here helps to explain the happy-go-lucky, wimpy sentimentality that was such an integral part of the lovable mop tops' sound. If you'd like a vicarious walk down a middle aged Brit's memory lane, though, I can't say enough about this record. In a nut shell, the English might have been taken with all the crazy rock and roll that was coming out of the States, but the constraints of their prim and proper world didn't allow for anything wilder than what you'll find on this warm, informative time capsule.

All the factors that went into creating an atmosphere that allowed for the birth of a new

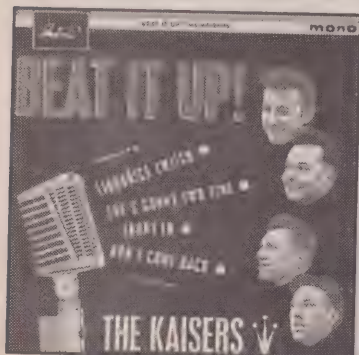
from group to group and there is ample reason to exclude many of the British Invasion acts as being either too tough or too limp depending on one's interpretation of those terms and the genre itself. When I was a kid, I made no distinction between what the Beatles, Stones, Herman's Hermits or Dave Clark 5 did. Or the Raiders, Monkees, Turtles or Byrds, for that matter. Now that I'm a mature adult (yeah, right), I can appreciate the sources of each '60s ensemble's shtick and pigeonhole them like so many political extremists. While I can't give a terse definition of what Merseybeat is, I can certainly check out a band's look and sound and determine if they belong in that category... pretty much... maybe.

There is nothing like success when it comes to influencing musical trends. The Beatles had scads of it, seemingly overnight, and had a profound effect on Britain's scene and, ultimately, the world's direction in pop. They strengthened the convictions of all their contemporaries who were playing in a similar vein, spurred countless others to join in the fun and helped forge a situation in which originality and group unity were valued over the star making system that was then in vogue, in which a trained singer was presented the fruits of some professional song writers' labors, backed by studio musicians, groomed by a management team and marketed by a corporation that (naturally) viewed innovation as unwanted risk. After playing hundreds of cover tunes, mastering their instruments and learning how fundamental most of their favorite tunes were, the fab four had demystified the song writing process. When Beatlemania first started catching on, the lads from Liverpool were the quintessential example of Merseybeat; they played some of their own material as well as their own arrange-

ments of American rockers, they wore suits that they gave their own personal touches of style to, they exuded charm and self assurance in roughly equal measure and they gave everything they played a strong dose of blindly blissful Beatlesness. Though they seemed to have appeared out of thin air with a new look and sound, they had been slogging away for years in dingy hell holes in their local neighborhoods and in Hamburg and had recorded two albums worth of marginal material. For Polydor they had released a single,

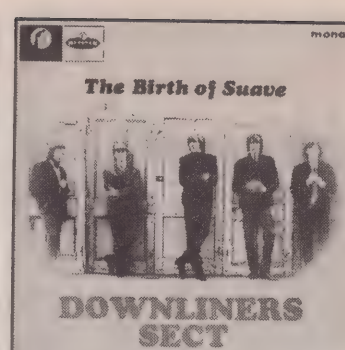
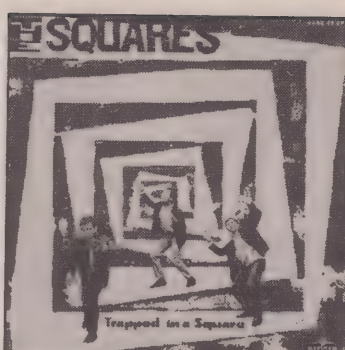
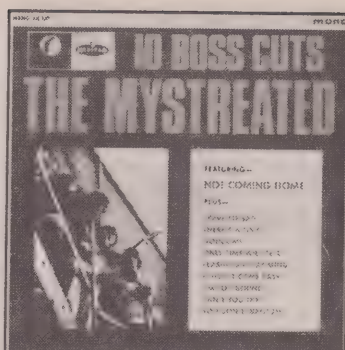
backing **Tony Sheridan**, and enough tracks for a shlocky LP that came out as they were beginning to hit the big time. They were under contract to Decca for five singles, but were expected to do novelty songs and had to lobby rather vigorously to do any of their originals so they didn't pursue a renewal on their contract. There is an album called "The Decca Tapes" that culls these early singles and other "from the vaults" tracks, including three Lennon-McCartney penned toss offs, "Like Dreamers Do," "Hello Little Girl" and "Love of the Loved." The switch to EMI was the spark that brought fame to the foursome. The attention the band received either caused all the Merseybeat excitement or was an integral part of it depending on how fanatical you are about their stature. There were other bands of the same cheeky ilk who deserve a right good dosage of laudatory verbiage.

↑ The Beatles "The Decca Tapes" LP (l-r) The Kaisers, "Beat It Up!" CD, The Neatbeats "Far and Near" CD, The Beatles "Live in Hamburg" CD, Johnny Kidd and the Pirates "25 Greatest Hits" CD.





P. EDWIN LETCHER
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P. EDWIN LETCHER
P. EDWIN LETCHER
P. EDWIN LETCHER



(l-r) The Dukes of Hamburg, "Star Club Show 1" LP, The Mystreated "10 Boss Cuts" LP, The Squares "Trapped in a Square" LP, Dowliners Sect, "The Birth of Suave" LP

fabulous stuff, alright but, not lightheartedly wacky by any stretch. The Rolling Stones borrowed The Beatles' "I Wanna Be Your Man" for part of their early climb to the top but, let's face it, they were rough necks, hoodlums, louts and thugs in comparison. They were bitten by the blues bug and it was a clever photographer, indeed, who could coax so much as a wry grin out of one of their dour countenances. The Zombies wore the appropriate togs and even boasted two members who wore those ultra groovy, black, horn rimmed, Buddy Holly type glasses but relied on keyboards for their trademark, wall of gloom (a dark side?! how could they?! take on popular music. Manfred Mann also used a keyboard rather prominently, were a bit too gruff and sang more about their own bad selves than wholesome lasses they wanted to walk home from school. Herman's Hermits, on the other hand, were almost too bubblegum lovable to be considered Merseybeat, if such a thing is fathomable. Also, like the other four I just mentioned, they came along in the wake of, rather than the vanguard of, Merseybeat and, even if they had been bros from the North Country hood, would probably have had their own agenda that wouldn't have included perpetuating a scene that had already been thoroughly milked.

Merseybeat didn't die a swift, merciful (sorry, I couldn't resist) death. There were several years in which the clubs throughout the area were devoted almost exclusively to these chipper lads and lasses. There were local papers, such as the aptly titled, Mersey Beat that covered every facet of the scene and its scenesters. The infectious contagion spread all over the world, too. Its influence was felt, in various degrees, by countless bands. The Knickerbockers, The Bee Gees, the Beau Brummels, and the Easybeats are just the tip of an iceberg that would have reached to the proverbial ocean's floor. Hell, even Link Wray covered a few Beatles tunes and wrote a number of "originals" that are laughably similar to early Lennon-McCartney stinkers... er, I mean stingers. How could this be? Why would a world raised on rock and

roll, rhythm and blues, soul and folk music turn to Liverpool for a sense of direction? The answer lies in the "cool" factor. Everyone seeks it and, let's face it, what could be cooler than unkempt lads in cheap suits and pointy boots, with spotty complexions (some wearing dorky glasses), who talk funny, smile inanely, love harmony and haven't progressed beyond hand holding where the opposite sex is concerned? By gosh, nothing comes to my mind either. For reasons that are not so apparent, the genre did slowly fade from the public consciousness, though, and by the late '70s, progressive rock, funk, punk and other junk had rendered Merseybeat all but a relic of a forgotten age. Even if a band drew inspiration from The Beatles, it was more likely to be from their later work. Retro groups of the day usually looked to more menacing acts and styles for their cues. Could this be the end? Of course not; I've still got a page or two to fill.

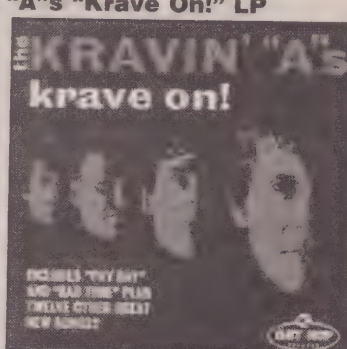
I'm not sure if anyone else was on the same page or not, but it seems to me that The Milkshakes had a lock on the Merseybeat revival for a good, long while. I picked up "Fourteen Rhythm and Beat Greats" when it came out (Crikey! 17 years ago?! and fell in love with the crude but effective retro pop, wry sense of humor and general look of the whole shebang. I had been way into late '70s punk music but found the early '80s hard core movement rather pointless and boring. It may sound pathetic to some, but I found I was actually excited about the notion of four British lads playing naive love songs, on vintage equipment, in a style that had effectively been dead for 15 years by the time they got started. There have always been plenty of groups who have looked to the '60s for inspiration, but they usually settled on The Stones, Sonics, Shadows of Knight or some other universally accepted beacons of fierce deportment for their blue print. But, the she-loves-you-yeah-yeah-yeah genre?! Well, partly; these upstarts borrowed from other retro rockin' sources and threw in tons of their own ideas

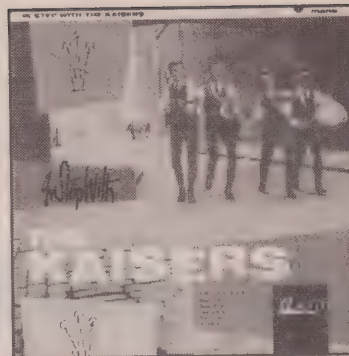
but, there is a goodly amount of Merseybeat. In the intervening years, the various members of The Milkshakes have gone on to other projects that cover somewhat similar ground. Other bands have formed, using the same approach, many under the auspices of Milkshakes co-founder, Billy Childish. These "modern" (some have been kaput for a decade) mop tops, like all the groups that formed after the original sound had coalesced, pretty much did as they pleased and the degree of Merseybeatism (let's see if that one gets past the spell checker) varies tremendously. (Note: some of the bands mentioned in this article still "are," such as The Stones (for reasons only they could explain). The use of "were" is used to denote their sound at a particular point in time, specifically that period when they exhibited their utmost Merseybeatishness.) The Delmonas were forerunners (or something of that sort) of Thee Headcoatees; they did female vocal versions of Milkshakes songs, covers from the same era that The Milkshakes drew from, and gave everything a trashy, fun for days veneer that I find irresistible. The Kravin'"A"s exhibited a naive world outlook as well as an antiquated sound and appearance. They had Milkshakes ties (most of the bands, in this section, do) and, like The Milkshakes, approached their craft in such a way that I can imagine them postulating their manifesto in terms along these lines: "We're going to limit ourselves to the technology and sophistication that existed in early '60s Britain and see what direction our personalities push the envelope." Their album, "Krave On!", has a very individual sound and is about as red-hot as it gets... if you like this crap. The Discords also had a unique spin on a trite medium. They played an amped up, production values be damned!, sparse yet busy blend of rockin' and rollin' that is included mostly because of their association with Billy, an undeniable English retrograde groove and the fact that I like them so much. The Downliners Sect were a band that had weathered the original storm (or pretty close, I've heard) and jumped at the chance to be in the saddle

again. After undergoing a veritable plethora of new directions (nude erections?... thanks to George Baby Woods for that bit of word play), the gents returned to a more reliable rock stance. "The Birth of Suave" is a gem of an album, on several levels, and leaves me more than a little curious about how the band sounded "in the day." Mick Hampshire, who was as large a force behind the Milkshakes as Billy, and Bruce Brand, another Milkshaker, went on to form The Masonics. They were just as dedicated to the tenets of expanding the boundaries of an ancient art form as Billy's subsequent aggregates, and brought even more wet behind the ears, polite to a fault, puppy dog devotional charm to their music. They have since added a ballsier element to their beat thang. The Squares, a trio of Frenchies, and The Mystreated, yet another Billy Childish find, carved out their own distinct niches that borrowed heavily from the '60s, in general, and from Merseybeat, in particular, more for a tone of innocence than a slavish reproduction. Billy's other major projects, Thee Mighty Caesars and Thee Headcoats (with Bruce) have tended to be harder edged and more and more bitter in tone. While each has generated a slew of good awesome, rockin' retro gold, they have strayed from the one dimensional, baby-will-you-wear-my-ring? ethos of Merseybeat, which has created a vacuum that several eager young blokes have stepped in to fill.

I've only got three examples of this latest wave and one of them is a marginal example at that, but when teens around the world find out how swell this trend is, I can open up a tight trouser, skinny tie, sleek footwear and black vest outlet and retire early. The Kaisers are the beat group that I readily deem the new "masters of the Cavern stomp." They have put out four full length albums, so far, and show no sign, whatsoever, of easing up on their big beat action. They started out doing covers of the obvious '63/'64 Liverpool dance inciters and have steadily supplanted more and more of it with their own masterfully crafted Merseybeat nuggets. They've all gone for the Pete Best hair style, too. How cool is that?! Tres, mon ami, tres! The Dukes of Hamburg are the Big 3 of the modern Mersey boom. They look about as dapper as possible (if a bit overly hirsute), they speak fluent zany and they've zeroed in on the era fairly well, but they are cave man crude garage rockers at heart. Their second album is more on track than the first, though, and after a few more they should be honing their three part harmonies and singing the praises of Julie Andrews movies. The Neatbeats are the only Merseybeat band I've ever heard of who hail from Japan. Like The Kaisers, though, they are so in touch with the magical look and sound of the nice streets of England's swing teen beat bonanza days, it practically brings a tear to the eyes. Talk about charming; The Neatbeats' set opens with "Spoilt Girl," in

(l-r) Discords, "Second to No-One" LP, The Milkshakes "Talking 'Bout..." LP, The Kravin'"A"s "Krave On!" LP





Fashion now and then. No difference.

* Historical fiction (another oxymoron).



by Mary "Bebida" Ellenberger

Hello. Here is some stuff that was happening in LA in March and April 1999.

King Missile and **Bradford** brought their boho musings to the Troubadour on March 5. Bradford is main Missile John S. Hall's main accompanist. He plays a home-made instrument he calls the pencilina, that sounds a lot like all the instruments on King Crimson's "Discipline" album, but incredible as it seems, just one guy is making all the

night, a couple of strippers who just got off of work got back into their minimalist apparel and danced with the band while they played. It was a strange night at Al's, to be sure.

The **Necessary Evils** resurfaced with a new album, "The Sicko Inside Me," on In the Red. Kyle, the miracle drummer, who you may recall had fallen several stories and broken his heels in San Francisco, is back in action. Unbelievable! James Arthur has also relocated - to Memphis - so we'll probably

hanging around since the night before, and since another band canceled, they set up and got everybody dancing. Lots of fun, those roots-rockin' punks. Quazar joined them in his purdy yellow spiritual tramp dress and sang a tune. Whee-Ha!

For those of you out there who are broke and/or under twenty-one, there are lots of free live shows happening at Headline Records. Jean-Luc, or just "John" (we like to call him "Jean-Puke") runs the all-punk

You can keep all your New York glam-punk poseurs. We have **Texas Terri**, the undisputed Diva Superior of the genre! At a show at the Pretty Ugly Club (Taimé Downe's Wednesday night at the Dragonfly), she and the **Stiff Ones** made visitors **Candy Ass** and the **Toilet Boys** look limp. Unfortunately, Matty, who has been playing guitar with Terri for several months now, played his last show with her that night. He's going to rejoin his former band, the **Altar Boys**, who have moved to LA.

You have to love **Loli and the Chones** even though they hate you. Just try to find a three-sided copy of their new record, "Total Fucking Genocide." Loli and Chris (El Chingon) have a side project where they play mostly nice pop-punk cover songs. In **Bitch School**, Loli's on guitar and Chris' on drums, and two other young ladies play bass and guitar. At Bar Deluxe, they did the Sweet's "Fox on the Run," the Beach Boys' "Darlin'" and a Beatles song in their Ramones-ey style set. Great girl vocals and a load of fun! The **Have-nots**, from Japan know three chords and they are going to take over the world with them. The trio played really great fucked-up garage-punk after the Bitch School adjourned.

The next night at Bar Deluxe, Flipside faves the **Chicken Hawks**, flew into town to play a record release with **New American Mob**. What can I say about the Chicken Hawks that hasn't been said? They were

sounds. The pencilina looks like two horizontally placed rows of strings, like the dual keyboards of an organ, and most of the components of a drum kit. Bradford plays the instrument seated, striking the strings and percussion elements for a variety of sounds, and has foot pedals to play the drums, changing notes and chords on the stringed elements by sliding pencils that are wedged strategically between the strings. A woman playing bass and violin provided additional support to the profoundly humorous spoken performance. I especially enjoy "Gay/Not Gay" and "Jesus Was Way Cool." He did an obligatory reading of "Detachable Penis" for the KROQ faithful in the audience. He put a lot more spirit into all of the other pieces he performed. It was an unusual and impressive show.

The next night, Tigermask put on an extravaganza with two band rooms, disco lounge and strange wrestling at the Hollywood Athletic Club. I arrived in time to see the **Subsonics**, who had barely squealed into town in time to do the show. They were as svelte as ever and played a terrific but disappointingly brief set, and vanished into the night, seeking nourishment. The **Countdowns** are really hitting their stride from lots of touring experience. I enjoyed the set they played without R&B legend **Andre Williams**. They really rock harder on their own songs. The **Jacobites** may be Brit-rock legends, but the Elizabethan balladry and Keith Richards scarf, poufy hair and burning fag stashed in guitar head posing, put me off big time. **Electric Frankenstein** picked up the pace and played a burner of a set 'til 2:30 with the houselights on and the cocktails extinguished.

It was a monster of a line-up at the House of Blues when the big sound out of Seattle hit town with the **Supersuckers**, **Zeke**, the **Murder City Devils**, and **Hai Karate**. The house was packed for these excellent bands. The hands down favorites were Zeke. Nobody does it better. They told me they would be recording a song for a Damned compilation the next day, and they had no idea which one to do. They have the speed and intensity to do any Damned song justice.

The **Thumbs** from Annapolis popped up at Al's Bar on March 16. High energy, earnest indie-punk in the vein of Jawbreaker is what they do, only they rock harder. They have an album on Soda Jerk Records entitled, "Make America Strong." The lyrics are thoughtful, sensitive and intelligent, and gut-wrenchingly delivered. On this particular

only get to see these guys play the odd gig when they're touring. They did shows at Spaceland and an in-store at Rhino in Westwood. A mighty psychotic disturbance is the glory that is the N'Evils!

Again I went to Al's Bar for a locals show featuring the **Hug** (Charlie from Pop Defect, Quazar from Luteifisk and Kevin from Geraldine Fibbers on guitar) and **Miss Spiritual Tramp of 1948**, but there was a surprise in store. The **Go-to-Hells** had been

store and organizes the shows. I got my ears bleeding to the **Hookers'** Kentucky screaming on a Sunday afternoon, checked out the hard, jazzy emo-core of **Spaceboy** on a Saturday evening, and baby-faced Pogues worshippers, **The Starvations**, before heading over to the Troubadour for the **Dickies** show before they left for Europe last Friday night. There's lots of variety, so check it out. The store is on Melrose adjacent to Fairfax High.



fab, of course. New American Mob was better than I've seen them before ... they're usually crawling around the stage half-naked in vomit.

The first full week of April (4/10) was a punk rock nostalgia trip unlike any I have ever experienced. Just about every boho from the Westside, the Eastside, O.C. and the Valley showed up for the 20th Birthday bash for Al's Bar on Sunday the 4th. Some of the featured performers were **Pop Defect**, a reunion of **Kommunity FK**, the **Urinals**, the **Leaving Trains**, and a "supergroup" featuring Mike Watt, Bob Lee and Dez Cadena... I think. It was pretty hard to see the stage as crowded as the place was, and no ins-and-outs. Dave Travis had set up a closed circuit system of monitors dispersed throughout the club broadcasting videotapes of past Al's Bar shows that were compelling to observe, and in some cases, upstaged the live action. The social whirl was draining in its intensity, and out of a solid ten hours of festivities, I could only manage to indulge in about three.

On Wednesday, I couldn't resist seeing the first ever visit to the City of Angels by original British punk rock legends, **the Vibrators**. The crowd at the Whiskey Au Go Go was dominated by young poseur punks in mohawks and bondage gear, and the Vibrators played with the spirit of '77. I was afraid that this might be some lame cashing in on the punk rock resurgence type of gig, but original members Knox (guitar and vocals) and Eddie (drums) and new bass player, Nick, gave us a sincere and energetic performance exceeding all expectations by far. The songs have stood the test of time and the guys in the band are obviously career musicians/entertainers.

I highly recommend that you go see them if given the opportunity.

The next night, West Coast icon of punk rock philosophy, **Jello Biafra**, spoke to a SRO crowd at the Palace. Most of what he had to say seemed like informed common sense. He sprinkled his talk with amusing anecdotes of his school days, and busted outrage at the SUV-driving yuppie consumerist establishment. Remember, when yer out smashing the state, kid, keep a smile on yer lips and a song in yer heart. But keep in mind that we need to know how to cooperate and know how to operate the infrastructure should the revolution transpire. We will still want to have drinking water and be able to flush the toilet. We'll need food and medical care. Anarchy is cool as an ideology, but only the ignorant can embrace it as a practical reality. On another Jello note, the other members of the **Dead Kennedys** are threatening to sue him for his refusal to allow a major corporation, that recently made serious cut-backs in their American labor force in order to exploit foreign slave-wage workers, to use "Holiday in Cambodia" in a commercial. Having a conscience has its price.

A retrospective of memorabilia, photos, recordings and films of the punk rock scene in LA from 1976 up to 1982 entitled, *Forming: the Early Days of Punk*, was mobbed by thousands when it opened on April 10. Most of the original scenesters were there, death being the main deterrent to attendance. With Exene and John Roecker as curators, you can bet they got the goods. "Back in the day," I was a naturally blonde and tanned college graduate in sharp contrast to the pale, heavily made-up, dyed-hair of the typical high school punk rock camp. Talk about

Previous page: (l-r) Texas Terri at the Dragonfly, Alice Bag, now and then, at the Forming exhibit. ➔Necessary Evils at Rhino Records. ⚡Bitch School at Bar Deluxe.

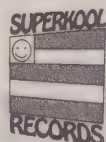


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your disenfranchisement! I still made the scene whenever I could, and this exhibit was a very comprehensive trip down memory lane ... oh yeah! I remember that D.O.A. show at the Hong Kong in '79! By the time this issue comes out, the exhibit will be over, unless they extend it by popular demand. This quote is from the catalog: "John [Doe]: Maybe punk's big contribution to mass culture, the national consciousness, was fucked-up hair... like hippie's long hair. Exene: Hair for both: all that's left - our legacy to future generations - is hairdos. That's all they keep." We'll see about that ...

The Eycliners and the Groovie Ghoulies kicked off a six week tour at the Foothill and the Showcase with **Mr. T Experience**. These were some really fun shows! The Ghoulies have a new album out and the bands played lots of new songs mixed with the old. The Eycliners ought to be recording a new album when they get done touring. We're all excited about that one!

I caught the **Fumes** twice while they passed through with their new album on Scooch Pooch. It's called "Pure Bad Luck" and it totally cranks! I taped it to listen to it in my car (oops ... that's a no no) and had it on heavy rotation until my car broke down. Power of suggestion? Hmmm. Anyway, they played at Al's Bar and the Foothill to unbearably small crowds. These guys are high octane along the same lines as Zeke, so watch for them and support them when

they come to your town. They're really nice guys, too, so be nice to them.

To wrap it up, I saw big band hardcore experimental craziness from **Brown Whornet** from Austin, for free at Al's Bar. What do they put in the water there!? Imagine, nine people playing your usual rock band instruments plus keyboards and samples, bugles, trumpets, trombone, sax and clarinet, sometimes all of them singing at once. The music is like Frank Zappa compositions, only punk instead of wank. Really astonishing stuff, this Brown Whornet.

Bev Ridge's Drinking Tip:

When you need to fill your metal flask for an all-ages, or no-hard alcohol show, here is an easy way to do it without looking for a tiny funnel, or spilling the precious fluid 'cause you can't see when it's full. Fill your flask with water, flat beer, or any other expendable liquid. Empty it into an 8 to 16 ounce measuring cup that has a little pouring spout. See how many ounces of fluid your flask holds, and make a note of it, or mark the cup. Dump out the waste fluid. Now, put your choice of booze in the measuring cup to the measured amount, and carefully pour it into your flask. Voila! It works for me!

Okie dokie. Gotta run.

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RIDING WITH MARY
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The argument regarding papernet vs. internet is one that continues to this day despite the obvious: it is a symbiotic relationship rather than a competitive one. Unlike CDs replacing vinyl or talkies all but thoroughly eliminating the silent film genre, the warm manifestation of a tangible publication and the expediency of 'Net-gathered information will benefit greatly from each other once the drama queens and witless action news anchors stop bandying about the ludicrous notions that the latter shall quash

were covered live, no newschannel was bereft of gross errors whereby hyperbole and incredible speculation was witnessed with nearly every word. When the Oklahoma bombing occurred, "news"casters immediately blamed arab perpetrators, when it was actually some poor cracker that was eventually framed. In the case of Columbine, the befuddled "news" reporters were eager to initially dismiss the possibility that those targeted were just jocks and lay the blame on racists running amok

an attempt to achieve ratings while pathetically attempting to both apologise and help the previously sleepy town - by staging a "town meeting" and bringing survivors of a previous high school massacre in Arkansas to the Denver suburb so as to have them offer advice to those still reeling in the aftermath - only created a quick war among the many news agencies as to which of them was the worse in the way they presented the "tragedy." And all the while, there were the pathetic and vain

went over the top to gain revenge against their tormenters. To us, it is probably amazing that the morons that purport to report the news have not the faintest clue even as they tell how the targets were the Columbine High jocks. Were any of the Black Trenchcoat Gang allowed to have vented their frustration via zines, surely their outbursts would have been quelled in a manner many zinesters expect: absolute censorship, confiscation of the pub in question and expulsion. And certainly any such efforts would have caused even more friction instigated by the sports-minded twits and the "community" in general, rather than possible resolutions to the disclosed grievances. But what would one expect from a city and its respective suburbs that are owned by Adolph Coors, Inc., a well-know racist and fascist company that has been blasted for their anti-woman, union-busting policies as well as their donations to the Ku Klux Klan? And I am probably being highly optimistic in even speculating that the Trenchcoat Gang gunners were any better than the jocks they killed; perhaps they were simply a different shade of the same shit-brown colour.

Despite the fact that punk rock has had two waves of popularity in as many decades, the incident at Columbine succinctly illustrates that it was only the fashion facets skimmed from the most visible portions of punk rather than any real ideal-

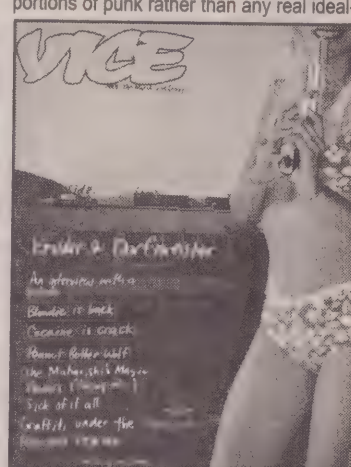
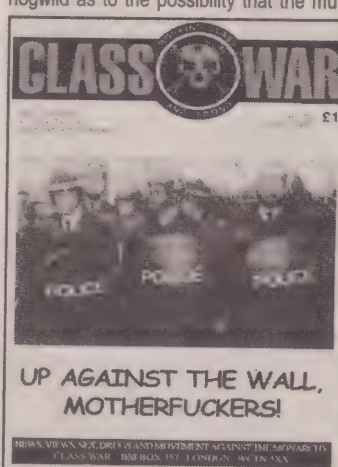
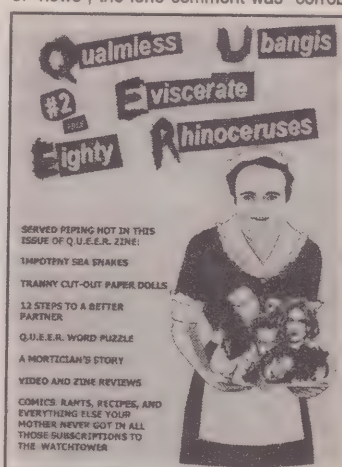
REV. TIN EAR'S ZIT PATROL

the former. In the background, the publishing trade pubs have long since offered up this bit of sensibility: if the internet was meant to eliminate the papernet, why are there so many magazines about the latest medium-cum-public forum? The downfall that shall come of such quibbling is the possibility that the telcos (telephone com-

(their sole source being the single comment of one student that had only minutes before been rescued and whose trauma was visibly increased by the secondary attack, one that was instigated by the "journalists" desiring a shaken survivor that would be easy to manipulate for the sake of "news"; the lone comment was "corrob-

attempts to find out why the boys went on a murderous rampage.

In the early hours of the melee, three boys in black - but not trenchcoats - were arrested and humiliated on live TV. They were soon released, but not before the news reporters on every channel had gone hogwild as to the possibility that the mur-



panies) will be able to pass through Congress a rule that will raise internet servers' fees by allowing the telcos to charge for such services much the same way they do for long-distance rates. (For a copy of the alert, send me a SASE, SAE or email request for some information regarding the possible rolling back of the "Internet Tax Freedom Act" (Public Law 105-277).) Hopefully it will not be passed into "law" by the time this Flip goes to press and is disseminated. A case in point is how the very medium to be affected - the internet - can expedite a campaign and the respective results in such a manner that the telco lobbyists have a major force with which to contend via the constituents' use of the 'Net and how the medium is supplanted with the warm, easy medium of a magazine that requires no computer to keep the fight going (and accessible) for those who are not perpetually wired. Each medium has its advantages and disadvantages, the latter facet being overridden by utilising both of them rather than disparaging one or the other.

I must also address the Columbine crap. I watched the spectacle as it unfolded; like the many recent midwest acts of terror that

orated" by the fact that one of the jocks - the two boys' real targets - was black). Although I would like to diligently tear into the reporters that were like deer caught in the proverbial headlights, their tongues staggering verbosely before the cameras while stating the bleeding obvious and themselves running amok with accusations that had no basis in the rest of the world's shared reality, I will go easy on the tethered target and thereafter get to what the "reporters" failed to observe: the connection and the "why."

The post-game aggression that the swarming hordes of half-baked journalists unabashedly employed was nothing less than appalling. Even the otherwise dim fringes of Denver realised that they were being used to fill space and eventually help hock - without even a single cent of monetary gain for their effort towards filling the corporations' coffers! - all manner of plastic products afterward and were resistant to most reporters' advances once those that survived had been collected by their parents and returned to their primary shelters. However, very little was disclosed about such refusals, and the mockery that one broadcast channel inadvertently made in

derers had been so quickly apprehended. Unconfirmed reports of "three young nazis with bold swastikas on their black jackets" were flying wildly. Once the three boys were let go, however, the supposed swastikas that had been allegedly affixed to the jackets of all three boys turned out to be anarchist symbols and Bad Religion logos emblazoned across the jackets' backs. While I am aware that such fashion statements rarely constituent awareness of the issues that allegedly Bad Religion hoped to make more visible by signing with Atlantic Records, there is nevertheless a good possibility that the few Columbine High students who listened to punk rock (and perhaps even read zines) knew a little bit more about current events, injustices, and so forth. But there is no doubt that their choice of music and fashions brought on a heavy storm of disapproval by the muscled morons that later paid the ultimate price for their many years of harassment towards those that were merely different. For many readers of Flipside, the devoted aggression of high school jocks (and police, authorities, etc.) is such an expected way of life that it goes without saying as to the reason why the two boys

ism that permeated those that "participated" in it. But there is also the realisation that the very "professionals" that push the news amidst tonnes of commercials know even less of anything, for they are unable to admit what the world should know: pick on people for many years and they just might have in mind to see that you will not live too long to do it to them or anyone else. I can imagine that the entire high school condoned the aggression of the jocks, because they directed their violence at outcasts; as such, I can easily have no sympathy for those that stand among the wreckage of the disaster they prompted, all the while crying out, "Why, but why!?" Perhaps a few less punks and freaks will be beaten up for fear that they will be the next school shredded. But I doubt it; with jocks, it is muscle over mind, with little or no regard for the latter.

Now let us get on to the zines, eh?

The first one on which I will comment is one that would surely shake up the shit-kickers (an olde euphemism for jocks and other good ol' boys) at Columbine, as it is called Q.U.E.E.R. (#2). Put out by a boy in New Orleans, it is an acronym for Qualmless Ubangis Eviscerate Eighty

Rhinoceroses (sic), a rather meaningless one to me. However, it is a pretty damn good effort. I first found one in a record store somewhere here in LA, and then I was sent one by the respective editor. Although the fake lettres section is not that funny (and I hate fake lettres sections, anyhow), the rest of the zine is certainly worth the read. Whether blasting the demeanour and behaviour expected of all queers (by both gays and mainstream society), explaining how he realised he was queer, interviewing Impotent Sea Snakes and then a transsexual (the latter discussion being a brilliant one!) or having a go at such ridiculous campaigns as how alleged ex-gays are being used to recruit for xtian cretins, I greatly enjoyed Avalokitesvara's endeavour.

Temple of Sting #4 starts out on a solid footing, but all too quickly deteriorates into boring interviews and bad prose (except for the brief bit of fiction entitled "Silverware"). The campaign to malign Sting (ex-Police) is hilarious, and the beekeeper interview is good, too. (I used to do a bit of beekeeping when I was young.) After that, however, it went quickly downhill.

Barracuda (#5) continues to be a magazine with a gem or two, but too much filler to be commendable aside from the pictorial of the beautiful and personable Shivan Vanessa and the excellent article about the Hollywood underground craps scene of shooting craps and (although I am suspect of the former part of the craps article, it is entertaining nonetheless).

It has been at least a decade since I took a good look at **Thrasher Magazine** (or at least that is how long it seems; I forget if I have read a copy since the mid-1980s or thereabouts), but they still have all the great (and often amazing) photos, boring writers and idiotic replies from readers who have survived too many crashed slappies and ollie-oops (I leave the skating to the skaters; likewise, they should simply leave the writing to we writers). (However, there is an exception in issue 221, whereby Burnett's "Stop The Car!" possesses words and snapshots that are equally impressive.) In relation to Transworld and all the other slick skater rags that have come in the wake of Thrasher's success I cannot say how the seminal skater rag stands up, but it is nevertheless full of great sequences.

Punk Planet continues to offer great articles, but I am becoming highly suspect of their officious manner (whereby they never write something wrong and occasionally leap ludicrously forward with some truly embarrassing excuses, such as in #31's lettres section whereby editor Dan Sinkler attempts to argue a pro-pornography defense despite the fact that it is too often a stop-gap measure for an unfucked world) and drab reviews that seem predicated on the small points rather than the entire effort. I have given up on the columns, too, but I cannot say if it is because I am out of touch with the younger generation or because they have long since exhausted themselves attempting to keep up the hectic pace (perhaps a bit of both). But all of the less commendable parts are easily ignored, for the meat of the matter best eaten is the middle. Punk Planet continues to offer articles and interviews that are far better than most any other pub, be it "alternative," underground, mainstream or what have you. And they do it consistently, which is nothing short of remarkable. Get a subscription now.

War Crime (#11) has improved, but its dry rhetoric and bland layouts will put off most anyone save previously acquired readers as well as newly introduced "kids" (how I hate the way that most zinesters use that condescending term!) to the scene that have not the jaded views that most aging ex-activists possess. It is good for gaining information on a lot of known and unknown political issues of the day, such as Mumia Abu-Jamal's ongoing misery, British animal rights activist Barry Horne's hunger strike, an interview with Kathleen Hanna (which has some good concepts but is unfortunately a bit too discombobulated), and a good piece on the International War Crimes Tribunal in Bosnia, and a bit more.

Class War (#77), a stalwart pub of the working class conflict, is surprisingly still afloat, although it remains buoyant by both bullshit and bravado. I used to distribute this rag many, many years ago, and then as now, I had more than a few kicks out of the outrageous attitudes, comments and photos. I can almost completely sympathize with these folk as they take out their aggression on the punters stupid enough to be the buffer, but, well, do not get me started. More than the next man do I enjoy taking the piss out of the pigs, but I cannot help but disagree with some of the tactics disclosed in Class War, mainly because they are disclosed (and the cops are probably fully aware of this long-published paper). It is an enigma that such an obnoxious endeavour continues to be published, however, and one would do well to obtain a copy, if not a subscription.

The local rag entitled **Glue** continues to be just like its name: quick, easy and forgettable. There are two decent bits, "Think Mink" (an obnoxious albeit practical advice column) and "The Water Girl" (an acerbic article about being the water-bearer at an LA rave). The rest of the trite material (hob-nobbing photos, brief bits on hip boutiques, dreadful fashion pictorials, etc.) makes this magazine one that shall surely float, for it has no weight to be anything near heavy.

Of late, **Vice** has become as predictable as its home country of Canada is well-wooded. The belaboured tits'n'ass filler, attempts to be ironic and just plain lack of competence has suddenly become their form. As an opening example, the cover of the March 1999 issue was comprised so ineptly as to allow the model (ala the long since tired "bikini girls with guns" cliché) to hold up the foam rubber pistol, thereby exposing the injection mould's nib that takes up most of the grip's bottom (where the clip port would be). Like Glue, however, it will continue to float like a slowly fermenting turd, its smell happily permeating the air and attracting ever-larger circles of readers that will eventually graduate to People and TV Guide.

That stated, here is my ever-present plug, and then the addresses: **Angry Thoreauan** #24 ("Institutionalised") is now on the newsstands. It features cover artwork by the ubiquitous Jim Blanchard, so you had best get it quickly; once it is gone, it is gone. **Angry Thoreauan** #25 ("Coprophilia/Scatology") will be out in August, 1999, and will have a cover done by the dark hand of Derek Hess. For the first time in nearly twelve years, I am actually soliciting submissions, especially from celebrities and semi-celebrities of any genre of entertainment/politics/etc. The subject of shit is the dirt everyone abhors

yet wants to read about when concerning someone else's misadventures and embarrassing episodes, so I wish to find out the fecal matters and stool-moving scenes of some of you out there. Each issue is \$4 postpaid (\$6 overseas, via airmail), available from: **Angry Thoreauan Magazine**, PO Box 3478, Hollywood CA 90078-3478

<revtinear@angrythoreauan.com>
<www.angrythoreauan.com>

Lastly, note that if you send me anything to be reviewed in Flipside (or Angry Thoreauan, for that matter), please put the address, page count, ordering information, etc., in a place where it is readily visible, if not on a separate albeit attached card or piece of paper. I am tired of having to re-read entire zines merely to find your fucking address; if you cannot oblige such a courtesy, you will be fortunate to receive a review (and starting with Flipside #120, any zine reviews I do will contain only the contact information included on a card or

piece of paper). I contribute to and build well over forty publications annually, and I shall no longer waste an entire day attempting to play hide and seek with address and postpaid shipping prices.

-Rev. Tin-Ear

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Those innocent barbecues that mutate into all-day alcoholocausts. The oh-so-close chance of permanent disfigurement due to horseplay with funtime explosives purchased across the border, like my longtime personal faves M-80 rockets and roman candles (not to mention the "slightly altered" safe and sane stuff). Summer at its celebrated finest - the 4th of July, or to the hardcore historians, Independence Day. Happy fucking fourth, either way, being this issue should be in the

see 'em getting shows like this one at the Palace, 'cause the masses need to be shown the light.

The other bands on the bill with ASG that night were **The Bouncing Souls** and **Lagwagon**, who both pumped out sets in the fast-faster-fastest mode. Neither of the two bands really do anything for me, and I scratched my head thinking about this as I noticed a majority of the younger kids wearing Lagwagon shirts. Maybe Lagwagon is

seems that it's been a local watering hole the past years, it's also a great place to see a gig, and this night was one of the latter. The Hellbenders tore into their set with deadly guitars in tow, courtesy of Hans and Bimal layering chainsaw rhythms and leads together like two demonic spirits in an arm wrestling match. Even though the 'Benders shot through the short time they had to do their set, I was lucky enough to taunt and jeer them to the point of having to bust out their

Snatchers tickle yer frenzied fancy, then check out any of the 'Benders stuff when you can, especially live. Their split LP with The B-Movie Rats should be out now on Deadbeat Records as we speak, so hunt it down, bloodhound. The Snake Charmers got up next and tossed some Stooges-drenched love at the crowd with Sean (ex-Gears drummer) on lead guitar duties and Joe Truck sludgin' rhythm guitar and vocals. Last I had heard from Sean, the Charmers' full length was all

DESIGNATED DALE

stands about the same time the air has that familiar scent of black powder and the out-of-school heathens have taken over their neighborhood streets yet another summer with their bikes, skateboards and whatnot...

The past couple of months have been pretty good to us people here out west. The last Sunday in February was extremely good, 'cause a band I've been yakkin' about to death, **All Systems Go!**, graced the sold-out audience with their presence that night at the Palace in Hollywood. To say that this band will sonically kick your ass is an understatement. Hell, man, what else would ya expect if ya took 1/2 the cats from the past (but not forgotten) r'n'r machine known as Big Drill Car, a 1/4 of one of Canada's best rock imports, the Doughboys, and another 1/4 consisting of a two-fisted, heavy-hittin' mofo on drums? A monster of a band that needs no explanation, that's what. What more do you want? For fuck's sake, would somebody please SIGN this outfit?! As you can tell, All Systems Go! rumbled through the balcony this night with the high-calibered rock hybrid that they have farmed to call their own. Really simple, folks... listen to this band. Go see this band. Love this band. It's that easy, OK? If you dug either of their bands from the past, you will DIG these freaks. I'm just glad to

getting bigger and more popular now that guitarist Chris, the original RKL guitarman, is playing with them now. I don't know, it's weird...

A couple of compadres and myself found our way down to Mr. T's Bowl a few weeks later to check out a benefit show with (part of) **The B-Movie Rats**, **The Snake Charmers**, **The Hellbenders** and a buncha other bands that started off the night. Mr. T's Bowl is cool in the sense that it is an actual old bowling alley retro-fitted with a stage atop the bowling alleys (sneak behind the stage curtain next time yer down there and you'll see the ends of the alleys - kinda trippy). Reminds me of something out of that flick, "1941." I'm glad that the owner has continued to let the shows happen here, 'cause even though it

explosive version of the Cheap Trick classic, "California Man," and bust it out they fucking did! I'm tellin' all of ya, if The Candy



Daisy Fuentes, ↑ some cretins.

← Matt Price of All Systems Go! @-Designated Dale

wrapped up and slated for a June 15th release on Sonic Tone, the new subsid. of Liberation Records, so that's also (should be) out as well. Capping the night off were The B-Movie Rats. Well, sort of. Seems that the Rats had the opening slot for Nashville Pussy (who supposedly got added to the Ozzfest this summer, by the way) the same night, so they had to drive like crazed UPS drivers to do their set at Mr. T's Bowl after their stint with Nash. Pussy out in Pomona at The Glass House. It basically ended up three of the Rats with Snake Charmer Sean jumping back on the drums to pound out a few Rats songs and even a warped version of the Misfits' "Hybrid Moments" complete with a slightly inebriated Bill (Rats bassist) pounding bass and drunkenly croaking out his best Sunday Danzig. The Rats should consider an off-night set of nothing but Misfits



numbers. Shit, yeah, I'd pay to see THAT, as long as clip-on devilocks are part of the show... Oh, fucking relax already, it's SUPPOSED to be funny.

Also got the chance to see The B-Movie Rats fuck shit up in Santa Barbara a few weeks later the same weekend I happened to be up there, and the crowd that night at the Creekside took a shine to 'em as they blasted through their set list. Ginger Coyote & her **White Trash Debutantes** were on after, but the most smoking part of their band is their drummer, who pounds like a wild-eyed Peter Criss honked up on amphetamine; not shabby at all.

The first Friday in April had fellow Flippguy Martin McMartin and myself heading down to the Universal Amphitheatre, in wondrous Studio City, Ca., to watch **D-Generation** kick-start the show to a packed house chock full of Offspring and Living End fans, the other two bands on the bill that night. Giving their usual 100%, D-Gen spun through a set stuffed with old numbers and a pinch of new tuneage that had my feet stomping and the blood rushing through my veins with rawkin' fever. The gathered masses there that night, the majority being of the high school age, were obviously there to see the Offspring (who can still cut it live, just as they surely had years ago in the LA dive bars), but I think the fiery rocking impact of D-Gen kinda left a lotta people with their jaws wide open. That's a good thing. In fact, I think it's a fucking wonderful thing. Like I said a coupla issues ago - kinda open the mind a bit, ya know? 'cause god knows there's a shitload of thumbs up music just waitin' to be had. And D-Gen definitely opened some minds that night because I had talked to a friend of mine a few days later who was at the same show and she hit me up for more info on D-Gen 'cause after seeing 'em, she was hooked! I can only hope that more people get turned on to a great band when seeing them by chance, like my friend Marie with D-Gen or anyone else with any other of the talent-crammed bands. Besides all that, D-Generation still continue to crank out top-notch sets to audiences waiting to get their asses rocked off and this night at the Universal was no exception. Didn't catch any of The Living End's set due to milling around in the back patio of the amphitheater whereupon Marty and myself saw Pamela Anderson getting mobbed by a pack of wolves. While spouting off something to the likes of, "What the fuck is THAT doing here?! Doesn't she have videos to make?!" as I walked past her, I explained to Marty that she AIN'T no Daisy Fuentes. Damn straight. She fuckin' WISHES she was... Anyway, we went back inside to catch about a half hour

of The Offspring's set, and proceeded to split...

Got the chance to head up to Mammoth Mountain the following weekend with **Blazing Haley** and a coupla other friends, who were doing a weekend stretch at the La Sierras Inn. If you have yet to get an earful of Blazing Haley, yer missin' out in a big way, bub, 'cause their super-charged live gigs as well as the CD they have out will do ya a HELL of a lot of good. Like I tried explaining 'em last issue - think Blasters, X, The Rev. and the scads of artists that paved the way of the rock force from the '50s. Saturday night, their final night playing up in the snow-draped La Sierras Inn, proved to be extra special as Blazing Haley and some of their musically-inclined buddies switched instruments and collaborated a type of drunken all-star orchestration, dubbed The Desert Tweaker Rats, who offered up a hefty set of faves from the years gone by, like "1945" and "Telling Them" from Social Distortion, Ramones gems "Rockaway Beach" and "Chinese Rock," AC/DC's "Walk All Over You" and "Highway to Hell," and even a version of The Modern Lovers' "Roadrunner" amongst others. Needless to say, the packed bar loved it all that night. There's just a certain warm feeling one gets when seeing middle-aged couples out on the dance floor shaking their asses to Fear's heartfelt number "I Don't Care About You (Fuck You)" as they would at any given wedding reception. It's great.

On the way back home the next morning, it was the decision of my traveling companion, Mr. Clinton, (no, not that Bill guy) to stop by the historical landmark of Manzanar, site to one of the large internment camps for Japanese Americans during the second world war. After cruising the dirt roads and checking out the shit around there for a bit, we headed back to the freeway, and right as we were pulling onto the highway, the song "Enemy" (from The Crowd's "Letter Bomb" album) starts blaring over the truck's stereo speakers. It was kinda creepy 'cause as we were driving away from the Manzanar site, the chorus of the song kicked in with vocalist Jim Decker belting out "I'm not the enemy..." Even though the actual song seems like a problematic relationship tune, the chorus seemed especially haunting as we took off down the highway away from Manzanar. Strange punk rock coincidence, I suppose...

I received an advance copy of the new full length from **Marky Ramone and the Intruders** not too long ago, "The Answer to Your Problems," and if this album doesn't get yer rear in gear, you've got problems, my friend. Songs off it that bitch slap you square



Left Blazing Haley's Matt Armer, Chris Story, and Brian Lakey at the Sierras Inn, Mammoth, CA. Blazing Haley's Dave Kruger is this page. Clint Weinrich

in the face include "Give 'Em the Middle Finger" and "Suicide." There's also the Phil Spector-esque track, "Don't Blame Me" with Joan Jett joining in on vocals who adds just the right touch of rock. Fans of The Beatles will also raise their eyebrows at The Intruders' souped-up version of "Nowhere Man." Like I've been rambling on about before, this trio has got their shit nailed down tight, so go catch one of their live sets or grab this latest batch of tuneage. The release date is slated for July 20th (near the time this issue comes out) on Zoey Records, a label that Universal distributes, so you don't have ANY excuses about going out and finding this disc...

Checked in with Shayne from Atlanta, Ga.'s own **Despised** and was pleased as a pig in shit to find out that The Despised were set to go into the studio in early June to finally lay down a full length of their tough-as-shrapnel brand of hardcore that's gonna be put out from the German folks over at Kangaroo Records, who also released their last 7 inch, "Scourge of the South." If the upcoming full length shines as much as their past releases, purveyors of pissed-off, knuckle-skinnin' hardcore are going to have a fucking field day with it. Keep the eyes and ears open for that in the near future.

I recently found out that **Riotgun** had whittled its band members back a few, making them a three piece outfit last I had heard, with Larry Hernandez (ex-Motorpsycho) on guitar and vocals, Daniel Ruiz (ex-Simpletones) on bass and backing vocals, and their old drummer, Matt Ramos, back on drums. Larry was tellin' me that they look forward to keepin' the shit rolling with a new 7 inch out this summer on Final Vinyl, as well as live shows continuing to knock everyone's dick in the dirt. Riotgun should

have a little spot in the hearts of fans who are into bands such as the Ramones, Dead Boys, Naked Raygun /Pegboy and the like. Don't let that fool ya, though, 'cause they sure as shit AREN'T cheap knock-offs of the above mentioned influences like a lot of the other fucking copycat bands you get stuck with today, or as brother Ken All Night Rocker refers to as "students."

The Humpers may be gone, but surviving members Bill Burks and Scott Drake have got a new project happening, **The Fabulous Prizes**, and from what Bill has been tellin' me, it sounds as if the barroom stages are gonna have to endure yet more rounds of r'n'r punishment once the live gigs start with this here outfit. I'm sure that if they have any of the firepower that The Humpers let loose years back, The Fabulous Prizes will gladly aim to please.

And speaking of surviving members of The Humpers, Mark Lee has been hammering out some numbers in a group known as **The Magnificent Pricks** with Blaze James (ex-TVTV\$), although I've become accustomed to seeing Mark sitting in on guitar alongside Jim Kaa and throttling the ears of the audience during live gigs with The Crowd.

I wanna take a few quick seconds here to say that I've actually been getting some pretty damn good new releases coming in the past coupla months, so I'd like to extend an elephant shit sized THANKS to those of you who continue to keep yer stuff comin' in, you know who ya all are! Looking forward to seeing all you loud and proud sons 'o bitches out here on tour this summer - keep yer eyes on the road and yer hands outta yer pants.

I'm Against It
-Designated Dale



ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK...

Some are making headway, some are breaking up and some are just croaking... A quite exciting thing is that **400 Blows** has finally released a CD, "3.19.98" (Total Annihilation Records)... Recorded by Tom Grimley a mastered by Mike Rozon this little black disk is quite a sonic treat. I am always quite amazed by the amount of sound that comes from simply a guitar and a drum kit, the lyrical content when examined are quite potentially on the level of lucidity with those of Jim Morrison, and I'm not just blowing hot wind. If you don't believe me, go see for yourselves as 400

with **Paul Simon**... In a way I can see where some might be repulsed by this, but in a way it makes some sense. Now I'm no big fan of Paul Simon, but I can see where a crowd would be double as eager to trot down to their local large venue for this double header... Strange.

As you might have or have not heard, **Love and Rockets** have thrown in the towel... We've not determined the exact cause of this, though there are grumbles that their recent tour which was poorly publicized and reportedly at times completely frustrating might have something to do with it. Others have suggested that it's a curse for those that associate with Red Aunt

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and closing with a now scheduled Nick Cave solo performance this is something that should not be missed if you can get out there. Then again, by the time you read this it may be too late.

Finally, on June 5, 1999 **Mel Torme** died... **SOME THINGS TO VIEW**

Always throwing a curveball at his fans, David Lynch's new film which should have debut at Cannes in May is "The Straight Story." You might have heard about its subject in the news some years back as one of those "feel-good side bars": Alvin Straight (73 years old) rode his 66 John Deere mover for six weeks on

MORTVARKORAMA

Blows plays with regularity around Los Angeles or if you don't live in the area email them at <christian@interet.com> and find out how to get yourself a CD and then hope that they come and play in your town...

Those that never got a chance to see **The Residents** perform live finally got their chance at the House of Blues to see their very own interpretation of some of the more sordid tales of the Bible. With four eyes manning the instruments and two chameleons working the lyrics, the mesmerized and quite packed house was treated to tale after tale of incest, murder, and foreskin removal for over two hours of some of the best performance art that money can get you in to see. The backdrop was subdued while at the same time taking on a vibrant life of it's own. The costuming was suitably descriptive and showman like... Making of an excellent performance that can't quite be done justice by description. I did notice a couple of video crew people, so perhaps this might come out for viewing sometime in the near future. Morticia and I attended both the Friday and Saturday performances and were even more amused and entertained the second time.

Local lounge extremists **Cuba Las Vegas** have been playing anywhere they can and if you like the extreme lounge scene with a heavy Nick Cave flavor (sorry, that comment is inescapable from what I've seen of them and not in a bad way) you've got to drag yourself out if need be and have a look. With lyrics that will drag you down right in the gutter and then laugh as they kick you in the head, the boys put on a fine show with musicianship that is not in the least bit shabby. If you'd like to have a listen to some tunes you can have yourself a sample at <<http://www.mp3.com>> at your convenience.

I've debated the question of whether it makes sense that **Bob Dylan** would be out on tour

Records... I can't personally say. Regardless, you've not seen the last of them, we have it on good faith that Kevin Haskins if going into video/interactive game music, Daniel Ash is heading for film scoring and David J is still continuing with his multitude of side projects and occasional dj appearances... No noises from the ear to the railroad track of the new Peter



Cuba Las Vegas (w/ Katie Hecker)

Murphy solo project.

We've gotten wind of a possible tour by long time cult favorites the **Jazz Butcher** are planning a fall tour (perhaps in September) of the U.S. Of course this is contingent on enough shows being lined up and the fact that Max and Pat need to get up enough money to pay for their travel visas... Hopefully this will pan out since there are probably others that would love the chance to have a look and listen in a live atmosphere. If you're looking for more information, there's a great Jazz Butcher discussion group on the net, its particulars escape my mind just now. Look for them.

While you're fishing around on the web, you might want to look for **Nick Cave's Meltdown**

99. This looks like quite a festival that unfortunately is happening the wrong side of the Atlantic (in England) and will feature some performances that are so rare they might never happen again. Opening with

a 350 mile road trip to visit his 75 year old brother. Perhaps somewhat of an amusing twist is that the film will be distributed by Disney Pictures who probably wouldn't touch some of Lynch's films with a ten foot pole. Should make for an interesting viewing when it is finally released in theaters...

While searching on the net for information on David Lynch I found a blurb indicating that David Lynch is also working on a multimedia adventure for DVD-ROM tentatively titled "Woodcutters From Fiery Ships." I really haven't been able to learn more about this other than that the digital adventure is described as a sci-fi horror film.

In May the new film by David Cronenberg, "eXistenZ" (spelled just like that) finally hit the theaters. Basically it's about a virtual reality game... As to what the game is about and what one has to do to win it is all dependant upon the players. Most reviews that I've heard or read just don't seem to get the point of the movie, which is that more than being a sci-fi movie it is a commentary on what reality is and what exactly it might be that makes it real. I found it quite admirable that the whole film was produced with a minimum of "VR" special effects, which it seems most films dealing with the topic seems to be oozing with in order to outdo each other in special effects instead of actual story.

I found that if I let myself go and just took in the movie as the plot unraveled the effect was pleasing and it all was quite believable during its viewing, and for anyone that's ever contemplated what reality is and what it is that makes it real, the ending will leave you thinking about it a bit. Actually this one is right at the top of my best of the '90s list along with Gattaca...

Coincidentally, Morticia and I found a rental copy of "Shivers," David Cronenberg's first truly commercial effort, in our local video store! Previously this one has been a real hard one to find and not only is the movie there, but the original trailer and an interview with David Cronenberg telling some amusing anecdotes about the films making at the end of the tape. If you enjoy low budget sci-fi horror films, this will completely satisfy your appetite... There's blood, absolute insanity and enigmatic creatures that posses their hosts. What more would you want?

Also just released to video is "Kissed," (directed and co-written by Lynne Stopkewich

(I)r Jude Law & Jennifer Jason Leigh, gristle gun, MetaFlesh Game-Pod, David Cronenberg.



"Kissed" revisited



and based on a short story by Barbara Gowdy) which you might have previously read about in MortVarkOrama. If you never got a chance to see this while in theaters we'd highly recommend it. A film simply about one girls devotion and (sometimes literal) passion for the deceased and the funeral arts. The most impressive thing that I found about this movie was it's ability to tackle such a subject tactfully while keeping the story line interesting without turning the whole thing into a morbid freak show. For those seriously interested in the subject, this is a breath of fresh air.

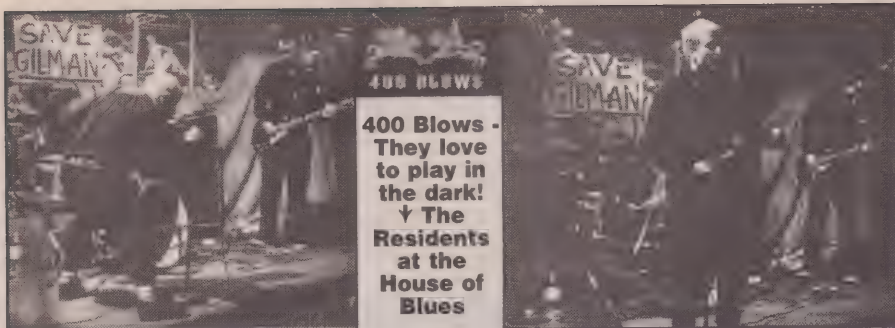
NEWS... INTERESTING NEWS...

The Hollywood Reported of June 1, 1999 reported that, "Actor Billy Barty was injured...when a scooter he was riding flipped over and dropped him onto concrete during a performance at the Garden Grove Strawberry Festival..." We thought that Billy was dead. Guess that must have been Tattoo...

John F. Kennedy's original casket has been "found." Apparently in 1966 Robert Kennedy pulled some strings at the Justice Department and had the disposal authorized, the attorney general at the time is quoted as saying, "I am unable to conceive of any manner in which the casket could have an evidentiary value, nor can I conceive of any reason why the national interest would require its preservation." So, at 8:38 a.m., a C-130 took the casket off the Maryland-Delaware coast and parachuted the 660-pound casket from 500 feet into 9,000 feet of water... Oddly enough, morbid curiosity and no evidentiary value is the same reason given for the first autopsy report and the set of photos taken of the body... If there was no conspiracy, I wish that someone would have thought not to perpetuate suspicion that there was one. As an interesting twist - the Ambassador Hotel here in Los Angeles where Robert Kennedy was assassinated is still slated for demolition as far as I know.

Technology is helping ghosts get their fill... During a sold out WWF event in Kansas City attended by 16,000, wrestler Owen Hart plummeted to his death from 50 feet when a wire





**400 Blows -
They love
to play in
the dark!
↓ The
Residents
at the
House of
Blues**

that was supposed to be lowering him failed to be correctly connected to his person. The event happened to also be televised live on Pay Per View! For those who didn't have enough of the carnage, within days of his burial funeral programs for the services were available for auction on e-Bay...

The sky could be falling next year and no one may know where. Apparently the Russian Mir space station is pretty much out of funds to operate and unless someone pulls

some cash out of their ass real soon it will be abandoned sometime in August of this year and will float unmanned till sometime next year it comes screaming back to the ground. Funny thing is that not having the funds to operate it also means that the funds to control its descent will not be there as well. What does this mean? Well, maybe nothing since the fireball could just as well fall into a large body of water or it might just fall about anywhere unless someone guides its descent. Might be

something out of a sci-fi movie with a big fireball heading for some skyscraper. The real kicker is that Russians' lack of funds is also affecting the role it has to play in the International Space Station, which is estimated to be about two years behind schedule. So much for a giant leap for mankind. We're all too busy squabbling down here...

Well, that's about it for now. Who knows what we'll have for your next issue.



WEBORAMA

• Web reviews by AArtVark & Morticia

Doodie - Potty Humor Central

<http://www.doodie.com/model.html>

If you think animated shit jokes are funny, this is for you. One amusing animation for each day! You can check out the archive and thumb through all of them. The animations are done by Tom Winkler who did the opening animation sequence for ABC's "The Tom Show." The animation ranged from amusing to hilarious.

English Chick Cartoon Tracts

<http://www.chick.com/catalog/tracts.asp>

Remember those little booklets that you'd find telling you how sinning would take you to hell in comic cartoon format? Well, you can look at 'em on the web!

Guns-N-Babes!

<http://www.guns-n-babes.com/>

Well, the name pretty much says it. You've got a bit of gun databasing, lots of pictures of chicks in bikinis totin' large weapons. You can even download mpeg files of live firing action. Probably not the best site on either top, but an American mix of both.

J-Track Satellite Tracking

<http://liff.msfc.nasa.gov/RealTime/Jtrack/>

If you're curious about what's floating about above, satellites, Mir, the new space station, etc. You can go here and have yourself a look. There's a 2-D version and there's a great 3-D version that you can very easily interact with using your mouse & keyboard. How useful is it to you, I don't know, but it pretty fuckin' cool to play with!

Japan Tattoo Institute

<http://keibunsha.com/>

If you're interested in Japanese tattoos, there's plenty to look at here in their gallery. Also there are items to order. CD-Rom, calendars, books.

The Modeler's Resource Homepage

<http://www.modelersresource.com/>

A pretty good supplement to their print publication for those who like putting together this sort of thing. Lots of links and some of their helpful articles are available on-line. Hopefully this site will keep expanding!

National Academy of Mortuary Science

<http://www.drkloss.com/>

If you're thinking about getting into the funeral business and don't know where to start you might want to look at this. You can take courses at home to become a Certified Mortuary Technician. It looks like the organization's been around for a while and they seem reputable. There are some pretty good links as well.

Slashdot:News for Nerds. Stuff that Matters.

<http://www.slashdot.org/>

Well, this is a pretty good site of information and technical/computer related things and on social ones as well. After the Columbine thing there were tons of postings from kids, it made for some interesting reading. It'll take you a second to check it out and if you like it you'll really find it useful.

Trench Coat Mafia Website

<http://www.everwonder.com/david/Rebldomakr/>

A pretty good compilation of things related to the Columbine HS shooting. There are links and pieces of things that have been dumped from the web since the fact.

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MORTICIA & AARTVARK
WEBORAMA

All my long time readers know I don't spend much time discussing prison - in general, or me in it. But sometimes conditions directly affect this column and it seems absurd not to mention it.

Now I'll be the first to admit I've had far more complaints than compliments over my usual long-windedness and convoluted presentation. Nonetheless, since I felt it was my natural and even semi-original style, I've clung to it with few concessions. When I got moved from the prison where I spent more than 4 years with some form of word-pro-

word processing capabilities - the best an inmate could/can possess at this prison - and so my #117 and #118 started to grow in length and density unlike the two or three that preceded them. But alas, I got the boot again and had to relinquish my column tool. The State of California has decided that they can have me in a dormitory rather than cell for my last 5 years. No typewriters allowed in this crowded setting. So once again here I sit trying to write slow enough where my terrible penmanship can be made out; and trying to keep the whole thing short enough where it

rant by Hakim Bey, the anarcho-queer who came up with the TAZ (Temporary Autonomous Zone) theory of enacting anarchy. This particular rant was about the nauseating reality of America's Most Wanted and the poking and prodding of America into an informer society. I think I commented on and seconded this emotion in a Flip col of mine back then; but whether I did or not I'd like to note that the behavior of both guards and inmates has changed to verify the negative effect this part of the "spectacle" of modern life (as in current events, the "now" of society)

are much more intrusive and don't seem uncomfortable invading any nook or cranny of vestigial inmate privacy, and at the same time more and more inmates seem more than willing to help them do so. It has gone beyond "no more honor amongst thieves" - I'm not just stating the obvious that prisoners snitch to get out of trouble or earn favors - I'm saying it has gone beyond that to where snitching just to be communicating, to be part of the culture, is becoming prevalent. It is not only scary - but makes prison a more boring place than ever since virtually nothing can be gotten away with in the long term.

Whatever, even if I wanted to it wouldn't be wise to rail on any further - just thought I'd mention it. Now I think I've mentioned good ol' Noam Chomsky in passing during my ethical rants of the past couple columns. If you don't have the stomach for serious non-fiction explanations of exactly how things are "run", then may I recommend you get the exact same info the works of satire of Richard Condon. As classic as the the movie version of one of his earliest books, The Manchurian Candidate, was (starring Sinatra no less); or as classic as Nicholson almost made Prizzi's Honor, another Condon book in the 80's; you can only get the full helping that will hammer down the Chomskian message by reading one of his books. The one I just read, The Venerable Bead, satirizes the Bush post USSR era. I think I'd be safe in saying any Condon book will make you blush at either being human, or at how many times in your life you've been duped by other humans.

cessing access where I could send in my "shit" pre-typed for scanning - all of a sudden I couldn't. I had to depend on Flipside office staff - all two of 'em - three if you count the big boy El Jefe - to type my shit up (And I did in fact do just that!). So all of a sudden I found myself wanting to cut back verbosity just to help ensure my shit would run at all! I'm sure it is only my ten year and then some tenure in these pages that saved me from the mandated proper submission format!

Anyways - bottom line is that for a couple of columns I had a typewriter with almost

will get entered and make it in. I'm especially concerned with being somewhat brief since I just got done submitting an interview that ended up being ten legal size pages back and front of Shaneshitty scrawble needing "entry". So excuse me if I jump around even more than usual - and don't develop all my themes as thoroughly as I could - or would like to.

Well - since I touched on prison conditions I might as well throw out this observation. About ten years ago when Gunderloy still published Factsheet Five he printed a

has had.

What I'm getting at is that I've now had more than twenty years of experiences first hand of the behavior of guards and inmates; and from what I see the culture of control (that makes the behavior of cops and rats seem reasonable) has taken effect or grown stronger. I'm not saying prisons are harder or harsher, though, since the era when I began coming, the late 70's, was the era of burgeoning prisoner rights and shorter sentences, many things have gotten worse materially. No, what I'm saying is that guards



↑ My buddy Al-X with band named The Competitor, at Slam Dance Film festival.

↕ Gal looking good with NYC's CYN @-Billy Whitfield

↑ A reformed (in what way, ha ha?) SuperKools @-Arlan, ↕ The Pet Peeves @-Chris Marcus



a disclaimer of anything libelous might be appropriate ha, ha - but let's just say it wouldn't surprise me a bit if traitorous treachery ran in the family.

Conversely, here's a blonde in rock staying true! While I was never a huge fan of **7 Year Bitch** musicwise - I always dug their image, their look, what they were about, and where I thought they were coming from (or trying to go to) musicwise - but as far as which one caught my eyes in their photos or my attention in the many interviews I read it wasn't the foxy little frontwoman, but the big blonde Liz. Well, I saw a feature on her new band Clone (3 gals, 2 guys) in Thrasher, and I thought I'd share this quote from her explanation of how a gal pal of hers was inducted for keyboards: "I knew Kelly could do it. We had auditioned other keyboard players, and they were just the geekiest group of fucking people. Don't ever call yourself a keyboard player, because keyboard players are geeky fucks. These dudes would come who were really into ELP and stuff like that. If we had someone who knew how to play, they'd destroy everything by trying to play something pretty or something that makes sense. It's so much better to have someone who's sexy and beautiful, and likes the same kind of music and can lose their shit on stage...."

Here, here... and you go, girl! Not to say being able to play and being sexy and beautiful and liking the same kind of music might be even better... but Liz did get me thinking about what a cool chick she was all through her answers. If you read this, send me some photos for the col!

I saw just a tiny snippet of local LA news reporting the death of a youngster at an "extreme metal" concert. Hopefully this won't be a cause of difficulty to venues - but not having seen the whole "news flash" I'm only bringing it up to say: I wonder how **Final Conflict** felt about being dubbed "extreme metal"? And speaking of clubs getting in trouble; I also saw a bit of a broadcast where club owners were signing some kind of date-rape drug awareness pledge.

Now what I want to know is whether Rohypnol (or "roofies") are really more of a drug loosening inhibitions than Seconal (or "reds") were in my teen years; or more than Quaaludes (or "ludes") in the 70's. I'm honestly curious whether it is a chemical or cultural thing earning them the "date rape" label and media furor. Maybe the difference is the way the memory of transpired sexual events the next day is so dim? Here again, I'm just not sure what the qualitative differences are. I'm assuming some women consume

"roofies" for fun knowing full well what they're likely to do to them? Write in to me c/o the mag if you want your letter printed - or to my address at column's end if you want to discuss this without print attribution. (Just to get you started, *Shane, Rohypnol is for all the world like super Valium. But, not something to put you into a doopey lude state or even give you time to think about loose inhibitions, nope, because even from a solid meth tweak or phone ringing crack attack - half a pill (not sure the exact strength, or if it varies) will put*



↑ **Paige Darling before...
← and after, with Nico
Blue. @Arlan Helm**

↑↑ **Kitty Kowalski has a new
band line-up - this is her with
buddy Nikki.**

↑ **Scared of Chaka (Do the
Gain really want to hurt
them?) @Rocky de la Vega**

↑↑ **SexPod drummer. @Billy
Whitfield**

**Next page: Spaws Pussycats,
@Jesus Alcaraz, courtesy
Next Big Thing**

you to sleep in about a minute after you start to feel it. Any violation to a person given Rohypnol is committed on a sleeping person. - A)

It seems like just the other day I was wondering what Gumprecht (along with some other figures from my musical past). Blake did a radio show and a zine

to a Major back in the 80's) - cuz he or his namesake authored a book about the LA River of all things. Mike Davis, whose City of Quartz is one of the best ever books about LA touts him - so may I recommend Blake's book to our local readers. And if it turns out

there is some mention of rock and roll in this serious tome, which I doubt, let me know.

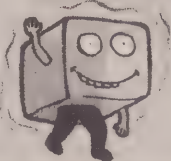
Back in the 70's a lot of pothead pixies not afraid to travel wound up in Nepal (Tibet's neighbor in the Himalayas for the geographically-challenged). It has been quite awhile since they've made it easy for backpackin' foreigners to come smoke out - and these days there are even leftie terrorists who might conceivably kidnap a Westerner. But the good news is that the collapse of Thailand's currency and economy has made them very welcoming of young "tourists". Leo DeCaprio is gonna star in a movie called The Beach based on a book that satirizes the "traveler" subculture. But even though many locals look at the doper vagabonds as scum, the official party line is that they spend money so leave 'em alone. That's right - you go to Thailand and in most places you can blow clouds of smoke in a cop's face and he'll still want to protect and serve. Who knows how long this will last - soon the US will probably give them money specifically to bust up "dopetopia" - since those funds wouldn't have to be IMF funds but could come out of our so-called "intelligence" black budget. Oh yeah - it's not just long-haired travellers - but also pierced intelligentsia and avant-gardists making their way to Thailand. Now what I want to know it; where is the indigenous Thai underground music scene? Where is their Teenygenerate of D.J. Krush or Shonen Knife?

Better get to the zines. In fact, let me start out by saying you need Zine Guide #2. In my opinion it is the best resource ever on zines. And the reason why I would say that - me - someone who used to write for Factsheet Five in its original incarnation - is because the **Zine Guide** Brent at Tail Spins puts out is almost exclusive pfnazines - with just a smattering of the best of the rest. The history of the term pfnazine is that when I exposed Gunderloy (the Creator and first publisher/editor of FS5) to punk rock fanzines, he subsequently coined that designation for music-oriented/punk rock subculture oriented fanzines. This issue improves on the first guide by mail pseudo-symposium with many prominent publisher/editors, and even more cross-referencing and indexing. It amazed me that Brent, as busy as he must be as the jefe of two zines actually caught my comment in a column about how I wished he'd index columnists. My feeling being that I'd rather be a person in the index because I'm a FLIPSIDE columnist rather than because I was interviewed in a zine. He took it under advisement - and I hope you'll all take it under advisement to not only provide yourself a copy as a resource, but make sure any good zines you know (or produce!) That aren't submitting start doing so. Now before I go on to discuss **Tail Spins** for a bit, I just have to point out the oddity of one of the few



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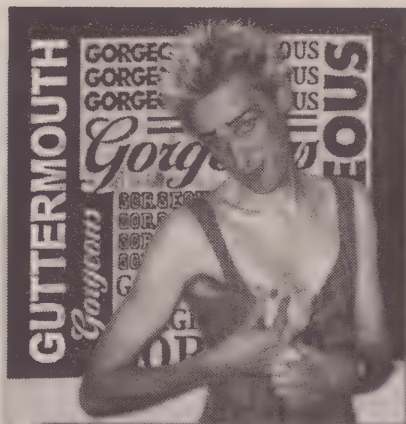
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GUTTERMOUTH

sex zines in 26 #2. The one that has been in both ZG's - and has been around long enough to be up in the double digits - is *Hair To Stay*, a zine devoted to hirsuteness - I'm assuming primarily in women and that it isn't a Ron Jeremy fan mag, ha ha. I'm not gonna plug 'em too much cuz I haven't seen it yet cuz they haven't comped me - I'm just saying that since I have a thing for girls with pit fur I was pleased to see that mag in ZG. The only other sex zine I noted was one put out by a guy obsessed with extremely pale women. Translucent skin with blue veins visible-type chicks. He has an interview with Gen of the Genitorturers - I'm assuming his focus being her looks not the S/M image - WHATEVER!!!

Now *Tail Spins* is similar to *Flipside* in at least a couple ways. Great glossy covers but all cheap paper with small print inside - and review sections where occasionally you'll find a review to infuriate based on the ignorance or bias of that reviewer. What they also have in common with us is better than average interviews. Where they most differ is in having research paper type features on different subjects and some satirical stuff that can fool the gullible lulled by the straight features - whereas we're known for gossipy local news columns, rants, and off-the-wall from Dobbiana to UFOlogy! All in all I'd have to recommend *Tail Spins* as in the top echelon of pfanzines - and if you're on a zine budget then get the guide first and use it to choose what zines you actually need!

Oh yeah - I complained last time that *Zine Guide* #1's polls showed *Flipsidenot* making the top 50 with women. Well, we did OK with them this time - #20 - but didn't make the top 30 amongst zine-o-philes. Well, I guess I can wrap up by saying we ain't out to win any popularity contests - I was just con-

cerned when it looked like the gals were ignoring us or dissing us - as a ladies' man I can't abide that.

I already raved about the "essentiality" of *Exile Osaka*. Matt must've appreciated my desire to understand another land's culture/scene. He turned me on to yet another English teacher expatriate. Actually what he did was send me issued 2 and 3 of *Bug*. I'm not sure how the mag got that name; that was probably explained in issue #1. Who cares - *BUG* is 2 cultures for the price of one. J. Scott Burgeson teaches in S. Korea, but decided to avail himself of the proximity of Japan too. Issue #1 is all Korea, #2 is all Japan, and #3 is a mix of both. This in itself, this mixing of the two on equal footing, is a challenge. Nowadays, anthropologists etc. are pretty damned sure most Japanese are descended from Koreans - but the enmity in this past of modern written history means this isn't accepted as fact there. But this zine isn't about social unity - I'm must mentioning that as background for how cool it is. Burgeson has taken up this particular task/tack. What the zines are full of is interviews. Not just with people in the underground music scene - and in fact not just from the arts, though filmmakers, photographers (fine art) and musicians are well represented. But there are unique cultural celebrities. The Pachinko King. The gal whose voice is on a whole country's beepers recorded messages. The woman's wrestling champ who started her own federation. A top Tokyo "host" - a gigolo of sorts in other words. If you have any interest in Japan, Korea, or the arts - I can't recommend *BUG* highly enough. Great layout too - standard sized but opens sideways (I know there's a technical term for that) - but as with all the other awkwardly worded passages in

this column - blame it on me being unable to edit since I'm writing it all out long-hand after just taking rudimentary notes - I don't get to "word process". A pox on all these old time authors who shun processing and cling to their manuals.

Can't devote too much space to my regularly-received zines. Got to give a super shout-out to *Roctober* since Jake went the extra mile and re-sent the *Mad Magazine* themed issue a second time after the first one went M.I.A. By the time he did there was another issue out - and, wisely I think, rather than obsessing on a theme, Jake and his asst. and contributors just went with whatever was on their minds. In case anyone doesn't know what make *Roctober* great - it is the desire and ability to bring alive rock history. Kicks ain't got nothing on *Roctober*, but *Roctober* doesn't just stick to a very narrow era in music history. Obviously the *Kiss* issue wasn't anything you'd find in *Kicks*. But the *WIX Records* story in the newest *Roctober* is. In other words; the story of a small label and their rockabilly/early rock artists. Then there's the interview with Sugar Rio Desanto. If I'd been doing it I think I might've delved more into her experiences in the dope world - since they've implied - suffice to say she's a diminutive black woman, still sexy in her 60's - who can belt it out a/c Koko Taylor. So if Jake takes Vanilla Ice's comeback seriously, well so what - it makes an interesting read - and as always the record reviews cover a lot of ground quickly - because while most of the features are of historical figures, most of the reviews are the latest batch of releases any worthy zine is deluged with.

The new *Toxic Flyer* has Texas Terri on the cover and an interview with her and the Stiff Ones inside (from when they played

Coney Island High) - so Billy beat us to the punch on both accounts. The new *Sound Views* has a retro-juvie delinquent cover art theme: "...Real Gone Guys and Dolls on Dope" - but of course the contents are the usual musical mix - which is fine with me. Instead of a tiny black songstress they have the zatty one *Sweet Georgia Brown*. A NYC-core band *Floorpunch* - a feature on NYC's Irish music scene - and the usual way better than average reviews.

I'm sure there are both more publications I could and should write about - not to mention notes on band happenings I ought to share - but I'm not going to so I can get this on the way a couple weeks before deadline and give the office more time to type it. I'm not gonna enumerate the photos at length either - hopefully the captions will take care of that.

Correspondence, photos for the column, and zines can be sent to me at my new current mailing address:

Shane Williams J-09243,
CMC-West (I-5-8up), PO Box 8103,
San Luis Obispo, CA 93403-8103

Don't send music - write and I'll tell you about the local college station hook up with where I ought to hear it.

If you want your letter considered for the Flip letter section cuz it is more directed at me than to me (you wanna talk shit) send it to Flip with a note to have them forward it so I can talk shit back - unless you are a pusillanimous pustule of putridity and afraid to take what you wanna give.

Like all the thugs say: peace out.
(Shane's shit for last issue was discovered to be lost-in-the-mail right as we were going to press. Shane will incorporate that material into his column for #120.)



**Nardwuar the Human
Serviette
vs.
Rob Zombie**

On his most recent tour opening for Korn, Rob Zombie happened to be heavily working the media circuit. I happily agreed to do a phone interview. Ring. Ring. Ring...

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Rob: Oh, what does that mean?

Rob: Would punkers care about the Bomboras?

Nardwuar: Yeah, totally! They come to their gigs! It's garage-punk, 1966 style!

Rob Zombie: Oh. OK.

Nardwuar: What do you think about that? Are Korn into the Bomboras?

Rob Zombie: Is this all supposed to be a joke, or are you trying to be serious?

Nardwuar: No, well, I'm curious, what do you know about cannibalism, Rob? Because Idi Amin Dada indulged in some

Nardwuar: Are you up on that type of stuff? Like, I was wondering, do you know who holds the record for most slayings at one time, Rob Zombie?

Rob Zombie: Well, I guess it depends on how you mean it. I mean, I - do you mean in a serial killer way or...

Nardwuar: Yeah. Actually, twenty-two by George Henard, in 1991 when he jumped out of that pickup truck outside of a cafeteria, and yelled, "It's payback time Belton County" and then fired away. That was in

Nardwuar: Have you found anything cool, Rob Zombie, at Hollywood Hills garage sales? Like, Long Gone John of Sympathy For The Record Industry Records has a "Devil's Witches" Manson Family jacket that I think John Waters wanted to buy off him. But I was thinking, being from Hollywood and all, have you ever gone to any cool garage sales and seen like Academy Awards out there in little boxes?

Rob: [sighs] No, I mean, I've bought nothing to that extent of coolness. I mean, that jacket is probably the ultimate find but I've found some pretty good stuff, yeah, you know, it would pale in comparison but some pretty good stuff.

Nardwuar: Well actually I think Long Gone John actually got that from a girlfriend or something like that but how about yourself? Like, there's nothing, like, one little item, like any little Munster tidbit that perhaps turned you on when you found it? Because I was thinking it must be incredible going to garage sales in Hollywood Hills, Rob Zombie.

Rob: Well the best one - there used to be an effects studio out on North Hollywood that went out of business and they sold off everything so you could get life casts of just about anybody, from Bela Lugosi to Leonard Nimoy, and they had props left over from movies that you could buy. But that's about it.

Nardwuar: You have a big beard, but so does Johnny Legend. Have you done any gigs with Johnny Legend?

Rob: No, we haven't made the "beard" connection yet.

Nardwuar: And Johnny loves horror and he loves rock'n'roll and movies. Do you feel sorry at all, Rob, about bands like Gwar who haven't had as much success as yourself?

Rob: No. Why would I feel sorry for them?

Nardwuar: Well, just because you've been lucky. You've had some good breaks and you're up there and you're rockin' hard as Rob Zombie. But you know Gwar, they're not household names quite yet.

Rob: No, but I don't know, you know. The last time I saw them, I saw them in a pretty - I don't know what happened to them. All I know is they were playing much bigger places than White Zombie was at one point.

Nardwuar: But I guess you won the battle then.

Rob: Well, I don't feel I was battling particularly with Gwar.

Nardwuar: Speaking of battles and killing, Rob Zombie, there was some serial killer in the 1930s who had a roadside café where he would kill his staff and customers, and then feed their bodies to alligators! Do you think that is the wildest thing you've ever heard, Rob Zombie?

Rob: [laughs] Oh, you make me crazy.

Nardwuar: Why is that?

Rob: What's your name?

Nardwuar: Nardwuar.

Rob: I just want to be able to say your name after every answer.

Nardwuar: Well, thank you very much, Rob Zombie. Rob Zombie, I was still curious here, what do you know about human sacrifices? Human sacrifices and the Aztecs?

Rob: What do I know about it?

Nardwuar: Yeah, what do you know about human sacrifices, Rob Zombie? The Aztecs were into human sacrifices.

Rob: Yeah. It's great.

Nardwuar: Have you ever been to a mortuary?

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Rob?

Rob: Yes, I'm just giving you some dramatic pause. [laughs]



Nardwuar: You are Rob Zombie!

Rob: Yeah.

Nardwuar: Now, Rob, have you seen that house in Los Angeles where silent movie star Ramon Navarro was clubbed to death by that dildo that Rudolph Valentino had given him? Ramon Navarro was clubbed to death by a dildo!

Rob: Uh, you know, I'm not sure if I've seen that house.

Nardwuar: It's in one of those books like *Hollywood Babylon*.

Rob: Yeah, I've taken some of those tours where they always show you where Sal Mineo was stabbed and all that stuff but I don't know if I've seen that one.

Nardwuar: Do you use a Ouija board?

Rob: No, only when I was a little kid, but I always cheated and pushed it.

Nardwuar: Because Morrissey has that song called "Ouija Ouija."

Rob: Never heard it.

Nardwuar: There's a legend out there, Rob, that you didn't know Sean Yessault from your ex-band was in Famous Monsters, when you phoned up Estrus Records asking about them!

Rob: Um...

Nardwuar: You know, like, you phoned up inquiring about this cool "monster" band that turned out to be your ex-bandmates's band! That's totally interesting!

Rob Zombie: I guess, considering I didn't actually call up Estrus and inquire about anything. It's really - the whole thing is a mystery to me.

Nardwuar: Have you heard about this legend?

Rob: Um, I read that in something actually. I forget, it was in some little magazine, some news thing but unfortunately it's not true.

Nardwuar: Rob, a lot of heshers believe "Rob Zombie is the closest to classical metal we have."

Rob: Uh, well, who knows?

Nardwuar: Well, you lived with Tommy Lee... that's pretty M-E-T-A-L. Why are metal guys like Sebastian Bach or Skid Row and Kevin Dubrow of Quiet Riot so uptight? Why are those guys so uptight? Why are they uptight?

Rob Zombie: Uptight in what way?

Nardwuar: Well you know punkers kind of roll with it. Metal guys are really uptight about things.

Rob: [laughs] You think?

Nardwuar: Yeah, would Nikki Sixx, or Korn for that matter, care about the Bomboras?

cannibalism.

Rob: Yeah.

Nardwuar: And have you heard Nick Lowe's song "Mary Prevost" about the silent movie actress who was eaten by her dog?

Rob: Yes.

Nardwuar: What do you think about that?

Rob: It makes for a great Hollywood story. **Nardwuar:** "Alcoholic dies, eaten by her dog." Are any of those themes explored in

Nardwuar: What do you think about that? Are Korn into the Bomboras?
Rob Zombie: Is this all supposed to be a joke, or are you trying to be serious?

any of the songs you've written, Rob?

Rob: [sighs] Not so much.

Nardwuar: When you die, Rob Zombie, what do you want to happen to your remains?

Rob: I guess at that point I just don't care.

Nardwuar: Well how big are you? Like, when they burn your remains, how much remains will there be? Like, you're short like Danzig, but not as built?

Rob Zombie: Am I short like Danzig?

Nardwuar: Yeah!

Rob: No.

Nardwuar: So you're bigger than Danzig. Who's got better tattoos, you or Henry Rollins?

Rob: [line goes dead]

[road manager phones back]

Zombie Road Manager: Hi, I am calling to leave a message for Nardwuar. It's Rob Zombie's Road Manager, I'm sorry, Rob's phone, uh, got disconnected from you. I am just trying to call back to try and reconnect. Just give me a call on my cel phone. Thanks, man. Bye.

[five minutes later]

Zombie Road Manager: Hi, Nardwuar, hold on. I've got Rob here for you.

Nardwuar: Hello, Rob.

Rob: Hey now.

Nardwuar: Are you a fan of those true-life crime books that are put out by Time Books?

Rob: Uh, not that series in particular but here and there I read those books, yeah.

one of those Time-Life books. That's what made it interesting.

Rob: Yeah. [long pause]

Nardwuar: Ever seen Diamanda Galas do "I Put a Spell on You"?

Rob: I never saw her perform live the whole time I lived in New York.

Nardwuar: When you were in New York, were you guys influenced by Live Skull at all?

Rob: I wouldn't say "influenced" but we did play a lot of shows with them, that's for sure.

Nardwuar: And then eventually were you into Ministry? Because Ministry got guitars and you seemed to go in that direction with White Zombie. Did that influence you at all? The "Ministry gets guitars" craze?

Rob: Um, not really, because I was strangely unaware of Ministry because I remember them from their early days and I remember everyone talking, "You've got to hear Ministry!" and I couldn't figure out why. So I was pretty late hearing the new Ministry.

Nardwuar: It's because you guys were doing the New York "art fag" thing with Live Skull, right?

Rob: Well, I wouldn't say we were doing it but we were certainly trapped in it.

Nardwuar: Rob, do you like sex, like celebrity sex?

Rob: Do I like it in what sense?

Nardwuar: There's that legend the guy from the Toilet Boys actually screwed Traci Lords and I guess I was just wondering, from reading in Kerrang! and stuff, that you like celebrity sex.

Rob: I don't think that was me.

Nardwuar: How about GG Allin? Are you influenced by him? I love the word "influence" but have you eaten poop or taken it to that level at all?

Rob: No, but I do remember seeing GG many times and desperately trying to avoid being hit by his poop.

Nardwuar: Have you ever tried Absinthe?

Rob: No.

Nardwuar: Do you know exactly where in Los Angeles that Alfalfa from the Little Rascals was shot in the head over a bad drug deal?

Rob: I don't know exactly where he was shot but I know exactly where he was buried.

Nardwuar: Where is that?

Rob: At the Hollywood Memorial Cemetery on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Nardwuar: Have you ever been to a graveyard at midnight?

Rob: Many times.

Nardwuar: You have been to a mortuary.

Rob: Yes.

Nardwuar: Are you into necrophilia at all, studying the history of it? Because Sally Jesse Raphael was going to do that show on necrophilia but it never aired and I was thinking a zombie is a walking dead! A walking dead! So maybe you've had some run-ins with that?

Rob: Some run-ins! No, I'm sorry.

Nardwuar: Do you know any documented instances of any necrophilia, Rob?

Rob Zombie: [silence]

Nardwuar: It's okay to say "Rob," right?

Rob: That's perfect.

Nardwuar: I'd actually did see you in Los Angeles at one time at an Upper Crust gig. The band the Upper Crust.

Rob: Yes, the Upper Crust.

Nardwuar: And they're managed by the Getty family. That's an interesting connection, because you have Zombie A-Go-Go Records and there's the Getty family. That's wild that they're into like punk bands like the Upper Crust!

Rob: I don't think they're into it. I think that one of the guys in the band is rich and he funds the band.

Nardwuar: But I heard it was the Getty family was the one that runs Empire Norton, the record label.

Rob: I have no idea. That could be true, but I doubt it.

Nardwuar: Do you own any shrunken heads?

Rob: [sighs] No. Sorry.

Nardwuar: Are you friends with Dave Vanian? Because the Damned have that record called "History of the World Part One" that has a picture of a tomb on it. A tomb! A tomb! A tomb!

Rob: [pause] Oh yeah? No, I don't know him.

Nardwuar: What kind of lenses do you use to get that effect in your eyes?

Rob: They're Baush & Lombard soft contacts. I don't know. I don't know what kind they are.

Nardwuar: You don't know.

Rob: Sorry. I don't have a funny answer for you.

Nardwuar: You just did do a "Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" rip-off video?

Rob Zombie: Yes, I did.

Nardwuar: What was that about?

Rob: [deep breath, yawns]

Nardwuar: You seem a bit tired, Rob.

Rob: No, I'm trying to find the humor but I'm, I'm getting - I'm losing it. What was it about? In what sense?

Nardwuar: Well, a Doctor Caligari rip-off video. That's cool! History! Rob Zombie!

Rob: [laughs]

Nardwuar: Hello, Rob?

Rob: Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm just laughing.

Nardwuar: I've noticed that on your new CD you have a complete fascination with House Industries computer fonts! Perhaps you would like to talk a bit about computer fonts Rob Zombie. I've been trying to ask you other issues and you haven't been too informative, but computer fonts, you must be into computer fonts because your new

CD has got excellent art on it and it seems like you really like the House Industries guys because you have lots of their fonts.

Rob: They have good fonts. [long pause] Don't you think?

Nardwuar: They're amazing! Totally amazing! Which ones are you into, particularly?

aren't those guys nice and talkative like yourself, Rob?

Rob: I don't know. You'll have to ask Nikki Sixx why he wouldn't want to open up to you.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much for your time, Rob. I really do appreciate it. Do you

and walks away]

Nardwuar: Rob? Rob?

Rob: Yeah!

Nardwuar: Rob? Just to end the interview, doot doola doot doo...

Rob Zombie: [silence]

Nardwuar: Hello Rob Zombie, just to end the interview? Goodbye, thanks for your time Rob and doot doola doot doo...

Rob: See you later.

Nardwuar: No. Doot doola doot doo... Just two little syllables to kick in there. Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Hello, Rob? Are you still there? The speaker phone is on in the room. I can hear you like on the other side of the room. Do you think you could just go "doot doot" to end the interview? That would be really cool.

Rob Zombie: I'm still waiting about that.

Nardwuar: You're still waiting. Doot doot. I'll give you a little example. Doot doola doot doo... space space. Fill in the blanks. Please, Rob? I don't want to keep you or anything but doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Hello, Rob Zombie?

Rob: Yeah.

Nardwuar: Thanks again for your time. Would you be able to finish off with that at all? Could I ask you please? Please?

Rob: A couple more times.

Nardwuar: A couple more times? OK. Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: I've almost got it down.

Nardwuar: OK! Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: Keep going. It's almost funny.

Nardwuar: Boy, this is almost as bad as bribing Metallica roadies to get backstage. Whoa! Those guys are hairy! Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [laughs] Keep going..

Nardwuar: Doot doola doot doo... Rob?

Rob: Yeah.

Nardwuar: Rob Zombie, doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Rob Zombie! Doot doola doot doo... Are you there on the speaker phone? Are you still there?

Rob: I'm still here.

Nardwuar: Thanks much for the interview. I do appreciate it. And

doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence, phone rings in the background]

Nardwuar: Oh, I heard the phone ring twice. That's pretty good! Rob, how are you doing there, Rob?

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Any special requests out there for the ladies?

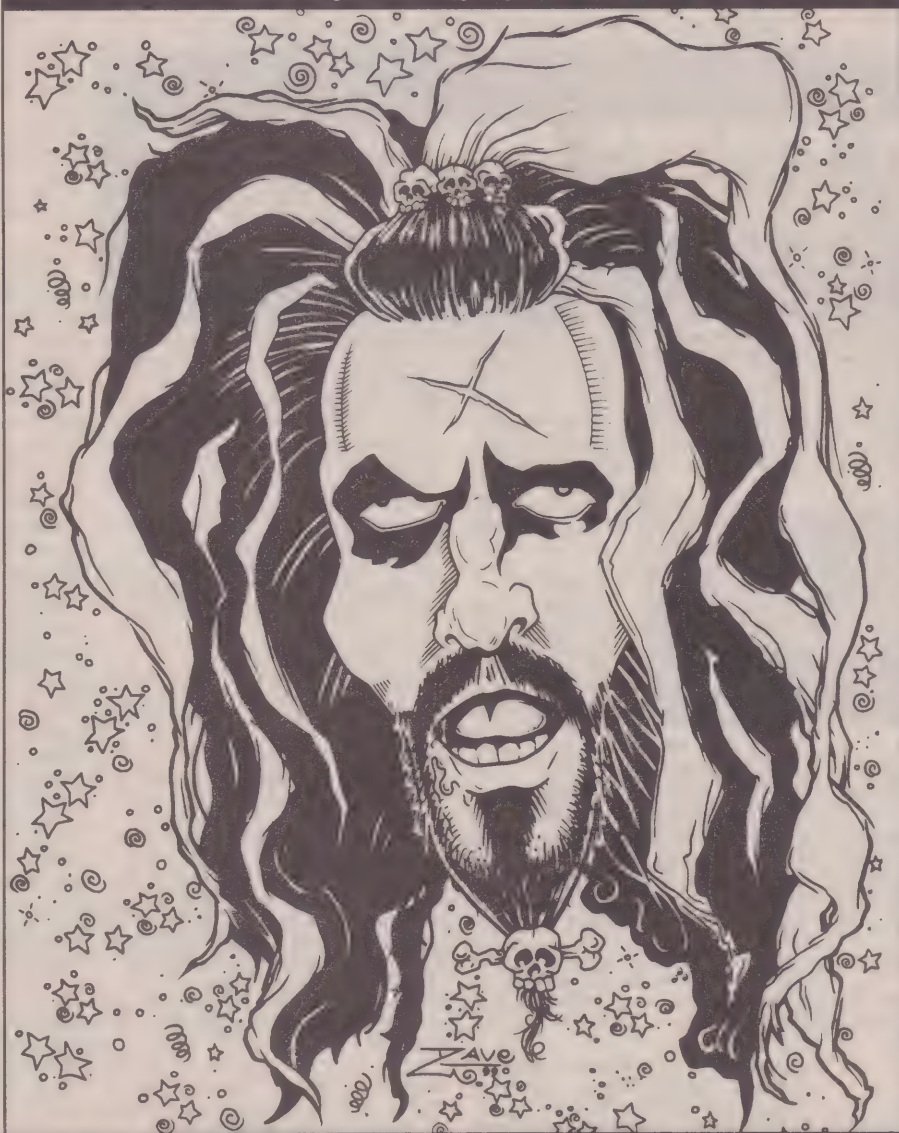
Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Rob, doot doola doot doo... Thanks again for your time. Doot doola - Rob, are you there? I have to establish if you are there.

Rob: [silence]

Rob must have left the room without hanging up the speaker phone as after five minutes of unanswered "Doot doola doot doos" a woman from the Korn production office finally informs me that Rob Zombie is nowhere to be found.

Nardwuar: How about GG Allin? Are you influenced by him? I love the word "influence" but have you eaten poop or taken it to that level at all?



Rob: No, but I do remember seeing GG many times and desperately trying to avoid being hit by his poop. Illustration by David Guthrie

Rob: [pause] Well, their Monster Font series is good. Their Rat Fink series is good, although I don't think I used it. They have a Custom Van series which I don't have that looks pretty good. Uh, I don't know if all the fonts I used were House Industries fonts.

Nardwuar: I once did an interview with Nikki Sixx and I was talking to him about going to school in Seattle and I mentioned to him that Duff was from Seattle but he didn't really want to open up and talk and you know say, "Hey, I went to school in Seattle with Duff. I went to school with El Duce from the Mentors and Criss Crass from the Vains who ended up in the Muffs." Nikki Sixx went to high school with like El Duce from the Mentors, Duff from Guns 'n' Roses, and Criss Crass from the Vains! Why wouldn't somebody like him want to open up? Why

have anything else you would like to add to the people out there?

Rob: No, I'm sure you can just write whatever you like, that'd be fine.

Nardwuar: Keep on rockin' in the free world. And doot doola doot doo...

Rob: OK.

Nardwuar: Rob, doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Rob Zombie? Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence]

Nardwuar: Hello, Rob? Are you there?

Rob: Yeah.

Nardwuar: Doot doola doot doo...

Rob: Still here.

Nardwuar: Almost there. Like "still here" is almost like "doot doot." But, doot doola doot doo...

Rob: [silence, Rob puts on speaker phone

January 9, 1953 [Tehran, Iran]

Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh (Prime Minister of Iran): Mr. Dobbs, it is getting harder for us to tolerate this embargo. You have been saying you can persuade the British that our compensation package is enough, but so far you have not been successful. I am getting very reluctant to continue relying on your resources.

Dobbs: The British Government is not able to control Allen Dulles and his CIA. Dulles is not willing to accept your administration and they are going to try and put in the Shah. The British have their hands tied, so we will rely on our influences

role of Venice more and more?

LaRouche: Because we are in the middle of a replay of the fourteenth century when the Bardi and Peruzzi banking families failed to encourage city-building and technological growth, thanks to their entropic, usurious financial policies, and subsequently fostered the stressful conditions that led to the Black Plague in the middle of that century. This plague wiped out not only millions of people's lives but also the renaissance fostered by the policies of Frederick the Second and geniuses like Dante in the previous century. Today, we are witnessing the destruction of the

Dobbs: Alan, there's something I want to explain to you about Krishnamurti that may throw new light on your obsession with him.

Alan: What's that?

Dobbs: You know how Krishnamurti has repeatedly emphasized for decades the simple process of cognition and how it conditions us.

Alan nodded.

Dobbs: That knowledge came out of the Theosophical circles that nurtured Krishnamurti and subsequently many artists in the early decades of this century. However, James Joyce was unique at that time because he saw first how

articles on Frank Zappa for the East Village Other. I must introduce myself to him someday. I wonder what he'll think of Burnt Weenie Sandwich when it comes out.

February 2, 1938 [Paris, France]

Connie was sitting on the couch beside her new friend Peggy Guggenheim, a woman who Connie had heard a lot about from her mother and had looked forward to meeting. They were guests at James Joyce's fifty-sixth birthday party in the home of Peggy's oldest friend, Helen Joyce. Mr. Joyce had just offered one hundred francs to anyone who could guess the real title of his *Work-in-Progress*.

Connie: [shyly whispering to Peggy] Finnegan's Wake.

Samuel Beckett: [sitting beside Connie] Finnegan's Wake!!

Joyce: That's it! You win, Sam! Congratulations.

Peggy stared at Connie in a slight state of horror as Connie winked at her.

July 21, 1962 [Toronto, Canada]

As Bob and Marshall left the church, Bob couldn't hold back the question he'd kept to himself for the last couple of years.

Dobbs: Mac, why do you go to Mass every day?

McLuhan: The Mass is the secret behind everything I write about. The stages of apprehension which are replayed in the artistic, creative process are also echoed in the Eucharist. These stages of apprehension are again mimed in the rituals of the collective, social energies as shown in the popular phrase "mass media". However, what we are living in today is a Black Mass that is eating us alive daily. So I have a responsibility everyday to hold up the Catholic Mass to our environment just as the Holy Cross is used to ward off a vampire.

Dobbs: So Christ took the simple act of sharing food, turned it into an artform, the cliché-to-archetype pattern, and parodied the secret cults and their magicians for all time.

McLuhan: You got it!

December 17, 1978 [New York, New York]

Dobbs: Lyn, have you ever noticed that the central feature of all machines is rotation?

LaRouche: Now that's a mouthful, Bob! I'll have to think about such a sweeping generalization, but my first impression is it has the ring of fact. I've been so busy with our new book *Dope, Inc.* I haven't had time to think about those kinds of patterns the past year. But I think such an idea gives me a little jolt in the direction I should now go to clear my head of our drug-war work. Once again, Bob, thanks for the door to fresh air.

January 1, 1996 [New York, New York]

Dobbs: It's becoming obvious to me as the nineties unfold that our battle with the Android Meme during the eighties is being replayed for popular consumption in the nineties.

Connie: Then that means our reappearance in

New York is the hidden ground for the nineties.

Dobbs: Yeah, lockdown ConnieRule!

Connie: This is reflected in the media's obsession with Hillary Clinton and Lady Diana. It's the after-image of the last stir of Isis.

Dobbs: I think I'll write a new manifesto for Flipside celebrating the effects of your living in Manhattan.

Connie: Oh, that's so cute!

July 4, 1965 [Washington, D.C.]

Dobbs: It's an honour to meet you, Dr. Beter. My Japanese friends tell me that you saved their lives.

Beter: How do I know your Japanese friends?

Dobbs: Through your work at the Export-Import Bank.

Beter: Ah, yes. The Japanese applied for loans from the Bank, but the generals on its board wouldn't have anything to do with them. I was the only one who understood the Japanese couldn't

ANDROID MEME'S XENOCHRONY

in Washington to tie Dulles' hands. The British will soon accept your package and the Shah will remain in Rome. You can count on us, so you need not worry.

August 13, 1957 [Dartmouth, Nova Scotia]

Garrett and Bob were walking out of the Mayfair Theatre into the

afternoon sunlight,

only momentarily

blinding, when Bob

suggested they go

over to the Banook

Canoe Club for a

swim. But first they

studied the poster

for the new Elvis

movie, *Loving You*,

they had just seen.

Deane: Your offer is

the perfect

refreshment I need

after basking in the

heat of Elvis' voice.

What a singer! It

makes up for the

obvious lack of drama

in the movie.

Dobbs: He's a strange

and wild phenomenon.

America is such an

intriguing culture. When

I think of my adolescence

in Paris back in the

thirties, I feel like we

were Martians compared

to these American

teenagers. Speaking of

drama, when are you

going back to New York?

Deane: In two weeks. I

want to get ready for a

few imminent auditions.

Dobbs: Did I ever tell

you how I saw the word

"Banook" in a psychic

flash when I was young

in Paris.

Deane: No.

American infrastructure that was initiated by Abraham Lincoln's and Henry Carey's industrial policies between 1861 and 1876, continued by FDR after earlier setbacks, and accelerated in the early sixties by JFK and the Apollo program. This progress was halted by the widescale implementation of a paradigm shift called the "post-industrial society" beginning in 1966.

One of the institutions that initiated this new policy model was the Cini Foundation in Italy in 1963, the year President Kennedy was assassinated.

Flaps: What you're telling me is information that we haven't published in our newspaper or the Campaigner.

LaRouche: No, but what I just outlined for you is the framework for what we will be researching, supplementing, and publishing in the eighties. It's going to be exciting material. It will certainly help mobilize our political constituency.

Flaps: I hope so because I've been a little disappointed with our organization's progress so far.

LaRouche: You're going to have to be a lot more patient than that. I envision our movement taking at least a hundred years before we see some real results.

September 5, 1985 [Los Angeles, California]

Zappa: Mae, this is Frank Zappa. I've heard a lot about you from our mutual friend, Bob Marshall, and I was hoping you could help me with some concerns I have.

Brussell: [in Carmel] Maybe I can. What's on your mind?

Zappa: There's a committee in Washington that's pursuing legislation for the purpose of censoring music industry products. I was wondering if you had any information on some particular politicians who may be behind this legislation.

Brussell: Who do you have in mind?

December 26, 1937 [Paris, France]

Peggy Guggenheim: [whispering to Bob about Samuel Beckett who was sitting at the far end of the table] Bobby, do you think he's an attractive man?

Dobbs: No, not at all. He looks like a ghost.

Guggenheim: He is a little taciturn, but I think there's an interesting man behind his apparent shyness.

Dobbs: He is so very respectful to Mr. Joyce.

March 1, 1987 [Toronto, Canada]

Bob turned off the bootlegged video of Frank Zappa's 1984 concerts at The Pier in New York City.

that knowledge could be applied to the stages of collective cognition in cultures and their rituals. As the twentieth century has unfolded we can see how the private stages of cognition would be an increasingly puny issue and why Krishnamurti would appear more eccentric and McLuhan, Krishnamurti's logical heir, would appear more resonant.

Alan: What happened to Joyce?

Dobbs: It was McLuhan's sole understanding of Joyce that put him past Krishnamurti.

Alan: I don't think I completely understand what you're telling me. Perhaps you could recommend some stuff I could read to get some background on this.

Dobbs: No problem.

Alan: Okay. Now put the Zappa tape back on. I love Hot-Plate Heaven at the Green Hotel.

Dobbs: No problem.

July 31, 1974 [Toronto, Canada]

McLuhan: Bob, I'm in a very claustrophobic situation here at the coach house.

Dobbs: Why is that?

McLuhan: I'm surrounded by intelligence agencies.

Dobbs: Right in the coach house here?

McLuhan: Yes. De Kerckhove is in Africa right now selling advertising for the CIA. Nevitt has long worked for British intelligence. And I've finally decided you're an agent for somebody, but I don't know who.

Dobbs: Well, if I ever was, I'm not now. I'm trying to help you, and in so doing you help me. So don't worry.

November 24, 1969 [New York, New York]

Dobbs: I see you managed to maintain your course through the "Days of Rage" in Chicago.

LaRouche: Yes, I think my associates now understand the irrationality that has guided the student activist movement the last few years. They are now very receptive to my program. They are ready to settle down and do some efficient conceptual work. I'm glad the catharsis of the sixties is over.

Dobbs: You know, my parents used to spend time on the island of Capri in the early decades of this century. The stories they told me of the goings-on there, the excesses of inspiration - the sixties as they unfolded always reminded me of those tales of Capri.

LaRouche: Really? I'd like to hear them some day, but I've got to get back to the typewriter now. However, I don't think I'll be surprised.

As Bob left LaRouche's apartment in Greenwich Village, he noticed he almost bumped into two young men, one of whom he recognized was David Walley, the music journalist who wrote

Dobbs: Anton, why would an aristocrat like yourself join the Bolsheviks at the time of the October Revolution?

Prince Anton Turkul: I'm a patriot first. At the time of the Revolution, I supported the removal of the useless Romanov dynasty.

March 30, 1979 [New York]

Flaps: Why are you emphasizing the historical

go home empty-handed. They would have killed themselves if they stopped applying. Now they think I'm their saviour because I convinced the Bank to give them some loans.

Dobbs: I'm curious now to see how they do in the global market.

Beter: How are you involved with them? Not many people know my role in these areas.

Dobbs: I work in intelligence.

Beter: Ah. Then we must talk some more when we are alone.

October 28, 1968 [London, England]

Bob and his father, Rene, were leaving the Royal Albert Hall in an inspired state. They had just attended a Mothers of Invention concert.

Dobbs: I'm very happy to have finally had the opportunity to introduce you to Frank Zappa after all these years of telling you stories about my adventures with him.

Rene: Yes, your friendship with him makes more sense now. I can see how he's going to help us in our plans. He may be at the start of a career that will do for music what Finnegans Wake did for literature. He reminds me of both Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce, a mixture of their sensibilities, but in an American context. I get a better sense of American culture watching and listening to Zappa.

Dobbs: Yes, I can see that. For example, when the band did that little skit about "taking progress and putting it under a rock"? If you think of "a rock" as representing electric software and "progress" as representing the old linear, industrial hardware, then Frank's got it right about the present state of American, and consequently, global culture.

Rene: Yes, he's a Mozart/Beethoven for our satellite culture. It was a wonderful concert - even for an old man like me.

February 10, 1972 [Dartmouth, Nova Scotia]

Sue: I prefer cocaine over psychedelics. I can use my time more effectively on coke. Acid disrupted my routine too much.

Dobbs: I'm interested in what you're going to think of heroin.

Sue: Are you kidding, Bob? I wouldn't go near that poison. Anyway, you can't get any of that around here.

Dobbs: Do you know anybody who works at City Hall?

Sue: No. Why?

Dobbs: Sorry, I changed topics on you. Back to heroin. With heroin you turn your body into an environment. With LSD you just consume the content of your body - movies, so to speak. Cocaine is a sped-up way station to heroin. Heroin enables you to put on more than the universe.

Sue: For someone who knows little about drugs, you're talking way over your head. You're romanticising them. Does Connie hear you go on like this?

Bob: I've been doing a lot of reading up on all kinds of drugs. So... yes, when she's around, I've told her what I've been learning.

Sue: frowned and turned on the radio. She was delighted to hear a favourite from a couple of years before - Give Me Just a Little More Time by the Chaimen of the Board.

July 22, 1973 [Dartmouth, Nova Scotia]

Nancy: Have I told you about my interest in George Adamski and his experiences with UFOs?

Dobbs: Yes, I remember you telling me about his writings. But I was more interested in our discussions about Bukowski.

Nancy: I'm bored with Bukowski. There's a new writer on UFOs who takes a more historical approach, which fascinates me - Erich von Daniken. Have you heard of him?

Dobbs: Why would I? I don't believe in UFOs, so I don't keep up with the genre.

Nancy: Well, I do, and I'm saving up my money to travel to South America to visit some archaeological sites he talks about.

Dobbs: Just take some good photos, or better

yet, some good footage, and then I can say I went with you.

Nancy laughed and picked up a Time magazine with a cover story on the Watergate troubles of President Richard Nixon.

Deane: Your offer is the perfect refreshment I need after basking in the heat of Elvis' voice. What a singer! It makes up for the obvious lack of drama in the movie.

Dobbs: He's a strange and wild phenomenon. America is such an intriguing culture.

December 31, 1973 [Dartmouth, Nova Scotia]

Randy, Kristen, Bob and Connie were driving back to Dartmouth from the Kelly Lake Airport. They had picked up Kristen who had flown in from New York, and they all looked forward to spending New Year's Eve with Garrett Deane.

Randy: If I hadn't gone to Montreal, you would not be in New York now working for Andy Warhol. **Kristen:** If I hadn't let you come with us to see Bye Bye Birdie the day I met Bob, you wouldn't have met Garrett.

Randy: If I hadn't met Garrett, you wouldn't be in New York now trying to find the city that Garrett told you magical stories about.

Kristen: If

Connie hadn't given you the D-cell water, I wouldn't still be attracted to you.

Randy: If I don't get my medical licence, then we can't get married and have a family.

Bob: Excuse me, fellow explorers, but Randy, didn't your father provide the steel for building the airport?

Randy: Yes. He ran the old Dominion Steel Company back in the fifties. It's now called Canada Iron. They also built the MacDonald's Bridge back then. We have a picture of Flaps' father standing at the highest point on one of the bridge's towers. His father is an electrician, so he must have had something to do with wiring it.

Connie: That's the steel plant one drives past out in Burnside?

Randy: Yes.

Connie: That building always catches my eye when I drive by because it looks like it was never finished.

Their subsequent laughter was cut short because Bob just missed running over a dog and the car slid out of control on the icy highway.

March 15, 1975 [Moscow, Soviet Union]

Michail Gorbachev: Bob, I understand you know Marshall McLuhan.

Dobbs: For many years.

Gorbachev: I would like to read as much of him as possible. Can you bring me copies of as many books of his that you can find?

Dobbs: No problem. I can even get you very important unpublished articles he wrote back in the fifties.

Gorbachev: Thank you, I'd appreciate anything you could give me the next time we meet. My debt to you would never be cancelled.

August 4, 1994 [New York, New York]

Dobbs: I think we can get a better handle on what James Joyce is doing in Finnegans Wake if we consider that with Ulysses he mated book and movie while with the Wake he mated book and radio.

Three members of The Finnegans Wake Society of New York: [in unison] Come on, Bob! What do you mean by that?

Dobbs: I'm not talking about the content of the book. I'm looking at the forms of perception Joyce is playing with by the way he lays out the printed text itself.

Two members of The Finnegans Wake

Society of New York: [in unison] That's ridiculous! That tells us nothing!

November 29, 1973 [Dartmouth, Nova Scotia]

Connie: Jovanna, why do you think Garrett won't show anyone his poetry?

Jovanna: I think he considers his interactions with people, largely through speech, his poetry.

Connie: But he also writes down his poems.

Jovanna: Yes. Perhaps the written ones are rehearsals for his eyes only.

Connie: That's his form of communication ecology. But then again, I'm saving his letters to me as evidence of his memory theatre.

Jovanna: Ha! Yes, his letters are his way of leaking to us his memos to himself.

April 23, 1993 [Los Angeles, California]

Connie: David, what do you make of this Hillary Clinton character?

Worcester: Remember, doctors make up something like forty per cent of the Republican Party. And the Republicans have got only five years to regain control.

September 9, 1975 [Halifax, Nova Scotia]

As Bob walked across the Dalhousie University campus, he spotted a face he had seen many times in the classes of Edgar Z. Friedenberg over the previous couple of years.

It's time I spoke to this person. Bob approached him.

Dobbs: Hello. I recognize you from Friedenberg's classes. Your name is Duncan, I think.

Duncan: Yes it is. I recognize you, too. But I don't know your name. I do remember that, like me, you don't take notes.

Dobbs: I'm Bob. We don't take notes because we're not students, right?

Duncan: Yes, but I do teach in the Education Department with Edgar.

Dobbs: You're a professor? Then how do you find time to sit in a colleague's class?

Duncan: I'm only an assistant professor and I don't have a full teaching load. We have a very small budget in our department. However, I'll listen to Edgar any time I can.

Dobbs: Yes, I find him one of the most interesting minds at Dalhousie.

Being an expatriate American in Canada, he has a unique view of both countries.

Duncan: And you're not a Maritimer yourself, are you?

Dobbs: No, I'm from Paris, but I've lived here for twenty years.

Duncan: What do you do for a living?

Dobbs: I'm a playwright.

Duncan: Are you coming to Edgar's classes this term?

Dobbs: Yes, when I'm in town.

Duncan: Well, maybe we could have lunch after class one day.

Dobbs: I'll look forward to that.

As Duncan and Bob parted at the entrance to the Student Union Building, Bob noticed a poster announcing that Dick Gregory was going to speak there soon. Ha, that'll be a shocker for the Maritimers! I seem to remember that Mae Brussell told me Dick's been staying at her house lately checking out her files.

November 10, 1985 [Toronto, Canada]

Marshall: Bob, I got a call from a listener who plays bass in a band called Rosi Fan Tutti. He wants me to join them onstage at the Beverly Tavern and they'll back me up while I give out some International-Connection kinds of information. What do you think?

Dobbs: Why do they want to do that? Do they think your information is just entertainment?

Marshall: Oh no, they think it's important stuff. They want to give me some exposure on the Queen Street scene so more people will tune

into my radio show.

Dobbs: What's this bass player's name?

Marshall: Jack Tasse.

Dobbs: I've heard of him. He used to play with Nazi Dog on the punk scene back around '77.

Marshall: Nazi Dog! You mean the guy who would cut his arms with razors and broken beer bottles while performing?

Dobbs: Yeah. He was in love with the electrified, discarnate state and considered his body a hateful burden.

Marshall: Was this a conscious preference?

Dobbs: Only on an instinctual level. He didn't know why he had this preference.

Marshall: Be that as it may, should I take Jack up on this offer?

Dobbs: Well, you don't want to jeopardize your status as a serious journalist at CKLN.

Marshall: They don't listen to my show too closely anyway. Maybe this will get their attention.

Dobbs: Considering that you named yourself in honour of McLuhan, maybe a little flash is appropriate. Yeah, might as well go for it, Bobby.

February 1, 1976 [Halifax, Nova Scotia]

Howie Stillman had just dropped Bob off near his apartment. Another loss to the Seagulls. There are good players on Howie's team, better than my old Dartmouth team, the Whips, but I keep blowing it with these Halifax guys because there's no ESP between us. Not like I had with Rat Driscoll and John Willett. I've spent more time in Dartmouth than Halifax these past twenty years. Interesting - two cities on opposite sides of the same harbor can generate two different styles of ball hockey? Ah, I'm just getting too old for this game. I'll be fifty-four tomorrow. Howie and his team would freak if they knew how old I really was. Thank Joe for that D-cell water.

June 4, 1987 [Toronto, Canada]

Marshall: Well, Bob, I did what you said and played the Dr. Beter tape. Guess what happened?

Dobbs: What?

Marshall: The station manager kicked me off the station.

Dobbs: You mean, Adam Vaughan?

Marshall: Yup. Man, am I pissed! You screwed up, Bob!

Dobbs: I don't blame you for being angry, Bob, but this may be better for us. There have been some new developments I haven't had time to tell you about. Don't regret it because I've got a new role for you in our plans. I'll eventually get you back on the air, but you won't have as much time to prepare your show. We'll take advantage of all the taped work Dave Emory has done and play that when the time comes. Meanwhile, you're going on assignment!

Marshall: Whatever you say, Bob, but give me a week to chill out. Okay?

Dobbs: That's fine. I'll call you in a week.

October 30, 1975 [Halifax, Nova Scotia]

Duncan: You know, Bob, I also teach at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design - in media studies - and I have a friend there who teaches the history of twentieth-century art. His name is Dennis Young and he's an expert on Marcel Duchamp. Have you ever heard of Duchamp?

Dobbs: Of course. I know him as R. Mutt.

Duncan: [laughing] I know, stupid question. But you are rather inscrutable to me, Bob.

Dobbs: Did you know that Joyce addresses Duchamp in the first overt dialogue at the beginning of Finnegans Wake? On page 16 there is the meeting of Mutt and Jute. It's a direct reference to Duchamp - especially when you consider that the very first section that Joyce wrote when he began the Wake in 1923 contains the word "readymade".

Duncan: No, I didn't know that. When I was an undergraduate, we only did Ulysses in our English class.

Dobbs: I'm not surprised. The professoriate has avoided the Wake like a lethal virus. Their very literacy prevents them from getting a handle on it.

It's winter of 1992, and my girlfriend and I are going over to the Red Vic up on Haight Street to see the movie "Roadside Prophets." As the bus we're on turns the corner to the next stop, the driver pulls over and jumps out. Maybe the arms at the back of the bus that attach to the power lines overhead have come detached? A few minutes go by, and it's obvious something else has happened, because it never takes that long to get the bus back up and running if the arms

two in his bag, and starts drinking the third. We're leaving along one of the residential streets heading towards Geary. We pass a hippy van parked on the street. We circle back, and my friend whispers, "Watch this," takes a drink, and hurls the can through the window of the van. A couple of seconds later, lights inside the van come on, and we're trying to haul ass out of there, but are laughing too hard. Strangely, they never chase us.

Sometime in 1996 I'm coming home from

ed me of early Circle Jerks. The singer is a great front man with a hilarious persona. He kept making all these rock star jokes, and talking like he was a DJ for a local rock station, hyping up the band, and **Smog Town**, "Smog Town, the myth, the legend..." Then Smog Town took the stage, with a somewhat inebriated singer who would smash bottles after emptying the contents. At one point he complained about his drink tickets not being honored at the bar, and the bar tender said

ask him what that was all about, and he said she had called him an asshole, and he replied, "I'm not an asshole, but I have one." She asked to see it, so he obliged, and upon doing so she gave him a free beer. Before leaving, someone off the streets comes up and starts asking for spare change, and before he leaves, says to Guitardo, "Look here Billy Idol, I just want some change." Another great night.

The next day, February 12, I found myself at Gilman Street to catch AFU, What Happens Next?, and Capitalist Casualties. I haven't been to Gilman in almost a year, and at this point have no strong desire to return. The place is depressing. The crowd was boring - hell there's more energy in a movie theater than what these people were projecting. Anyway, **AFU** were up, and they're actually from East LA, but I have only heard of one local show with them on the bill. Strange. These guys need to invest some time in the scene here, and get their name around. They were okay - they play trashy hardcore, kind of similar to Hellnation or Ruido, but not as extreme. They did covers of Circle One and Wasted Youth, but put in a blender. Then **What Happens Next?** came on, and the crowd got into them as much they would allow their bodies to move. The crusty (neo-hippy) standing next to me, flailing his stink about was a bit much though. **What Happens Next?** were pretty good, and as with the previous time I saw them, the stage presence was entertaining. They ended the set with a cover of "My Friend the

Pit." Then Capitalist Casualties came on and did, as Jeff said, "Part two of our split set with What Happens Next?" The set was short, sweet, and pretty good, but there was trouble with the microphones cutting out in the songs. After that **Noothgrush** came on, but I was outside interviewing Benumb.

February 26, Ruido and Lifes Halt played among the records and t-shirts at Headline. **Lifes Halt** started the show, debuting some new

material that's pretty damn good, and a slight departure from, or more of a building upon, their old sound. There's more rhythm and guts now, as opposed to just playing fast. **Ruido** were up next and blazed through countless songs. What I like best about Ruido, aside from the fact they crank it up in the red zone at the speed trials, is they don't take themselves seriously. Too many hardcore bands have it in their heads that they have to be serious and have a message, which may be well intentioned, but they're a bore on stage. What good is a message if the messenger is boring? Thrashead paid homage to Devo during the first half of the set, decked in the Devo hat and 3-D glasses. For some reason I get the sinking feeling most kids there didn't get it. Their loss... But it's good to see Ruido again, as it seems they don't get to play out often. Seriously, let's see more shows with bands like Ruido, Armistice, Skumbreed, and the like. There's tons of great bands here, and I'm getting a little bored of seeing the same five hardcore bands over and over.

The next night Danny and I drove down to Al's Bar to check out the **Eyeliners**. I

CAUGHT IN MY EYE

have become disconnected from the electrical cables overhead. Looking at my watch I see that time is running short for the movie, so we follow the others who are impatient and hop off the bus. Stepping out onto the street I see the bus driver on the ground leaning over a hippy, who's gasping for air like a fish out of water. Apparently he walked into the side of the bus as it was turning. His friend was telling the bus driver he was going to sue, yet the driver seemed like he couldn't care less. I was happy was hell, and wanted to shake the bus driver's hand for a job well done. Wishes do come true...

Months later, spring of '93, and I'm laid off, so a friend and I go on one of our all-night bike rides through the City. As we're coming down the street from the French Legion of Honor we stop at a Safeway to get something to drink. It's probably about 3:30 in the morning, and kind of chilly. My friend buys about three cans of Select cola, places

work and hear on the radio that Jerry Garcia is dead. In my mind I imagine hippies from all over heading towards the Golden Gate Bridge and flinging themselves over the side. With their guru dead, disillusionment was bound to set in. But no mass suicides ever happened. Hell, they all probably work in Silicon Valley now. LA may have smog, but at least we don't have hippies.

On February 11, Danny and I went over to Al's Bar to catch Smog Town. When we got there **Mad Cap** was half way through their set. If you like the kind of pop that comes out on Hopeless, then this band is up your alley. Personally, I hate this tame shit, and was quite pleased when they finally exited the stage. **Smut Peddlers** came on and immediately changed the sterile atmosphere of the evening into something enjoyable. They play pretty good punk, at times it remind-

something about him having to give her a tip. He replied, "I have your tip, you're never going to get laid dressed like that!" The crowd was doubling over in laughter. The band kicks into a song, and a beer bottle goes flying towards the bar, falling short of its mark, smashing onto the floor underneath the pool table. After the set Danny and I were near the bar where we see Guitardo talking to the bartender. He then turns around, undoes his pants, bends over and spreads his cheeks (you know the ones!). Outside we



asked Todd how they were prior to the show and he gave them a strong recommendation. Sound advice. This band, or trio I should say, goes off! It turns out they're from Albuquerque, but they were so damn good I thought they were from LA! The guitar player was amazing! She would be playing the thing behind her head, swinging it around like it was nothing, and rocking out like it was second nature. Hell yeah! Ted Nugent would've blushed. She and the drummer would trade off on vocal duties with ease, not missing a beat or note. Super tight, and all around great. I'll be there next time they come through town.

March 19, we made our way over to Bar Deluxe in Hollywood to catch the Crowd and the Stitches do their thing. Making our way upstairs we caught the last few songs from the **Randumbs** (from up in Sonoma). They were pretty cool. They have that Nor-Cal street punk sound akin to the Swingin' Utters and Workin' Stiffs. The PA wasn't doing music like this justice. The guitars were just a little too low to give them much bite. Hmm... After their set we made a quick trip down stairs so Juan could grab another beer, and Danny went looking to find a flyer of the night's show. I got sick of the push and pull of the hipster trash at the bar and headed back up. **The Trick Babys** were getting geared up for their set, then suddenly, through the cigarette smoke and lights, I see Rose McGowan. I had to do a double take. I was thinking it was cool to see she was into the Crowd and the Stitches, but it turns out she only came to see the Trick Babys. I was pretty amped by the time the **Crowd** came on. And mister, they were incredible. As good as the records, and even better than that! They didn't miss a note, and put out a ton of energy, played a few new tunes, which sound hot and blew us all away. I can't wait for a new record. Then the **Stitches** came on and destroyed. They played their hits, and a few new ones ("Cars of Today"). At one point, between songs someone yelled out for their cover of "That Woman's Got Me Drinking," and Mike replied, "If I had a face like that I would be drinkin' too."

The next night, March 20, we make a drive down to Costa Mesa, because the Stitches are playing at Club Mesa with the Reducers SF, and the Randumbs. Before I go any further I must state that Danny and I will make the drive to pret'near any Stitches show. Because, as Danny puts it so perfectly, with the Stitches you know you're going to get a great show, and no other bands (except for Smog Town) can guarantee that. Fuck, they're the only band that matters. Anyway, we get there and the **Reducers SF** have just started their set. I saw these guys a couple years ago at the Edinburgh Castle in the Tenderloin in SF before I left, and wasn't impressed. But damn, these guys have progressed by leaps and bounds since then. They are great! Street punk similar to the Workin' Stiffs, but they have these great choruses with back up vocals, giving them a whole other edge, and the guitar sound is great. Fuckin' perfect. Plus the sound system at Club Mesa is one of the best I've heard. Whoever was working the board that night knew what they were doing. You could hear everything properly. Even if you were standing next to the guitar you could hear the bass and vocals. Hopefully the Reducers SF will make a trip back down here soon. In-fuckin'-credible! Rent being what it is in the Bay Area, they should just move here, but what can you do? Next up were the Randumbs, and they were much better tonight than the previous night at Bar

Deluxe. Could be the crowd was more alive, and then there's the killer sound system bringing out the power they have. The singer has a great voice. Gravelly and sharp, kind of like Frankie Stubbs (Leatherface). Songs of drinking and being up to no good. Then the Stitches took the stage and played the best show I've seen them do yet. Prior to their set, I was standing up front, off to the right of the stage, and behind me were a couple of bouncers talking, and one sarcastically said "Now this is where the fun begins," in reference to crowd turning rowdy. Sure enough, as soon as the music starts a plastic mug goes flying through the air, hits the pony wall in the ceiling, busts and sprays the front row with beer. The band was in top form, or so it appears from this reporter's eyes, and the crowd was a mess. Someone grabs Mike from the stage and pulls him into the crowd, leaving Johnny to finish off a song. Later in the set, a wave of bodies heads towards the stage, breaks, and buries everyone in the front row. One gentleman who had been dancing up front pulls himself back to his feet, and instead of checking to see if he's okay, he grabs a comb out of his pocket, fixes his hair and goes back to dancing. There was a moment towards the end where it looked like Johnny was going to whack the crowd with his guitar. I had been saving the last frame on my roll specifically for this moment. He picks the guitar up, holds it at shoulder level, stares into the crowd with an intent look, takes aim, and the crowd starts to quickly thin. For some reason he puts the guitar down, and goes into the next song. They finish the set, people yell for more, so they close off with a few covers. Heading back into LA it's decided we're gonna eat at Toi Thai, but the waiting list wasn't jiving with our stomachs, so we drive by Swingers, on Beverly, but that place was packed, so we settle on Canthers. Two orders of fries, a Sprite, and in my head I fantasize about taking a bat to the heads of the emo-raver lookin' bastards at the table next to us...

The teletype machine is clicking away, and that can only tell me on thing... It's time for some news! **Devoid Of Faith** are playing

their **FINAL** show on July 24. They have two last releases in the works - a split 5" picture disc with **Hail Mary**, and a split LP with **Voorhees** on Gloom/ Coalition. Richard left Ruido. **Opstand** said "oui" to a show with **Napalm Death** at a big festival in Rennes, France. Supposedly this is the only reunion show they'll do. I bet if I hit the lottery they'd be over here spending all their earnings from a US tour at all the record stores in Southern California. **Devola** toured the Midwest in March, and are preparing for an attack on the West Coast this summer. **Nailed To The Wall** broke up and became **Sirhan Sirhan** on the way to a wrestling match at the LA Forum. **Lipovitan** are a walking talking "Bleeeeeaarrggghhh!!!!" comp. They have shorter than short songs. The lyrics to one composition are as follows: "It's not my imagination, I've got a crusty on my back!" Jean-Luc from Headline Records Store has a label called Kick Out Records, and has a release from **Gazpacho** in the works. Doug from **Hellnation** has left the band. He's getting married and planning to

relocate to China! Be on the lookout for a new 12" from **Hellnation** out around July. Pessimiser have LPs with **Despise You(!)**, **Crom**, and **Unruh** coming out soon. **DS-13** are busy as hell this summer season. They'll be touring Europe with **Separation** in July. Then they have a chunk of releases set to come out as well. Get your shopping list out and take this down; they have a 9 song 6" on **Enslaved (UK)** set to come out around the middle to end of the summer, their split with **The Blood Of Others** on Spiral Objective may be out by the time you read this, **Lengua Armada** will be having them on a comp LP, with 4 to 5 new songs, then there's a 12" of 15 new songs plus the two EPs tacked on, not to mention a song on a 10" comp from Flowerviolence Records in Germany.

Alright, that's it for now. Keep the products coming, and until next time...

Take care,
-**Matt Average**
PO Box 64666, LA, CA 90064;
<engine98@earthlink.net>



Previous page: Trick Baby singer with Rose McGowan, The Stitches.
This page: ↓ and ↑ What Happens Next?



INmajorDie? - part 2

"The grave danger of the situation is that it will get completely out of the hands of the leaders." - (The New York Times, 1934, covering a strike of 325,000 textile workers in the South.)

NO GRAVE DANGER

Major or independent? It's so simple, no? More problems cropped up hidden and frustrating, like hitting rocks with a lawnmower while trying to chop down a neglected lawn, and it quickly became an exercise in no less than propaganda, semantics, linguistics,

of it is intangible joy and a very real fear - things that never show up on a credit report or tax form. I believe in netting my own worth. I don't want anybody else providing for me (took out no loans to get through school, saved for my truck and payed cash up front.). I'm not going to screw anybody over in this process. It makes me strong. It makes me defiant and pissed off, but in an extremely productive way that has taken me years to find and enjoy.

Not one person on this planet is directly turning screws into our backs, telling us how

Cockney Rejects, Robert Johnson, Miles Davis, Saints, Patti Smith, The Who, The Cure, Tom Waits, The Specials, Cathedral of Tears, TSOL, Sex Pistols, Buddy Holly, Sesame Street, Link Wray, Fishbone, Iggy and the Stooges), I can understand that, as a concept, the majors aren't very nice. And that's putting it mildly. Hell, I'm acutely aware of how they rape both bands and radio waves like they're strip mining for a fleck of solid gold music dust in a square mile of sterile radioland - but, this is a big but - I know I hate smog and yet I drive a

us a little bit free. This I agree. We can control our small destinies. Fuck, I hope so. We're banking on it, and to paraphrase MaximumRock'n'roll's Tim Yohannon when I interviewed him: It's no longer a battle for turning the tide, but a battle to maintain a refuge.

Yet, a punk can be holding a Coke, driving a Honda to a show, wear some Nikes, use a network of Macintoshes to layout a magazine and still feel a justified sneer at a major label, crook up their lips when a band "sells out" - where by our very nature, by our very existence, we already have. Why keep someone to an idea that you, yourself don't keep?

The editorial policy of Flipside is not one of hard, fast exclusion. With few exceptions, we give our consistent contributors their own guns. They can shoot up whatever they want - their foots, their shots at covering stardom, depravity, hermaphrodite paraplegic pudding wrestling, whatever. The basic theory is that if they're big enough fans of what they're covering and it has some relevance to our culture, that excitement will be transferred in an interview, review, or article. We make no platitude limitations on bands (check out Pooch's recent Van Halen and Deep Purple reviews if you think I'm not tested on this), and figure that the reader's going to be smart enough to figure that an advertisement with a Best Buy label on it probably isn't indie. You know where Best Buy stands. You may not like it, but at least they're not playing you for the fool - check the charts from the last issue to see what "indie" is currently treating you like chum to sharks. I can't bag on major stores. We're sold in Tower, in Barnes and Noble, and Borders. Just because you have a great store in your area, don't think everybody

does. If you take great pride in being an elitist fuck, well, then go ahead and complain. It's what you do best. We also sell direct to any store in the world that contacts us and pays. They'll get the issues before the bigger stores. I'll ship them direct myself. If you think that Flipside's changed in regards to major coverage - show me. Make a viable argument and I'll take your claim seriously. Our goal, simply, is to sell what we do to as many people as possible without betraying ourselves.

Why does Flipside have major advertising? Two prongs. Most importantly, we're interested in music. To set an arbitrary line gets real, real confusing and as I found out over the last four months, it takes a shitload of time to trace

people. (Plus, I'll face it, my purchasing of major label stuff super-low, mostly reissues.) You don't like major label ads in an independent magazine? What, you live in a land where you can pluck cash off trees like Wonka did with candy? Here is someone that is going to hand you twice as much money than someone else - no strings attached. We're under no obligation whatsoever to place their ad in a specific place, we don't have to write about the piece of music it mentions, the company logo is right on the ad so you know who it is. What, you want to be lied to? You want amnesia for every major label band (if even for one record)? Flush Buzzcocks, Clash, Sex Pistols, Pogues, Helmet, Nirvana, Dickies, Nashville Pussy, All, Green Day, L7, Melvins, (and for you sell-out criers of Chumbawumba, uhh, hate to



brain washing, and social conditioning. I don't expect, need, or want you to believe me throughout this series of articles. I want you to prove me wrong. If you do, I'd feel a little better, a little more sane.

Flipside is operated on a daily basis by three people. There's Al. He's the wizard. He pulls the plungers, gives the thumbs up, hides behind the curtain, lets loose the flying monkeys, and gets shit done that makes my brain hurt from books as thick as both of your hands in fists. He also "owns" all of Flipside (There's very little to own besides computers). There are no clandestine backers. Then there's the mail girl (we just got a new one), a job that's thankless and long -

making postage exact, licking stamps, staving off prisoner's requests, typing, doing the work that'd make you wish you were doing anything but what she does. And there's me. Think of me as a cross between a denmother, a punching bag, and a parking lot attendant with a penchant for proofing and riding ass for folks to get shit in on time. That's it. We design the whole fucking thing, all 168 pages, all the film for color pages, software tweaking, hard drive installations, data input for subscriptions, you name it. Al's been at it twenty-three years straight. All material contributed is credited directly to the people right on the page - the columnists, the record, book, live and video reviewing, the interviews. We shape everything that's going to print to our own specifications and to the best of our ability - from boring stuff like formatting the mag so it's consistent, to figuring where to place interviews. We spend our entire livelihoods doing it, on average, of 60-70 hours a week. It's a tough gig but I'm not soliciting sympathy - the opposite. I'm tremendously happy and am glad that I'm able to do a job that doesn't betray me - I do what I love, and I don't feel like stabbing either myself or my boss. And this makes me reflect on what I think of when "indie" comes to mind - doing what you do because you can't think of anything else that would keep you beyond merely alive, and not just merely in a physical sense. Simply: my independence is not a musical style, not a buzzword, not a commercial product, and not a useless modifier to sell you something you don't need. Part

to create the mag. Sure, our distributor has suggested that we not run Patrick of Dillinger Four's penis or listed the Fuckmos on the cover. Both ran without second thought. Our discretion is internal. If nothing else, Flipside merely strives to be a mirror and siphon of what's happening out there in musicland, attempting to make a darn good scrapbook along the way. Basically, this is what I think of when confronting artistic independence to a very real word.

MACROCOSM -

THE MAJOR PAIN IN THE ASS

To no one's surprise, we live in a world that largely isn't independent. It's no secret that

truck. I hate big music as a concept, yet The Who's "Quadrophenia" is one of my favorite albums. I know that I indirectly slaughter cows because I eat meat but I love a nice steak now and then (as the bumper sticker goes, "If we weren't supposed to eat meat, why'd they make animals so damn tasty?"), the coffee I drink the yield of someone with a whip (real or financial) being cracked across an worker's back. My clothes, although mostly from Goodwill and relatives and friends during the holidays, probably had to be dry cleaned after being stained by the sweat of illicit labor practices before sold in America. The chemicals that are used to



Small, in corners of ads, on the inside rings of CDs, and on the CD labels are a lot of questions that are hard to ask and provide surprising and sobering answers.

almost everything you touch or comprehend is a commodity made by a huge corporation. (Gas, toothbrush, house, insecticide, aspirin, sugar, speaker connectors, pencils.) This is nothing new in American history. "From 1944 to 1961 about 200 giant corporations out of 200,000 corporations - one-tenth - controlled about 60 percent of the manufacturing wealth of the nation." (Zinn) It's gotten worse, and it's one of the most effective takeovers of the human psyche because it's nearly invisible and when detected, appears from being benign to being fun as hell. (Try explaining to someone who wants to buy a new car that a loan is slavery with a smile and shiny rim and few will take you seriously.) Besides the fact that the possibility that you listen to or own music that one time has been on a major (Bessie Smith,



make and process the pictures I take at shows will probably cause cancer when they're dumped into a stream, and somehow I live with myself. I certainly didn't make the computer processor that's enabling me to type this sentence onto the screen and a major-major mega-mega corporation benefited directly from my purchase. I think it's an issue of control for "punk" or the "underground" - control what you can, when you can, for a small, tangible grip on a world that seems more and more foreign, more and more fucked every day.

Why draw the line at music, this hard and fast little bubble, when it seems that the rest of the world is ready to collapse around it? I'll answer that. It's the idea that creativity and artistry, away from the guidelines of commerce, can flourish, even set

break it to you, but they signed to One Little Indian back in eighties, who are - gasp - affiliated to EMI.), and the list, even if you used a pen to write the names as small as you could one on top of the other, would go far beyond the length of both of your arms. Second, hell, if every "indie" that blatantly owed money paid us tomorrow - we could throw one hell of a great party free to the public. To show I'm not just blowing steam, here's a list of people I've personally contacted or tried to contact on more than three occasions and have been snubbed. They are aware of their outstanding balances and chose to ignore us. They are all "indie." They are, if you believe a concept of "all-for-one indie," on the same side as us.

AK Press - \$50.00

Au-Go-Go (Australia) - \$106.00

Black Jack Records - \$215.00

Cargo Canada (bankruptcy) - \$567.86

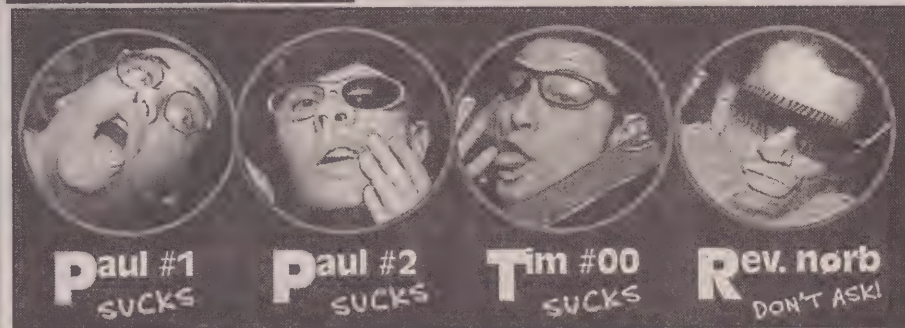
Interestingly, although the paperwork is like a fiery hoop and the process a paper trail, chew on this monetary supplement: no major label owes us a single fucking cent. They have paid every bill. They don't tell us they're cutting a check that never comes (Hi Dutch East India. Hi Cargo Canada.). And as inane as you may think it is to give props to a major any under any circumstance, here it is. Aleya at Warner Brothers is forthright with us and has been consistently placing ads for years upon years, has been a pleasure to talk to, she hasn't even called to see if we'd review their CDS, never asked for an interview, and has helped support Flipside through the years. She knows she's part of a major label, and I know if I go through the steps of "the professional music business" bureaucracy, I will get paid on time. No questions, no headaches. I wish I could say the same of every truly independent business we've dealt with.

knickers-clad putters at the golf course, I'll tell you right now what's going to make me snap. It's not the backward masking in Quiet Riot songs or the simulated head blasts in video games, it'll be the flood of advertising. It's forced me off the radio, forced me off most TV, made me skip the newspaper to once a week.)

It's a reality that we need that money to print, plus it's a true service to let people know of music that they may never hear of otherwise. With ad solicitation, it's no pressure, just information - usually our ad rates get sent along with a tearsheet (a copy of their review that will run in the magazine) and nothing else. I'm not going to sit down and try to convince - say Birkenstock or Marlboro - that they should advertise. Also, I could give a fuck if it's cool or hip or even - gasp - punk. I just hope like what you're doing, and what's being sold is good and, in return, you dig what we do.

dealing with a person who calls me about advertising, "Do you have any major label affiliations?" and she said, unequivocally, "No." I took her on her word, we get an ad, it runs, autonomous rate. Who says drinking doesn't solve any of your problems? It was mid-afternoon, about a year ago, I was puking on the side of a wall in Austin, Texas as part of the South By Southwest festivities. And where do I put my hand to stabilize? Right in the middle of a huge Velvel poster. It was a blowup of the quarter page Libido ad they had sent us. It was identical except for one conspicuous difference. Instead of wiping the rosey, stringy puke from my mouth onto the sidewalk, I smeared it over the "Distributed by BMG" logo that was missing from the ad they sent us. They burned me. Burning, in essence, is often their job. Get maximum exposure for their bands for as little pay as possible.

I called Dorey upon my re-arrival to HQ



Match the band on this page with the logo, brand, or major label on the left (answers next page). I don't blame or accuse anyone featured, but it's an outright bummer that the state of indiedom is so weak, unreliable, and backstabbing that credible, well-respected bands and labels often turn to major studios for support, be it mastering, manufacturing, or signing in a serious gamble to be treated fairly.

Constant Change - \$115.00
Dutch East India Trading - \$289.80
Fine Print (bankruptcy) - \$3,645.00
Helter Skelter (Italy) - \$1,182.25
Leroy Howell - \$14.00
Lethal Records - \$125.00
Moon Mystique (Iowa) - \$165.00
Offbeat Records (Arlington, TX) - \$63.00
Other People's Music (Canada) - \$350.00
Pack Plant (bankruptcy and still in business) - \$1,185.38
Shepard Fairey - \$45.00
Smash Distribution - \$165.00
Velvetone/Mike Atta - \$125.00

That comes to \$8,408.29 - owed outright for services rendered, not to count money owed by our current distributor who is currently suffering from amnesia on what 60 day terms are, and a former Flipside contributor, Gary X. Indiana.

ADVERTISING: SOMETHING THAT YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT YOU DESPERATELY CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT

Among my jobs, the one I dislike the most is dealing with ads. I just don't like the concept of aggressive advertising since I feel like I know what I want to buy, am aware of how to get it, and don't have to be told how great it is. All I need is information on how to get it and where to send the cash. Advertising is why I don't own a phone - if I could count the times I've been chopping down on the first bite of pizza and someone called wanting to clean my carpet or sell me a paper (when I live in a basement and can read a paper from down the street with no problem) I'd have a Ph.D. in mathematics. (If there's ever a news story about Retodd getting a sniper rifle and picking off

TROJAN WHORES

Here's where the curtain hit the cast in the head, half way through the first act. I started not trusting what people - ad placing people - were telling me, that they were "independent." One of my first grapples was with a company called Velvel. If every time they swore they were independent was a lick, they could have gotten to the middle of a Tootsie Pop in no time flat. They were advertising a band I knew and still know nothing of. Libido. The lady I was talking to convinced me of their pure, unsullied independence that made me picture fresh snow sifting through the Rockies. I let it slide.

I talked to that ad-placing lady, Dorey, half a dozen times. At first, I'd never heard of the company, asked the second question that comes out of my mouth when

and in the now-predictable style of indignant hired help, she got mad, putting out the Dobermans at the behest of her employers - "but we are independent, we don't have a lot of money. We're struggling just like you..." Yeah, and I've got three nuts. I asked her never to place another ad for her company. The shame of it is that they actually put out a really good CD by Sweet Diesel, one of Money's top tens of the year. And to show that advertising and editorial content are two different considerations in Flipside, reviews of Velvel artists have run in Flipside since - unaltered.

The question, ultimately, is philosophical. None of us like to think that we're owned, that we're little more than slaves, and when our "freedom" comes into play in the forefront, it's an automatic defense...

But I must ask - independent of...?

Autonomous of... ? It's either the light switch is turned on or off and it's hard to argue if a room is lit by a single bulb or if it's turned off, but people really try. There are "indie majors," "major indies," and the "we don't sell a lot, we must be indie," and get more creative from there. For the most part, the people who work for record companies don't think that they're lying. They truly believe in their "independence," their "independent rock division of Sony."

Borrowing an idea from Noam Chomsky, it's in their bones; they have been told all their professional lives that what they are doing is promoting "independent" rock. It becomes unquestionable to them and when it does become questioned by some squab, some nobody, such as myself in a microcosmic zine that isn't full color and gets their hands dirty from the newsprint, it's like the butler or maid of a huge mansion speaking with disdain for tracking in a dead stench or footprints of blood onto some sort of persian-rug that's worth five times my annual income, yelling at me or acting wounded at the behest of the owner, like I've chopped the head off of their golden goose and made an omelette from the last golden egg. To tell some of these people that having connections to a company that owns the rights to one million songs and has offices in Malaysia forfeits their claim to independence, they get indignant as all hell. They do what they can, which is usually, "Well, we can no longer advertise with you." We happily comply.

INDEPENDENT MUSIC WILL NEVER BE AND HAS NEVER BEEN AS BIG OR AS DANGEROUS AS UPHOLSTERED KIDS TOYS.

With the current death-grip, headlock spine-snapper that the triumvirate of Barney, Elmo, and the Teletubbies, more clink is being slid into Target's and WalMart's cash registers in the time it takes to read this sentence than all independent releases combined for the entire day. Yeah, maybe, you're thinking, but what's this got to do with the music business? ShitEd laments the paucity of punk in the Grammys. I say, unilaterally, fuck 'em. Punk and independent music isn't one of their concerns (it's called "the establishment" for a reason). Nashville Pussy was up for the best rock performance category, but a synthetic fur, ticklish as hell fella with eyeballs that are ping pong balls stippled with black paint retinas had 'em beat. In Field 17 - Childrens, Categories 64 and 65, Elmo was up for two Grammys. "Elmopalooza!" and "Elmo's New Laugh." And he won for "Elmopalooza!" What I'm talking about in dealing with independent music is a mere drop in the wide scope of the cultural cash drawer.

Sony, without a sense of irony, but a strong market sense can simultaneously release both Slayer's "Reign in Blood" and the Elmozie video, where your kids can learn to "bend, stretch, and hop at Elmo's Exercise Camp." Hell, they both sell. Don't even kid yourself into thinking there's any more powerful consideration in what a major corporation picks other than what sells. This brings us to indie rock. OK, it's become an institution. It's a sound. Like the modifier "alternative," it's essentially meaningless as a sound and a crutch for the lazy - like "Generation X." But it's lucrative - or why else would business hold it so near, dear and protective, like a child with a head wound? It's also a virus that makes people think a specific way. It's a brainwash for the easy sell. It's creepy as hell that concepts without any substance hold such tight grips

on how people define themselves (i.e. You are what you listen to.). Very simply: the term "Independent Rock" although essentially meaningless, has very real core to the music industry and that is the dollar sign. Otherwise, they'd treat it like faceless victim #3 on a serial murderer's cross-country killing spree (see grunge). Why is independence - as a concept - so fucking marketable?

On the surface, it wouldn't be a good idea to call your music business "co-dependent" or "indentured" or "slaved" - all antonyms to independence. Let's check the 'ol Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary for some guidance. Independent: "1. Not influenced or controlled by others in matters of opinion, conduct, etc." - a tad too philosophical for the discussion, but worth taking into consideration. By gum, if there's a four-page ad for "Independence Day" in Rolling Stone, you better bet your sweet cheeks that there's going to be a sympathetic review for it to coincide. "2. Not subject to another's authority or jurisdiction; autonomous; free; an independent business man. 3. Not depending or contingent for something else for existence, operation, etc..." 9. Expressive of a spirit of independence; self-confident; unconstrained."

Herein lays the word's internal dichotomy and much of the power of the word "independent." Independence is both internal essence, the champion feeling of being at odds with the entire world, as expressed by weekend warrior lawyers learning to ride motorcycles, living the rebel spirit for six hours a week, and slipping back into their nooses the rest of the time. It is also the projection of independence through, paradoxically, purchasing it - not seeking it out on your own terms - that has gripped the purchasing world, and pared it down to this: money is freedom. Freedom and independence in this commercial world can be seen and felt in any really motivating car ad. It's emotional. Dead, famous people, truly rebellious people, are great for "iconoclastic" advertising, but remember Einstein wasn't around when the Macintosh was invented, nor was Gandhi, and yet they endorse Apple? Hmm.

Shit scary freedom often doesn't come with a 401K plan or start with a kick-ass resume, it doesn't usually correspond to tie-noosed 40 hour weeks. It guarantees failure as often as it guarantees success. It guarantees nothing except that your next step might be fatal or bliss or nothing at all. "Independence" - its meanings, can be easily bound against one another. If you don't think about it, the better off the ones controlling your independence will be (ironic, no?)

The majors wouldn't be supporting a "revolution" that they couldn't control. Why would they? Control is everything. Now radio DJs can say "Butthole Surfers" (who's last album, curiously hasn't come out over a year after the promo was sent), and you can put staples in your face to your heart's

content. Has anything changed? You betcha. For the worse. They've handed out handcuffs, only this time called them bracelets. Funny thing is, people put them on voluntarily now.

Independent rock has proved to be more than a fad, more than a mere macarena to New Kids Pearl Jam On The Block trend. It's an industry all to itself, much more resilient than the hot-house flower of grunge, more so than once thought impen-

• Q: Why is there a Sire logo on an ad in the LA Weekly for the new Pennywise?

A: It was a fuckup. The Warehouse made the ad and slapped it in there by mistake.

• Does WEA offer such unparalleled service, manufacturing excellence, and competitive pricing to press the new Fifteen CD?

A: Partially, yes. Complete explanation next issue.

• Is EMI mastering so kickass that Boris the Sprinkler used them over all available mastering?

A: Tune in next issue. Norb didn't know.

• Q: Do you discount The Saints and Iggy by the fact they were on EMI and Columbia? Is indiedom time sensitive?



etrable juggernaut of hair-boy, buttrock metal. It sells so well that, in all curiosity and no sense of irony, Sony Music Group, through their Canadian site, has "a focus on specialized artist and label development [which] has led to the launch of Sony Music Independent Labels..." (And the first label that's on there is Mariah Carey's.) A company that boasts that its film and TV productions reach an audience of more than a billion people around the globe can remain independent and simultaneously be the establishing order of industry is a fantastic piece of magic - and if I think of it outside of my own terms, it makes sense: Sony, as a multinational corporation, can probably not only buy off governments that would traditionally control them (becoming independent to governmental rule), they can transcend any sort of law and become the governing body, the declarers of their own independence - of their own corporate country. It's almost as if their next step is to take the alphabet and copyright that, so every word I type or every word you speak, you're going to have to pay a fee - you'll still, technically have freedom of speech, but you'll have to pay since you're on their independently controlled domain.

Maybe the only true independents are

on complete opposite sides of the spectrum. Mega-mega corporations that can control - to some degree - what's being played simultaneously in Malaysia and Milwaukee, Bangkok and Burbank that turns 18 billion dollars worth of profit a year. They are, basically, free to field and try anything they want - bagpipe music set to the sounds of goats being sucked off by nuns and Allen Ginsberg layered over Marakesh hardcore. It may fail, but then

again, they've got thousands of backup plans, covering every genre, fingers on every button, foot on every base, planting their feet, ready for the homerun swing to knock a hit song onto your home stereo, sliding \$18 out of your wallet on a CD, that often obscenely priced piece of reflective plastic with digitized plateaus of sound. And then there's the other side of the equation with a label like Sympathy for the Record Industry. Employee total: 1.

It's a philosophical inversion of extremes with thousands of yards of elastic in the middle.

The person who is completely free is either in complete control of their entire economic future or they are so insignificant to the "piece of the pie" that they become a nonfactor. By being not noticed, they remain fundamentally unmolested, unsolicited for induction into the corporate corpus. The question of control by another never comes up. Hand one: mega mega interchangeable company. Other hand: the label that shits its pants that it can sell and/or trade a thousand singles, hand-printed, garage-stored with enough profit to buy a nice pizza, and if lucky, a 12er of Stroh's. Almost everything in the middle is open to interpretation.

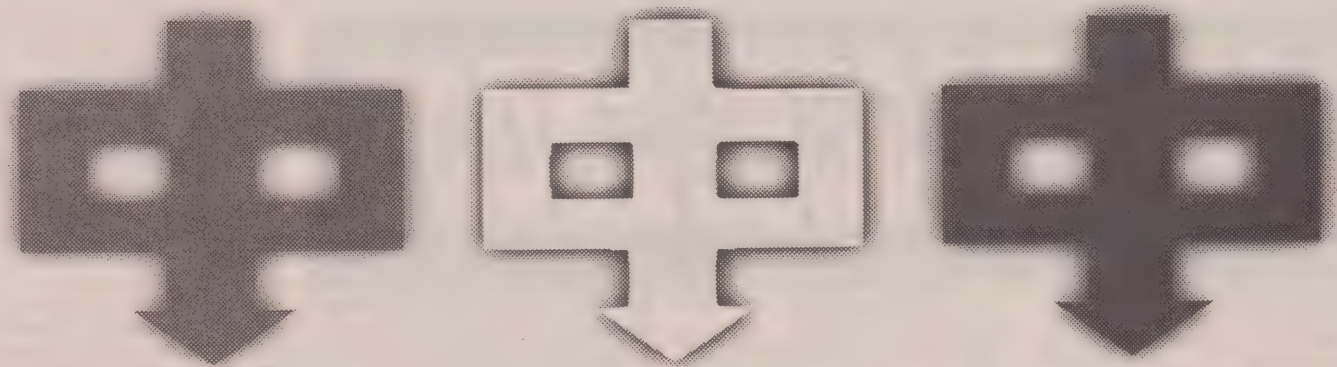
Interestingly, the most challenging music on the majors are far from the "alternative's", and with a handful of examples,

it is possible to see that some people can remain an independent musician on a major label. Flipside reviewer and recent columnist - Jimmy Alvarado mentioned Dead Can Dance (and to this, I'd add Kronos Quartet). I'd say, as artists, you can't get more independent than them. They're doing exactly what want to do and a set amount of people are going to buy what they're doing. That they're on a major label is irrespective of their artistic course (there are few, if any, Dead Can Dance imitators). Their independence is of thought and musical expression, and I bet their deal with whoever they're on only makes the rest of their lives easier. Good for them. They don't have to claim anything that they are not. I admire that. You may not dig their trip, but, fuck, you can't blame them for saying that they're something they're not. That's what it boils down to. Accurate representation. Don't lie, don't justify. Don't make an excuse. Don't pull a Courtney Love, avowing to give syphilis to the corporate ogre (see back issues of Flipside) and then mistake it for your own blindness.

• Retodd

(There is so much more ground to cover and this is just the tip. Stay tuned. Next time is the world of distribution.)

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WHAT DOES "NAZI" MEAN?

Most people think it means "racist" but racism was simply one policy of the German Nazi party. The "N" in Nazi stands for "National." The name, translated from the German into common English stands for "German National Socialist Worker's Party." Note several key parts of that. It is "German nationalist," i.e. they valued the German nation above others. Also notice that it is socialist.

There are three main flavors of socialism used by nations. One is the Swedish sys-

tem, the Swedish model, plus aggressive expansion similar to the internationalist Commies. The key thing to note about them is that they favor their own nation and ethnicity over others. Therefore when expanding into other countries their tendency is to mistreat and even annihilate them. When ruling a nation of mixed ethnicity, National Socialists tend to suppress the other groups viciously.

You might suppose that National Socialists are extinct, what with the demise of Nazi Germany. If so, you suppose wrong. There are several Socialist countries whose

its local Socialist party. Slobodan Milosevic's intention is to create living space for Serbs at the expense of other ethnic groups. He suppressed the Kosovar Albanians until they revolted, and after they revolted he drove them from their homes, murdering many in the process. There is no moral difference between Milosevic and Hitler. Nazi means Milosevic. He is a Nazi motherfucker.

I don't agree with the way we are de facto fighting an undeclared war with Serbia. I don't think we should have become involved the way we did because it triggered a mas-

sive retaliation against Kosovar Albanians. But we are involved now and there's no help for it. But half measures suck. A penny ante air war punishes the Serbian people and the Serbian military, but it doesn't get to the root cause of the problem: the Serbian army and government. There we are (5/1/99) bombing the Serbs while the Serbs continue to murder in Kosovo. So while the Serbs are punished for their genocide, nothing is done to stop the genocide itself. If the United States and the NATO alliance are going to be involved at all we should go in on the ground and protect those poor Kosovar Albanians; and maybe conquer Serbia, arrest the leaders and try them Nuremberg style for crimes against humanity. I favor death by hanging for them. I am writing this in April through May 1st, so by the time this issue of Flipside hits the streets, things may already have resolved one way or another. One thing I know for certain: what the Serbs did in Kosovo is fucked and if any punk anarchocommies want to disagree they can kiss my ass. They make loud screeching noises about Nazis, well here's their chance to stand up and be counted as opposed to racially/ethnically motivated genocide. Forget fighting the skinheaded white supremacist punks for a while and come out against REAL fascism: Serbia.

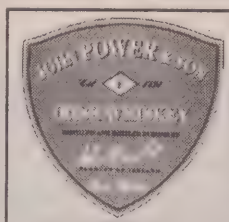
FRIENDLY NITPICKAGE

It's not that I don't have anything relevant to write about, I do, but the contents of other Flipside columns in the last issue (I'm writing this in March/April) set my mind in motion and I have to respond before the subjects get too stale. I don't want to disappoint anyone, but this isn't going to be a full frontal assault on anyone. I like Tim very much, and though I hardly know Money, he seems like a cool guy too. As for Shane... let's just say that I think with a couple small adjustments to his POV, he'd be super. Until then, he remains marginal, not to mention incarcerated. Is there a connection between the two? Yes! So... Just comments and further thoughts on the following:

Re: Tim From Pomona. Tim wanted to know why I was crumpling on Bar Deluxe by calling it "Bar DeSux." I wasn't crumpling on it! Several of the LA clubs have nicknames used by their regular clientele. To the local Hollywood crowd Bar Deluxe is called either "Bar DeSux" or worse, "Bar That Sux!" But

the point is that we love the place! Haven't you ever had a horrid nickname bestowed upon you by friends, ex-friends and acquaintances? I sure have! I'm writing under one of them: ShitEd! Another local club with a nasty nickname is The Garage, in East Hollywood/Silverlake. Because it is in the partially homosexual business area of west Silverlake, The Garage is known to locals as "The Gay Rodge." It isn't Tim's fault that he doesn't know these things. He lives in Pomona, not Hollywood. Say "oops" Tim!

Re: Money. Money goofed a bit on his chart "How to Tell If You're an Irish Punk on St. Patrick's Day." He lays out five stages of Irishness ranging from Rank Pretender (shouldn't that be "Unranked", ha ha?) to True Son of Ireland. Under that latter category he has such a true son drinking Single Malt Bushmills. There is only one problem. The Bushmills distillery is in County Antrim in British Northern Ireland! The true sons (Green partisans) of Ireland that I know won't touch the stuff! I drink it, but my family is originally Scots. Money's error is probably a trifle to non-true sons, but to the fanatics on both sides of Green vs Orange his is a pretty big fuck up. My old acquaintance Bill Donovan always drank Jameson, and



commended it.

Re: Don and his Bad Sams review. In Flip #118 Donofthead reviewed the new **Bad Samaritans** CD and remarked that the guitar-on it sounds like the guitar on the new Dead Lazlo's Place CD. There is a simple reason for Don's astute observation: George, the Bad Sams guitarist, taught Chris Long, one of the DLP guitarists how to play guitar! Plus, Chris and George were in the Bad Sams together for YEARS. That's why they both play that same Valley-boy metallic punk style. Chris didn't actually play on the Bad Sams recording, even though he's listed as a band member. He's listed so he gets credit for his songwriting on much of the album.

Re: Shaneshit. In his Shaneshit column in Flip #117, Shane makes mention of one of my favorite subjects: the nature of reality. In discussing the apparent nature of personal reality he got my full attention by mentioning one of the most cockeyed, egocentric of all theories attempting to explain the nature of reality: solipsism. My Webster's defines solipsism as: "a theory holding that the self can know nothing but its own modifications and that the self is the only existent thing." A more amusing way of stating the theory is to assume a solipsist point of view and arrogantly declare: "I know I exist, but I'm not so sure about YOU!" I began reading the first part of his column alert and thoroughly on guard. I was ready to dispute and refute him. At first he took his discourse exactly where I was expecting: straight into specious justification of his actions as a criminal (crime as a means of revolt against society, thereby wrapping himself in glory for it) by means of subtle deliberate misinterpretation of the meaning of the word "unspeakable." (He first uses the word "unspeakable" in reference to the Holocaust in the sense of "extremely bad, evil or objectionable," then attacks it in its other sense of "beyond



tem, also known as "socialism with a human face." This is the one favored by western democracies. It is characterized by high taxes on the rich, a universal social safety net for the poor and namby-pamby dogooderism.

Another variety is International Socialism, a.k.a. what the western democracies call Communism. Only, they never call themselves Communists. They always call themselves Socialists. International Socialism is characterized by a policy of aggressive expansion into other nations and peoples. It is also well known for not caring what race, ethnicity or nationality a person is, everyone is welcome to be a slave of the State.

National Socialism is characterized by a mixed economy (a mixture of state run enterprises and private ownership) similar to

policies are arranged strictly upon ethnic, religious and national lines.

Iraq and Syria are both dictatorships ruled by the chiefs of their respective Baathist Socialist parties. But while the Assad of Syria is a cagey fucker who is smart enough not to attack his neighbors (other than Israel, I mean), Sadaam Insane pursues a policy of suppressing the religious minorities in Iraq (Christians and Shiite Muslims), and also the Kurd ethnic minority. By the above definition, Sadaam and his Iraqi Baathist party are National Socialists. Nazis.

Finally we come to the real reason for writing this segment of my column: Serbia. I'm not going to do the diplomatic thing and call it "Yugoslavia." Fuck that! It ain't Yugoslavia. It is a country of mixed ethnicity, dominated by its Serbian majority and run by



description, inexpressible" without telling us that he was switching definitions! That sort of shifty use of words is instantly apparent to me, so that shit don't fly! And without it, his subsequent structure of reasoning collapses.

Nevertheless, in a limited sense he is right. As a guess I would say that he needed some way to back up what he knew to be true, so he played fast and loose with a word believing that he wouldn't get caught (similar to his not getting caught robbing banks?). He goes on quite correctly to assert that "...all propositions are of equal value..." and "Ethics are transcendental..." Yep. Values are arbitrary; and ethics are based on something other than mere practical usefulness, which I shall expand on later.

Next he assumed various theoretical personae (headhunter, existential hero) which could rationally commit his crimes without thereby being criminals! Great, but Shane is not a New Guinea headhunter! But I do know what he means. If a drug addict robs a bank he's a criminal, but the headhunter doesn't regard the tellers as much more than interesting potential hut decorations. They aren't of his tribe and are therefore not human beings and may be hunted, robbed and killed because they aren't "people." See? All values are arbitrary (I do wish to point out however that these arbitrary values are very useful. Violate them in a society at your peril! Shane may have free will and is free to do anything he wishes. But the police have equal freedom to arrest him!).

Next Shane went out even further. To my utmost amazement he had the courage to buck 20 years of the punk scene's materialism, and take his column into where I actually operate from: transcendental experience! Shane blew me away by joining me exactly where I sit! Well do I know the impossibility of explaining exalted spiritual states of consciousness in mere English words. Shane didn't bother to try to "point a finger at the moon" as it were (well, maybe his middle finger, ha ha), but merely alluded to what had occurred within his awareness. Nevertheless he said enough for me to recognize it from my own personal experiences. I am happy as hell for him that he has achieved awareness of such things. There is a certain level within the mind where all codes of morals, ethics and honor fade into chattering arbitrary silliness. This is the same level, if one slips sideways, where all ideas are viewed (helplessly SEEN whether you want to or not, not reasoned) as pairs of contrary opposites. Here black cannot exist without white. Here good cannot be good if it weren't for evil, nay, evil is perceived as part of good. They are seen as the same thing split in half. Every proposition implies its opposite? No, that phrase is only an echo of the perceived archetype which is a whole containing good/evil, black/white or whatever you as a singularity. Awareness of this duality destroys the idea of values as absolutes instantly. For any reader who is an Catholic Xtian, this is even beyond the idea of good and evil being equal (the Manichaean Heresy that St Augustine so opposed). Using that frame of reference, God and the Devil are one single thing; the Devil is a part of God and therefore is doing God's will! Ha ha, that's such bullshit, of course. There is no Devil and there is no Xtian God either! Nyah! The Xtian bible is such rank superstition that the idea of believing it on faith is a wonderful joke. Don't ever take anything on faith, from anyone, and that includes from me too!

There is a spiritual crisis that occurs as an effect of this level. It's not too bad for an ordinary person who stumbles into it because they quickly stumble back out again. But for a mystic, magician, philosopher, spiritual student, etc., it is crucial and deadly. Part of that crisis can be expressed as the solipsist proposition, or perhaps I should call it the solipsist problem? In any case, self vs. not-self becomes a horrible problem for spiritual seekers when they get fully involved at this level of the mind. Holding on tightly to a narrow definition of self as the "only one" means failure and a fall into isolation for such a person. Under some spiritual training systems it results in a conversion to "black magic." A successful handling of the crisis means passage to the next level up.

You know, I fully expected to contend with Shane about his column in #117 when I began reading it, but instead I find myself allied with him in his mystical POV! I agree! This probably distresses Shane, seeing as he has lusted for years to draw me into intricate argument with him. He seems to derive great pleasure from having someone to fight with (not unlike his old nemesis Blaze James, those two got along not at all!), and I keep frustrating him by refusing to argue. Whatever is Shane going to do with me? I seldom cooperate! What a prick I am, ha ha.

I mentioned that there is at least one level higher than the one I just discussed. At that level the problem of solipsism, self vs. not-self, is resolved fully and the apparent paradoxes cleared up. How it clears up is hard as hell to say in English. It cannot be expressed directly, but enough can be said in English to communicate to a person who has some similar knowledge. So this isn't going to make sense but here goes nuttin': at that level solipsism is both entirely true and entirely false simultaneously! Also it is neither true nor false simultaneously! At that level lies the solution to Shane's selfish semi-Hobbesian personal philosophy. If I understand his words, then he also realizes that. The English philosopher Thomas Hobbes concluded more than three centuries ago that the natural condition of humanity was a perpetual state of warfare amongst ourselves competing for social position, resources and safety. This POV is true in a limited sense, but not in the grander "scheme of things." At a transcendent level, all life is clearly perceived to be one living awareness separated only by having assumed different locations in space from which to view reality. Those locations are usually organisms (bodies) to which we have attached ourselves, and to whose survival we are devoted. At that lower level of ordinary consciousness, where the survival of "our" organisms occupy our attention, we do indeed compete. Hobbes only errs when viewing himself as being no more than the organism named Hobbes. I am happy as hell to see that Shane is aware that there is more to Shanedom than mere 180 pounds of 40-something raw meat. If, hopefully when, Shane takes the next step and becomes fully aware of that level above, then we can expect to see him stop robbing banks, for he shall have become aware of being on BOTH ends of the gun simultaneously. Pointing a gun at yourself is silly, no?

Is this shit too mystical/philosophical for anyone? Like fascists and communists, all materialists are also formally invited to eat my shorts. (Ed is piff - Norb R.)
-ShitEd, Tjungatrashland, PO Box 4312, Sunland, CA 91041-4312



↑ Jim Decker of The Crowd
 ← Stephan and ↑ Karl of All at the Palace



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 TJUNGATRASHLAND
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"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S SO FUNNY 'BOUT PEACE, LOVE & UNDERSTANDING"

Richard Nixon was having another month long day, pulling on his wing tips while crouching quietly on the side of the bed out of respect for his old lady. The early morning sunlight amplified the bits of dust on the Venetian blinds. Pat signaled that she was awake: "Oh Dick, I don't know how you manage to get up every day."

-I get up every day to confound my enemies

that knows her? Ahh, who cares, (far off significant glance), I wonder if she knew that back in the eighties I went under the name Phil Spectator. It doesn't matter.

I'm interested in ideology and how ideology is translated through aspects of consumer culture. I'm interested in how folks choose what they prefer to listen to and how it links up with their own self serving mythologies, lemme flip through my yellow notebook: the theme this month, this day - this time/frame are: Jucifer, Pineal Ventana

impersonator sitting in the back of a maroon car, waving and motioning with some Clinton like mannerisms. The sign on his car read "Bill Clinton and all his gals" though the backseat was empty. Ana shoved Koda's leash in my hand then she and Lauren ran and jumped in, hugging and kissing the President. It was one of shimmering moments, leaning against a mute red, peeling fence that I'll never forget because of the sheer novelty of the action and the inherent significance. Rushing after a car to interact

"I'm just a honky living in a cheap motel."

The day I made my move, sliding into a bright studio down the road from Little Five Points, the zero center for cultural events in this geographical climate - whether I like the neighborhood or not, a rail road track crossing of crystal shops, natural food places, gutter punks and zine stores, not to mention a leftist credit union and a bar whose entrance is a huge skull; whether I think this is a cool place to hang (I make the rounds of the bars regularly), to be seen, to be recognized and then to document myself seeing myself outside, all is vanity and vexation for the soul, especially this...

All I can stand to listen to is the second Wilson Pickett album, which I play over and over again. It helps when I'm thinking about conceptual art, especially after a day of reading brilliant English novelist Stewart Home who has made a career out of asking the right questions, the obvious questions, he twists and turns his identity continually, always saying: the emperor has no clothes? Wait, the emperor never had any clothes. He blew my mind the other day when he suggested that since so many post Auschwitz art currents rely upon the cult of personality, so it is really just Totalitarianism Art. He continually reinvents his own myth by linking it up to history, he takes Neo-neoism to Nth degree - and today I was reading his bit about wishing to totally change culture, to totally demolish serious culture, and his pranks which have been elevated to a level of "gesture" makes it all seem worthwhile - which leads me to the strange case of Pineal Ventana. They interest me like a detective cos I'm curious as to what goes on about them, I'm curious as to what motivates this ensemble because so far I've found their structure and, shall we say, intent different than any other Atlanta band - and much more compelling cos when I hear their brand of tuneage I know that there's ideas going on in there.

I was on the fence with them. I heard 'em 88.5 and I thought it was interesting, tones and screeches, and scratches - post rock experimental shit but with a fresh sound, I thought it was all right but I remember one night a piece that came on the radio was too long - so I went 't'see 'em at the benefit for Priya, the chick who fell of the skateboard ramp, and it was cool. I was smashed, it didn't offend me. I liked interacting with them enough that I was concerned about seeing them again. Mitch confided to me that they were going to do something a little different at the next gig. I said what the hell and me and Ana checked out The Squares at the Echo Lounge.

Now, The Squares usually aren't my thing but I know one of 'em and said "Sure, put me on the guest list baby," - anyway, ahem. The Squares are a self-described surf band and they have two guitars bass and drums and it's instrumental which means that interesting guitar parts don't get covered up by somebody yelling. It was fun and it was a lot tighter than I thought, a surf cover of "Crazy Train" made me laugh. In all it was enjoyable and the CD's pretty good with an awesome cover of the Squares sitting in a classroom. I also had the incredibly postmod experience of drinking a brewski with the father of one of the musicians; hell I guess surf music is better than being on the streets, right? We split before the boring headlines and went to Dottie's.

We show up and the guest list is filled so we grudgefuckingly paid five dollars, and under a blue light I saw Pineal Ventana sitting at a card table surrounded by microphones and video cameras, it seemed that

THE POSTMODERNIST ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

and amaze my friends. Well I don't have any enemies, unless you count boredom, gutter punks, Atlanta music writers and community activists who hold weekend long street festivals on my block. I get up everyday cos it seems to keep happening to me, and some times getting up feels inopportune, and I straggle awake with my head a crushing duck call and my throat filled with noxious solvents that resembles regret. But, y'know, I loathe and despise repentance. I like a man that doesn't feel obligated to explain his motivations or his intent. My life is endless tessellation and these musings are mere signposts documenting my intellectual cum emotional cum transit state.

But today, on this Spring morning, things are different now, how could they be otherwise? I had a satori in January when I borrowed \$30 from Kim to drive straight up to NYC on some sort of bizarre mission. Or to put it in shorthand, to cop, snort and typically OD. Those days I was stranded in the Plain of Jars. I felt the whole world was turning into this huge metaphor, a bunch of stone tombs that I couldn't see inside, like a revolutionary war veteran from the bottom of a well while a visiting French philosopher waves to the crowd. I took it for granted that the Plain of Jars were empty, victims of Nixon's "operation lineabacker" carpet bombing in the seventies.

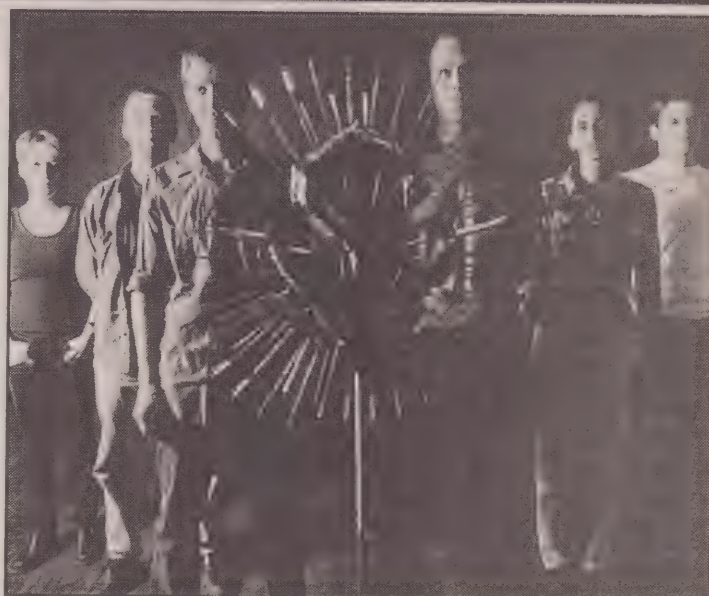
My old lady helped me get a swinging pad upstairs from her place. And this, as they say, has become home. I have a daily routine, I shake myself awake around noon and I pull on my aviator shades and I head up the street for smokes and a paper. I stop at the place they call Golgotha, y'know the place that's got a doorway shaped like a huge grinning skull, the place everyone saw Mr. Lou Reed eating a cheeseburger at one day far off - far away.

They serve good bloody marys there and I can have a coffee and I can think. (Though the last time I was there trying to shake off a feeling of numbness from my skull this grinning idiot dressed like Heidi hands me a piece of yellow card stock like a postcard.)

"Hi Phil! I met you at the Point! Here's a gig tomorrow night (that) you might be interested in!" I fingered the text over the baseball scores.

-Why would I be interested in this?

"Well you don't have come, it's okay." And she flitted away to proselytize her aesthetic faith to another gentlemen trapped in a no-smoking booth. I sorta remember meeting her one night, but who am I friends with



Pineal Ventana play an ambient music but not really cos it's interrupted with bursts and focus, like a seventies television show. ©Laine Harris

with guest appearances by the Squares, Doug Herring, Cash Money and probably some other folks...

Pineal Ventana is an Atlanta noise ensemble, and I don't throw the word ensemble around lightly - the two guitarists double on drums, drums, the rhythm - the rhythm, (listening to Ray Charles blues shout blind on the phonograph) - on top of these here tribal sounds there's a couple of layers feedback and bass riffs and the band cooks when they're doing this shit. I like this shit. To me it represents where rock has always and should have gone, to me it's the final level of what was once called heavy metal or something like it...

There's a weekend long "festival" in my neighborhood. Now all of the streets have been closed off so a bizarre and rather tame selection of worthless knick knacks can be marketed. I can't believe I can't park on my street cos someone has the constitutional right to sell candles, fucking candles in front of my door. But I got some pleasure out of seeing an elderly women struggling with a three foot lamp base pole or whatever; why purchase something that you can barely carry - hell I don't know.

During the parade there was a Bill Clinton

with a holograph of a concept, participating with a concept and letting the temporary parade star status rub off and shine. The interaction with an event to designate standing within an event. The endless participation in ritual that supercedes of all...

I spoke to Roger of Stool Sample on the phone today to apologize for not being able to attend their show that afternoon due to employment considerations. I mentioned to him that the week previously I got onstage with Pineal Ventana and berated the audience with a bullhorn for a few minutes.

"Oh you're not turning into an art fag on us."

-Roger, I've always been an art fag. He sighed and mentioned he got to sing "Baby Baby Baby" with the Vibrators the other night, mainly cos, as he put it, he was the only one who knew the words.

"WOKE UP THIS MORNING, GOT MYSELF A BEER"

The Ex-Husbands played last night, really energetic rock and country roll, I think from Nashville. They played a stunning cover of Jerry Reed's song from "Smokey and the Bandit" - got a long way to go and a short time to get there, which is a song I fucking love... they have a great jerky signalong:

PV were playing cards. It seemed that a room of about 75 people were sitting and standing around watching PV play cards and bet nickels and dimes. The entire ensemble. I rushed to the bar to get a drink; I desperately needed to participate in such a gesture for my own link up to the Great Neist Work...

That's right - I went in there and they were fucking playing cards. They were toying with the idea of what do you expect when you see a band. We are a band, what does that mean? How dare you come and expect that we play music? Especially when most of our fans come not because of the music but because of "I need to be seen here" I need to consume this "type" of music because it defines who I am but I could give a fuck about the tunes - well these are the cock-suckers, the charlatans and the fakers who actually were pissed off by such a gesture.

I was stunned; I was instantly entranced - Jesus, a post dada gesture on a Friday night in Atlanta? Cool! And it flashed on me that only a band that takes chances in everyday life, that takes chances on everything they do, if they publicly assert that they don't give a fuck and then they're gonna explain it - and that's what I think they did, they explained it that night. (I heard later that they play cards regularly so it was a double whammy - they were integrating an aspect of their daily life in a physical representation to the audience while simultaneously questioning the role of a band.

And they stepped on stage one by one. John the bass player twanged on some cords and Kim knelt before her amp with a pick in her mouth getting some tones. She said to me at the table, "Let me get up and make some noise."

-Nahh, don't do that, don't even play at all.

And then they rose and began pounding on that gas tank or whatever it is and Danette started squeaking and it was intense, it was building while Kim discarded her axe and stood before Mitchell banging on another drum. They were staring straight into each other and sparks flew from their eyes and it was over...

This is a test of the emergency broadcast system, in the case of an actual emergency you would have been advised what cultural products are worth keeping.

By representing parts of the text in physical assemblages they become more physical - that is their presence becomes closer to be real. Previously, the reality of a text stood alone inside the head of a reader, the actual brain waves that function while a sentence is being read. By creating a three dimensional "version" of the text it allows the text to physically occupy human space. This physical occupation shadows publication and amends the implied message, all the more closer to become reality. This is not mystical. This is the symbolic representation of conceptualizations of phenomena.

Lafayette's triumphant tour of the states. 3 April 1825 in Montgomery, Alabama; Governor Pickens' welcome address was interrupted by a commotion. Revolutionary war veteran Captain Thomas Carr had fallen into a well. Once his safety was assured the ceremonies continued and later a made for TV movie was etched from the woodcut.

I always go straight to Voyeurweb photos if I know a girl by the same name. So far when I've clicked I've never seen anyone I know, like the great line from Gerald Clarke's Capote bio "He saw so many porn films he finally saw a woman he knew," and anyway, it wasn't an ex-girlfriend, to my displeasure. The final photo jarred my world:

the contributor himself in a ski mask flashing the peace sign before a tie dyed skull and roses poster, the Voyeurweb's home page hovering on his desk.

"Ideology is a process accomplished by the so-called thinker consciousness, it is true, but with a false consciousness. The real motive forces impelling him remain unknown to him: otherwise, it would simply not be an ideological process. Hence, he imagines false or seeming motive forces." Engels, letter to Mehring 14 July 93

And I just fucking lifted that, grabbed that and took that from AP feed cos I got writers' block and stealing is allowed, and as a matter of fact it's necessary - and anyone can steal this text too cos it's already stolen JUST LIKE YOUR TEXT - y'see I can back out of it and mention postmodernism, the Burroughs cut up which I do a lot of but as Tom Wolfe would say, it's just an excuse for laziness and the abandonment of narrative structure cos it's hard to write a narrative structure! Watch I'm gonna do it again: deleted....

It's about the text and the interaction of the writer and the text, it is about how the text is distributed to create an amorphous image. The first thing I do when I grasp a non fiction book is I scan the index, I want to see where the writer's going. In my professional groupie hood, the first thing I do after inquiring of the scenesters geographic whereabouts I quiz them on exactly "who d'y' know?"

In North Central Laos there's a Plain of Jars. It's a plateau covered with over 350 jars ranging from 1 to 3.5 meters high and a meter across. They are over 2000 years old, damaged by the carpet bombing during Vietnam. The remains of an ancient set of whiskey glasses for some Laotian God, the modern interpreters claim that they're funeral urns. I think they're an absolute reflection of reality: stone jars that hold nothing, not even silence.

The underground Atlanta poet Jeremy Simpson was describing an apparent chicken sacrifice at a local lake. He saw two bushy tailed rednecks toss a squawking chicken over the roof a moving car and into the muddy water. He wasn't sure if it was Santeria, witchcraft or hastily planned revenge. Perhaps the most significant absurdist dada humorist was on the radio. To those of you unfamiliar, there's an American called Gallagher who has dangling permed hair over top faded overalls and a whiney voice that seems to break with incredulous sarcasm and irony at all times, he seems to always be asking questions that are so obvious and his main thrust of humor is to take a sledgehammer to watermelons and to other vegetables, splattering the front rows of country acts with his "out-rageous" humor.

Only in the West can the wasting of food be a marketing ploy. I guess since most people live a hand to mouth existence it is seen as absurd. He was doing an interview during the rush hour as I was on my way to start getting drunk before I saw PW Long and he mentioned that Jehovah's Witnesses should be drafted into delivering the mail cos they already ring everyone's doorbells anyway, with his trademark: "problem solved." I thought, why don't we get all the standup comics to deliver the mail cos they're so worthless in the context of this society. We no longer need poets, musicians, charlatans, or fakers. Fuck'em all. He brags that his new show is expanding some boundaries because he now uses eggs and butter. Finalizing the image by claiming to be "the thinking man's comic." I shook my head, and

audibly groaned in the midst of frozen Atlanta traffic. He has a heart of gold and the soul of a monster truck.

There's an intense country punk band here in town, they play down home shit-kicker shit and are aptly called **Shitkicker Deluxe**. We met their drummer Earl on the street in Little Five Points, he was chewing on a piece of straw beneath a corncob hat, shading his short hair and blue denim coveralls. The brown and white spotted dog sniffed the bare telephone pole base as he told Ana and me the story of getting hired for a CBS miniseries about the civil rights era.

"I just pulled up to the set in my pick up truck with the dog in the back and they said, 'You're hired.' I play a Southerner hostile to Cicely Tyson." He motioned to the dog and said he had to go cos the dog was on his way.

(Early '90s: selling books to Cicely Tyson at the huge bookstore in NYC. She was rude, always asking for books and then never picking them up, put them under "Miss Davis").

Dream: with Ana and we're somewhere else, some college town. I have exactly two five dollar bills and we go to a coke dealer's house and get served on the porch. Ana says, "Don't worry, I got it." "Let's get out of here," I said and her and some chick shushed me saying I had to play cool. A woman I didn't recognize ran up to me and tried to pour a C&D 45 forty ounce into a glass, pouring it over the ground. I jumped and yelled, "Save it!" Then I was looking up a street with a huge glass shaped like a bowling ball and my hair was getting longer, I thought that I had to get a haircut suddenly I said: "We're in Massachusetts, how interesting, Massachusetts. I haven't been in Boston in years."

The killer version of "Sick Again" from the '73/'74 rehearsals. I met Pineal Ventana last week. It's not who you are, it's who you make them think you are. ("I want to be like Tabitha Soren in the Plain of Jars" plays on the radio).

The open back patio at Dottie's. A cylinder block enclosed open space: white cheap plastic chairs and a long vinyl back seat from a car that I was leaning on, leaning back against, surveying the Atlanta skyline across empty space like the canyons of the Ho Chi Minh trail, a lot littered with metallic bags of frozen feces as a steady stream entered the well-barred liquor store.

Pineal Ventana play a mood, a tone - two guitars and powerful drumming, a powerful drum beat setup slash sound, Mr. Mitchell Foy has a long steel roll he pounds. I liked the rhythm, the pounding, parts swirled - the tone. I liked it. A friend of the band passed around a well-stocked pipe and the qtpie singer Danette spoke to me: "Are you in a band? I've seen you around."

-No, I write for Flipside. I just act like I'm in a band. (Exhale) I was driving on this dark, twisting country road with a lot of orange construction cones. And you came across on 88.5 - it was a beautiful soundtrack.

"That's so cool," she inexplicably touched her head with both hands, "I'm so interested in the context that people hear music in."

-Yeah, I'm obsessed with it. The text and the subtext.

Pineal Ventana's drummer, Mr. Mitchell Foy has eyes that pierce. When you talk to him they seem to bore into you with a serious prod. He asked me to clarify my listening experience.

-Sup on East Piedmont, between Bell's Ferry and Roswell Road. (He nodded while inhaling smoke, he knew exactly where I

meant). Once Ana and me were at the Point and we saw you outside and I said t'her: "that's somebody."

He broke into a smile and repeated my last sentence. I went into a long, monotonous discourse on the band's link with Boy Dirt Car and Missing Foundation whom they remind me of... that night they play a low howl that punctuated by his banging on a metal drum augmenting his drum kit, I remember that Kim was on the right, bent before her amp getting some screeching going on. PV play an ambient music but not really cos it's interrupted with bursts and focus, like a seventies television show.

We talked near the wall. I mentioned yet another failed interview with an underground rock star, he didn't agree to my questioning mode, which was this: I took the questions Der Spiegel asked Heidegger in '66 and I asked him. I thought it was a great idea, he didn't, emailing me the comment: "Since Heidegger's philosophy is notoriously obscure, anyone who wishes to comment on it must first undertake considerable exposition and exegesis." (Sheehan, Thomas; editor, "Heidegger The Man and the Thinker," Chicago: Precedent Publishing 1981, p.257) - hell, what could I say to that?

Mitchell and I wandered inside to watch the ubiquitous **Doug Herring** instigate low tones and tales with a guitar and pedals decked out in a red suit, pissed off because one guy wearing a court jester's costume with a banjo ate up so much time. Most of the crowd was drunk, I was anyway. But not too drunk to laugh when I heard that an actor playing "thee music critick" on TV hung himself in a Las Vegas hotel room. I merely describe my temporal surroundings and I merely note the soundtrack, all types of soundtracks and subtexts, reading Heidegger while listening to Nixon's resignation speech inter-spliced with white noise: "I have never been a quitter."

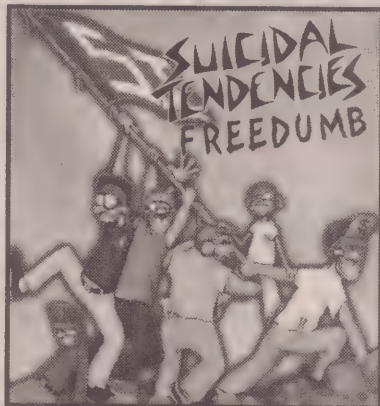
What was I talking about? Who was I talking to? Oh yeah, "Sick Again," my favorite **Zeppelin** song of all time, I thought it was about being junk sick but it really is about fucking underage women. (Which later became a theme, though she's not talking to me now and God knows why). On the rehearsal tape Mr. Plant says, "rock it!" and they roll into a heavily distorted run through of the basic mix and Mr. Plant is so buried in the mix, it's just perfect. Zeppelin far away from anyone, hanging out getting stoned and cranking away, late '73, early '74. Boxing day 1994. I rode from Boston to Penn Station on Scamtrak, rewinding and rewinding during a particularly intense ride. I was junk sick, crouched over with stomach pains and runny eyes and nostrils. After penning those words I bent over slightly, remembering the early symptoms in my head, shaking slightly. Heroin withdrawal (W/DRAW/ALL) is something you never really forget. Me and my old lady of the time (of that space) took a cab downtown and copped from The Man, after she snorted a bag she sprayed the wall with puke and we laughed. It was the last Christmas we ever spent together.

Ana showed me a "man searching for woman" personal in the free weekly communist rag: "Extremely sensitive neuralgic fruitcake seeks same to annihilate Atlanta. Interests include bunny rabbits, judging others and world domination." I swore that I didn't place it, though it links up with mythology.

Another late night commercial from our friends at (broken) Heartland Music, announcing the "King of Dixieland," Pete Fountain, who the fuck is Pete Fountain? And why is he the King of Dixieland? Who comes up with these things? Like on the

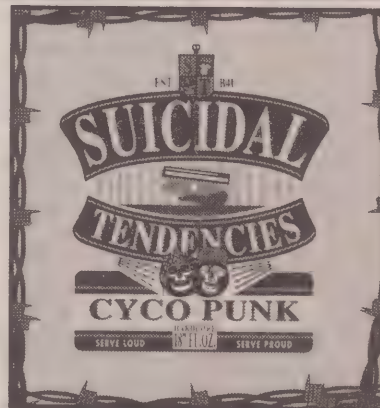
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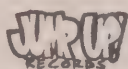
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This is a test of the emergency broadcast system, in the case of an actual emergency you would have been advised what cultural products are worth keeping. That's Mitchell in the background... Pineal Ventana

shrill "classic" rock station that plays shit like Kansas and Styx, who the fuck ever said that this shit was classic? Who said that? And didya ever notice Molly Hatchet's "Beatin' the Odds" sounds like Judas Priest's "Breakin' the Law," does it matter?

In the future, Pineal Ventana will be featured on Heartland Music under the heading: Kings and Queens of the authentic Post-dada gesture. The handshake that marries art and culture.

I got the Japanese symbol for rabbit tattooed on my right shoulder. That was when things started to get weird, truly crystal prism strange. It all started a few days after New Year's Day. I was with ex Georgia girlfriend #1 in the oppressive East German supermarket on Ponce. The one that hasn't been cleaned since Prague Spring and has meat with questioning degrees of accuracy. She saw that Coca-Cola was on sale so she darted back inside while I loaded the white Miata's smart handbag size trunk.

A doe-eyed girl with a stern European face and a one-piece hippie skirt that either was interior decorating or a tie-dye approached me. She introduced herself by asking if I was interested in Krishna, I rubbed my hands with glee and retrieved my notebook: how long have you been a Krishna?

"Four years."

"And where are you from?"

"Germany."

"Germany, wow! A German Krishna talking to me in a parking lot in Atlanta, marvelous! What do you think about the German crackdown on Scientology?"

"No comment."

I underlined no comment in my notebook out loud and her secret proselytizing ice princess look gave way to a question of her own, "Do you always interview people you meet?"

"Nah, just Krishnas. Since I refused the Krishna books and was not going to go along with her to paradise she decided to start getting hostile herself, she decided that it would throw me off kilter if she made a provocative non-sequitur, she said, and I am not fabricating:

"Well what do you do about sex?"

"Excuse me?"

"What do you do for sex? How do you have sex? Your teeth are brown from smoking, and your appearance is disheveled."

I reared my neck up like a rooster, defending whatever ego I had: Baby, I get by.

She left me alone and started harassing other folks who were temporarily suspended by the practice of loading their groceries into cars, chained to tradition in the windswept A&P parking lot, orange flyers advertising gutter cleaning taking flight while she harangued the merely uninterested. A German Krishna that's a lot like a Jewish Nation of Islam member - simply ridiculous. Pretty low on the food chain of worship.

I ran into my favorite Atlanta rock star Clay Reed of the Subsonics almost immediately, he has this way of simply appearing and I conveyed my latest encounter. "Really?" he speaks like he stepped from one of Warhol's screen tests; he never seems to raise his eyebrows. Though one morning I looked into the window of the shitty coffee shop in Little Five Points and a pair of eyes were staring back at me. It was Clay wearing an off-color white stole of feathers while he read the National section of the newspaper. We chatted about my attempts to receive personal counseling for my many well-documented problems. Yeah, this is where I came to hide. I figured it would get some people off my back if I decided to leave the White Trash Housing Project and re-group, cut down on my drinking and eliminate stress from my life, I could make up for my recent no shows at work and get everyone off my back if I consented to some therapy. And besides, I figured that it couldn't hurt.

In the future, Pineal Ventana will be featured on Heartland Music under the heading: Kings & Queens of Post-dada gesture. The handshake that marries art and culture. Saturday morning hangover. I blacked out again last night, this time I was at Mitchell and Danette's house, their swinging pad. Drunk on Colt 45 and some tiny purple pills, some sort of synthetic opiate that just gives me a feeling of warmth, of clarity. Listening to their new CD before it was released: "Malpractice." It's great. PV manage to set up

a tone and then they ride with, the first song starts with a violin wail and it builds into a restrained feedback freakout and the next cut reminds me of tribal drumming, endless headshaking ritual. They can produce and promote, they can...

To: grudgefuk@mindspring.com <grudgefuk@mindspring.com>

Subject: notes for Flipside

Date: Saturday, April 03, 1999 3:48 PM

I got so drunk again last night, I don't remember anything, took some synthetic opiates again and boy do they make me drift. I was at the Point and this guy said to me "my only problem with Jews is that they're cheap bastards." I was incredulous, shocked. He then congratulated me by saying it was nice to talk to someone with an IQ higher than a mole. I told him that I take pride in it. We went over to Mitchell and Danette's house in east Atlanta, which is just gorgeous, just a cute little set up. I passed out on their front steps, thinking about how even though a ritual is going on, is it still a ritual if you don't partake in it?

To: Jim Hayes

<grudgefuk@mindspring.com>

Subject: Hide your drugs, Jim's comin' over!!

Date: Saturday, April 03, 1999 10:17 AM

Jim, Glad you and Ana could make it over last night. Just do me a favor, bring a bib to catch the drool next time you want to take that many downers. My cat was lickin' that shit up all night! No really, it was fun. Laterrrr, Mitch

Pineal Ventana dream; Mitch and Danette were showing me their house, they had an antique four poster bed, when I pulled the curtain back they had three single mattresses stacked up: two side by side and one on the right side, an empty space for the fourth.

To: grudgefuk@mindspring.com <grudgefuk@mindspring.com>

Subject: Flipside notes part two

Date: Thursday, April 08, 1999 2:23 AM

Yeah but when I gave Mitchell the flyers he shook my hand warmly and tightly, the handshake is the last pure gesture, Danette was sleeping and I was sober and quiet cos my last visit was blurred by Colt 45 and synthetic opiate drunkenness, Ana was talking to

Danette and me on the porch and I passed out and struggled to the couch tried to get into Hotmail and it said intrusion logged, access denied. Hey I was just drunk...

Date: Saturday, April 10, 1999 9:23 AM

Christ, I'm not hungover and that's not a good sign - I remember throwing crumpled up beer cans at Stool Sample last night, Christ telling the shitty band before them to hurry up and get off the stage cos Stool Sample were coming, listening to Wilson Pickett on a gray Saturday morning, rereading an article about Jucifer and thinking that Christ, that other rock writer guy takes himself seriously, wondering why the writer didn't bother to introduce himself to me, doesn't he know who I am? or what secret Neo-Neost forces I represent? or maybe it's just the air of desperation that clouds my presentation like a halo of flies, bedbugs, and just sheer regret. Doesn't matter. Mitchell came up next to me and remarked that Jeremy looked like a fag and he did with his hair swept down and tie on a button down shirt, I mentioned to Mitch that he should tell Jeremy that.

"Why, would he go off on me?"

"Well Mitch, he's the smallest guy in a group of psychos so he's the most volatile, yeah, he'll kick yr ass. Mitch smiled, he appreciates the real thing as much as I do. I told his old lady at the Echo Lounge while the band was setting up for the CD release show. "Yr. husband's a trouble maker." And this was as Mitch was setting up a huge paper mache and chicken wire leg and arm that hung above the set, that dangled - oh yeah how was I spending that Saturday, hungover after a stunning Jucifer set and while I was in bed, there's Mitch in East Atlanta constructing a fucking arm and leg for the show...

Meanwhile Stool Sample's drummer Matt threw some beer at me and I started throwing as much back as I could, reaching into the garbage can to throw crumpled cans at him - Christ, a few weeks back Ana and I showed up at another awful Atlanta punk club - The Slobbering Frog...

Stool Sample were playing that night. The first thing I saw was a gutter punk laying in the driveway bleeding from his leg. I asked if he was all right and he said yeah while the ambulance pulled into the parking lot. I corralled Roger and Matt who were clutching brewskies behind their truck, they were in hysterics. It seems that there were two old toilets sitting behind the club, apparently homeless people were shitting in them so Stool Sample thought it would be appropriate to smash them up. And they did, sending a long stream of piss, shit and broken porcelain streaming in the back lot. That was when this gutter punk fell into it.

"You guys are a menace. And we took Roger back to the crib and I played him Jucifer and his comment was insightful: "This is better than the other rock shit you listen to." Back at the gig the first thing I saw was a chick with blood streaming down her nose screeching, I asked Jeremy what's up with that and he told me point blank: That bitch is crazy. They played ferociously, berating the crowd and finally throwing plastic easter eggs filled with cat shit and canned meat. Stunning set again gentlemen.

Subject: things are never good, things go from bad to weird

Date: Tuesday, April 13, 1999 9:26 PM

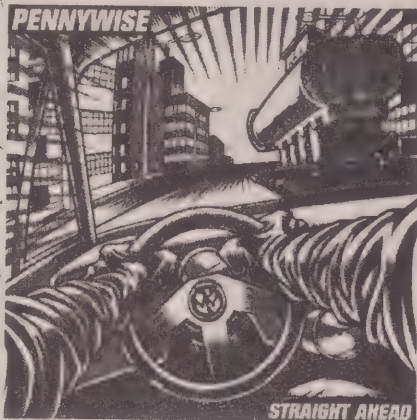
I'm at the Point with a crushing a headache, there's a guy with a Jucifer t-shirt next to me and we start talking. He asks if I like a popular boring alt-rock band.

"No I never liked them."

The heavy tattooed bartender replied, "I've always felt the same way about you."

I exchanged her glance and said: "I've heard that before. I'm used to it. I try to be

PENNYWISE

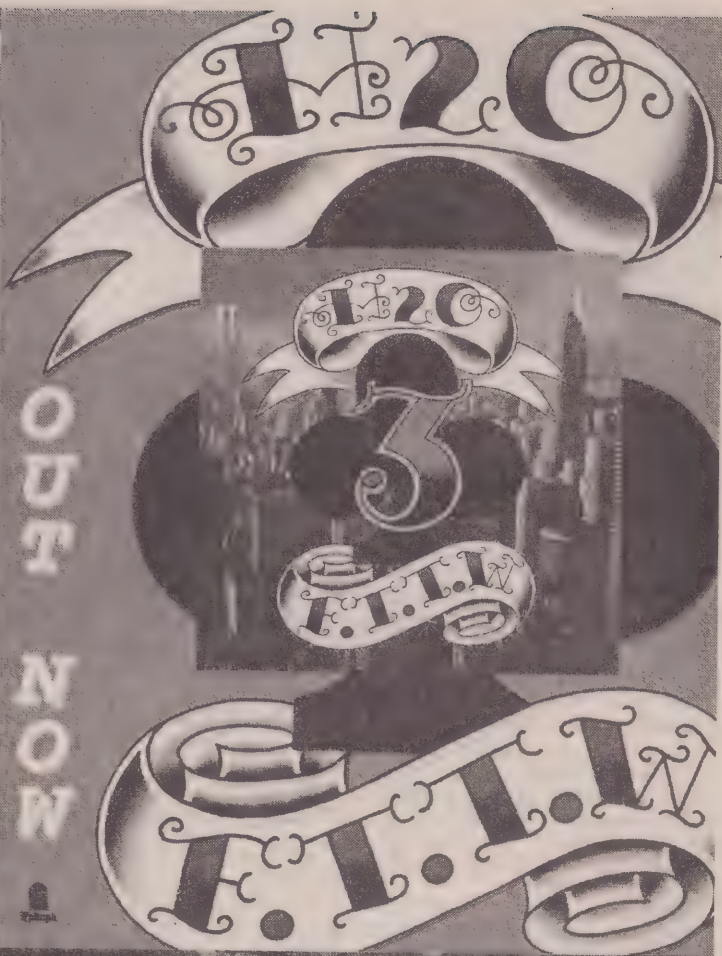


**NEW RECORD OUT
NOW!!**

**★U.S. BOMBS★
THE WORLD**



OUT NOW



polite and I always tip."

I just realized that I lost my favorite bracelet. A gift from my friend Megan which I almost threw out of the car window once when I was pissed but I thought the better of it. It's derailed my thinking and the afternoon has become windswept with downturns. I can't even get excited by writing about the follies that document local rock culture in Atlanta.

I found a scribbled piece of paper in a box. "Criticism, does it sell records only in the long term? Rock criticism serves to create a historical basis for a cultural product's identity, written criticism sells records over a period of time." And as I type that I realize that I get the run of intellectual pussy from the bands I write about. Figuratively speaking, I have become an identity based on my parasitical writing of other bands, much like my idol Clement Greenberg - he became a whole school... and the fact that I'm doing this just shows how absurd the office of "rock writer" is - but I've mentioned this before and I mention it again because I think some of you fuckers don't get it... and I happen to like writing. Me and Ana were having coffee with Buffy of the Subsonics before their sparsely attended gig in Athens (what is your problem people! The Subsonics, geddit? Don't ya understand that the trigger happy motherfucking Subsonics are consenting to play in your town, why weren't you there? About forty people were but c'mon now, their back beat, their drive and their songs make them so fuckin' now. I was telling Buffy that when I look back to early '99 I can say: yeah saw Jucifer three times, saw the Subsonics - yeah, I'm right - what's next. She was making box motions with hands over the latte while talking about how music or literary criticism is always so self-referential, it all has to be put in its historical context. The historical context cannot be separated from the inherent historical context.

-Well I write about what's going on about my life and I write about what music is the soundtrack.

"Well I don't even consider you a rock writer."

Which is an incredible compliment and I thanked her warmly. She's a cool chick, talking to me on the phone while she is silk screening t-shirts for a band I don't care about (though a lot of folks do). "I measure critical space by the inch, y'know?" and I agreed and while I'm not giving the Subsonics many inches this time, they rule. I love their music and they're good people. If you buy "Follow Me Down" you won't be wrong, that night they played "Love Comes in Spurts" which was a surprise for me cos I didn't know they did that.

And then there's Jucifer. I don't know what to say about Jucifer, Christ they're my favorite right now, they are loud, they are heavy, they convey an image and a mystique through sonic sentences, each time I've seen them they're been some of the nicest, warmest people. Amber talks a lot. She's from Rome Georgia and has that friendly southern twang when she talks, she laughs a lot, real warmly slapping her knee... And then there's Ed, who's quiet and reserved but when he smiles it looks like he's up to something. He bangs his drums with these headphones on like there's a war on. I always see him gasping for air when he plays and he

likes malt liquor.

The summer that was always there. Listening to Royal Trux brings it all back home, laying under the trees at Tompkins Square park with a copy of the Times, nodding off, what did William S. Burroughs Jr. say: "the wind showed the shape of the trees." And the music I listen to engulfs me and enraptures me into a spellbound sense of worry and loss. Christ I need a drink. Big surprise there, listening to Neil's haunting second solo on whatever that song is called...

Listen you cocksuckers I'll start this column again if I have to - I don't fucking care - I like writing and to me it's an emotional emetic, it's a way of shaping my days into a struc-

cocksucker, some journalism there - calling Amber Mariah Carey from hell - what a description - I despise him, his very existence, I'm sure he's a nice guy but to me he represents the forces of evil, the official spokesman of the scene... and if he can't fact check it ain't my problem y'know...

Why do I do such things? A) notoriety is integral to integration of the text. Such notoriety helps elevate their status on a cultural level. The fact that I'm the only rock writer that anyone remembers in Atlanta is interesting. The other rock writers are mystics, charlatans and fakers - tell ya what, what did Bran Van 3000 say: "get yr ass outta bed, I'll explain it on the way."



This is Danette in the foreground and Mitchell in the background of Pineal Ventana. The guitarist and bassist pictured are no longer in the band so who cares about them?

ture that I can call time - much like the shit of the newborn, I am proud of my product and I'm using such a product, I'm taking this product and I am turning it into a commodity and thus I'm negating any value that it has - so fuck you. Rock critic - what the hell is that? I got some stories, some funny stories but most of them are libelous but they're still funny and I get off on meeting people and getting to be "uncensored" by the constraints of good taste... fucking cocksuckers, my life was so much easier when I was on junk. I just had t'go downtown and cop and that was it. Now sometimes raising money to cop was an issue, an adventure in itself (last time I saw Bendik of the Cash Registers. He gave me a key to his place and I joked with him, when I lived here you didn't give me a key! and he laughed) yeah but life was simple then: cop, snort, cop. Now that I don't use junk I find that I have to have a "meaning" in my everyday affairs, Marx would say that this was a mystification - but if he was so smart, why is he dead?

I called Cuss Baxter in San Diego and left a message: you're both fuckin' cocksuckers, both of you - yeah my favorite local rock writer he left a rave about Jucifer in the weekly communist rag, he left a blurb and I call Ed and he tells me that they're not playing in Atlanta tonight and, get this, one of my friends I met at the Point said that he was there on my opinion - and so I leave a message on local rock critic's machine, hey you

These are the facts. There's a weekly communist rag here that everyone reads cos it's free and it lists what bands are playing. They have two good political columnists, the guy in the front, Houck who's pretty good, he writes a sort of have gossip half political thing and then there's Jeff Berry who's a good political columnist with a tinge toward the left, but I like him cos he brought up how absurd it was that the Lt. Gov (who was running on family values ticket) how he was getting his cock sucked by some other chick for ten years, if ya got it flaunt it motherfuckers - so I like these two guys and I read the gig ads and then I throw it away. I heard they pay terribly too. But that doesn't matter, I got problems with their local music coverage cos I feel it's so ideologically incorrect. For one thing, I never run into their main music writer, I never see him out any gigs (I heard he was at the 513 a week before to see a forgettable pop band). So where is he? Flash to a drunken table and I'm trying to be sociable. At the Vortex, we ran into Jason the guitar player from Ana's old Band Superstar Pillowfight he's been jamming with Cord. He's in that band **Star Collector** who play a nice Badfinger type pop, not offensive y'know, nice guys cool y'know (lemme change the tape) so there's a couple of lovely young ladies at the table. I introduce myself as a sleazy rock journalist and I begin asking questions about their lame ass music coverage and how I never see their writers out

anywhere. I was informed that there was a recent heated meeting discussing the exact topic. My point was that their writers merely go to the mailbox and rewrite press releases, they hear two songs on a CD and they say they're great. They never interact and try and understand a band.

At the 513 I showed up in the afternoon and began drinking Budweiser in cans with mirror shades on - a very friendly punk band whose music I abhor were hanging out, nice guys, do they know I emailed their label and told them it was big mistake to sign them and Not Stool Sample? Probably...

(just got off the phone with Mitch, (shit lemme change the tape); that night at their CD release party I flipped open my briefcase to reveal six strategically placed Rolling Rocks, and Mitch laughed, "Is that like Thompson's briefcase full of drugs in Las Vegas?")

And I agreed cos plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it. Now where am? Who am I talking to? The last thing I gotta write about is **Cash Money**, hell fuckin' yeah. I've known Touch & Go's promo guy for about a year since I drunkenly called him looking for No Trend - and he's cool, by far the coolest publicity guy I've met and I'm not just saying that cos the man is down with Wilson Pickett, the man is down with Zeppelin bootlegs... anyway, when I got the Echo he and John, who play guitar in Cash Money (the former guitarist of God and Texas) were winding up cables, I introduced myself and Scott introduced me as a "wacko" from Flipside. It was nice. He has a long thin face and a big cowboy hat and we laughed and told stories while sitting in the backstage of Echo Lounge which is by far my favorite club in Atlanta. (Scott mentioned that Damon of **Don Caballero** says

it's his favorite place to play in the U.S. and I can't blame him, though Pittsburgh's Electric Banana is up there right? Right!)

What do Cash Money sound like: I thought it was this Quicksilver like guitar and drum barrage, rockably jams that go off of Scott's pounding. During the set Ed from Jucifer and the drummer for the country band the Blacks were both watching him play, the smell of bacon sizzling through the crowd. It's in their contract that they get to fry bacon on stage. Amazing. It was great. I'm putting this column to bed. Special thanks to all the bands who put up with me during my latest binge which ended with a hit of X the other night. Now I'm playing the Stones really loud figuring out where to go next.

Remember folks,
MY WEEK BEATS YOUR YEAR.

-Jim Hayes

Cash Money are on Touch & Go
Jucifer PO Box 49894, Athens, GA 30604-9894
Mr. Robert Price, PO Box 160094, Atlanta GA 30316
Stool Sample, 4290 Bells Ferry Rd., 106-82 Kennesaw, GA 30144-1300
Subsonics, PO Box 5651, Atlanta GA 31107-0651
Pineal Ventana, PO Box 55138, Atlanta, GA 30308-0138
The Squares 2550 Akers Mill Rd. Apt P-10, Atlanta GA 30339

Comuto! (...which, by the way, also happens to be a gesture more offensive than The Finger in Italy, as it signifies that the recipient's wife has been fucking around behind their back...!) Solos! King-sized whoop-assed FUN! WHOOO! Get with the program, baby, 'cos The Hookers are the chosen ones that'll be coming offa their chariots thrusting Excalibur unto false metal's tender innards... AND MAKIN' DOGFOOD OUTTA THE REMAINS! Still a non-believer, you say?! Then what-the-fuck-ever. Sebadoh fan. 'cos

POMONA PUSSY: AHHHHH!
It finally happened! The "it" in question being **Nashville Pussy's** stop in the vicinity of my own backyard! Good God almighty, it's times like this that make all us music-starved denizens of The Big P riled up to get drunk, loot, pillage, plunder, and burn this fucker down! Well, okay, leave out the arson, as that is *hella rude*... but hopefully you get the overall meaning. Walked into The Glass House for **The B-Movie Rats'** last three songs, so I really can't make a fair call regarding those rodents. But I would like to check out a full set sometime soon, as I've heard nothing but praise about them. Up next were **Nebula**, who easily in broad-daylight *stole* my vote for Worst Band Of '99. Whoever paired up these neo-hippie bong-ripping dirtbags with the mighty Pussy should be tied down and forced to receive an I Heart Tom Arnold tat upon the forehead. Nebula went far, far beyond the call of duty in boring me senselessly via 8-minute opuses complete with overly extended wah-wah guitar masturbation. The headband-wearing drummer had a multi-piece kit that would've had Neal Peart salivating, the crown jewel of which was an immense gong in the back-drop. Outta the thousands of bands this one has caught, only one had the audacity to include a gong amongst the stage, and that was KISS... the ONLY ones who can pull that off, if you ask me! So I'm watching this horrible, horrible Traffic rip-off make-believe like it's early '70s arena rock all over again, and then something funny happened. I mean **ASTRONOMICALLY** funny. So funny that you couldn't have *planned* the shit. As Nebula were going thru an instrumental intro, Mr. Headband rolled crescendos unto his visual obscenity, resulting with the damn thing loosening up on its stand, and unexpectedly *collapsing* onstage, with thunderous reverberations! Nebula were *shamed* beyond belief, and I honestly can't imagine them bragging to their friends, while passing around a joint, that Pomona was a tour highlight. Shit, I was one among hundreds that almost pissed their pants from laughing so damn hard. That scene was *beyond* Spinal Tap, it easily made #1 on the list of 1999's Funniest Rock'n'Roll Moments. And when the laughter finally subsided, it was high time for the one, the only **NASHVILLE PUSSY!** *Whooo!* Local history in the making! Lotsa new songs! Lotsa older ones! Pissed off rednecked tuneage! Did AC/DC's "Bad Boy Boogie!" Unfortunately Ruyter didn't pull an Angus Young during said song by mooning the crowd! Hell, they beat up my ears something fierce, much to my enjoyment. When all was said and done, felt quite lucky indeed that the Pussy chose The Big P in testing out their new set, as from what I heard purposely have done at other smaller venues across the country...

Got tons of news for you fans of the squared circle out there, the biggest item of which is the return of Johnny Legend's Incredibly Strange Wrestling! Held last spring at The Hollywood Athletic Club, this gig was an event of major proportions. Within the two main rooms one could catch **Electric Frankenstein**, **The Jacobites**, **Andre Williams**, **Deadbolt**, **The Countdowns**, **Johnny Legend & His Naked Apes**, **The Bomboras**, **Rip Carson & His Twilight Trio**, et cetera... and if live music wasn't your bag there was always the Night Train room to dance the night away. So much was going on simultaneously that the boredom factor was nonexistent. But the real fun began when the bands would finish their sets, and the lucha libre reigned supreme! Several

NOISE FROM NOWHERE

No, headbangers, it sure as hell *ain't* Nebula, who'll I'll be ragging on shortly... who else could possibly be worthy of that leather-n-spiked throne aside from... **The Hookers!** Never heard a single note by these heathens beforehand, yet my paid sources out there gave me the word that it was worth my time to catch 'em at Al's Bar. As I only got to check out the last three ditties of **The Gotohells'** rockin' fucked-upness, it was only a matter of minutes before the kings of metal's third wave were about to appear. Then, without warning... FWOOOSH! Flash pod action stolen from a chemistry class textbook! Tons o' smoke! Long greasy hair! Liberal flashings of


Holy Toledo, Batman... **Fear** is here, and they've come back to see all their friends! Despite all the goofy-assed ghetto gaylords' spineless snivelings I hear 'bout the '99 version supposedly not being the "real" Fear.

not unlike a homeless window washer onto a Rolls, baby! The first stop at The Fellatio-case, better known to you readers out there as Corona's Showcase Theatre, surprisingly sold out by ten, and if it were not for the graciousness of the man himself getting Nani and I into the club, we would've been stuck outside frozen like human popsicles on this, the chilliest night of the spring season. So we get inside and Lee & Co. rip into "Gimme Some Action," which immediately gets all the kids, some of whom weren't even *conceived* during "The Record"'s initial release, all riled and fired up. Like an Iron Mike beat-down, the music just didn't let up and was relentless as all hell. "We Destroy the Family" (#1 all-time personal Fear fave), "Beef Bologna," the anthemic "I Don't Care About You," and many, many gems past and present were performed with Bud-fueled heart and gusto. Same can be said for their appearance at my hometown's West Room, (which should now be known as The Tiki Room by the time this sees print... hopefully those notorious Disney attorneys won't catch wind of the name change...) Fear were pretty much of what I saw in Corona, the only beef being my unfortunately late arrival, as I only got to witness the last fifteen minutes! Ah, well... a quarter-hr. of Fear still beats a full set o' most others any day. Got to interview Lee so if it ain't in this ish, try again in two months...

Tiger Mask, Johnny Legend, Mike Yoss, & Eric Caiden present

Incredibly Strange Rock 'n' Roll Wrestling

*Original Music From
The Incredibly Strange
Rock 'n' Roll Wrestling
Soundtrack*



In the Bedroom:
From *H.T. Pundit* & *Kid from Victory Records*
Electric Frankenstein
From *England, here now* (LA representatives of Otis Redding
on being thrown into London's Oval Forum)
The Jacobites
Remix & R. from *Chicago legend, once in the Red Records*
Andre Williams
L.A. Power Rock Trio, *Scratch Rock: Remaking America*
The Countdowns
Gangster Rock Albums, *Can I Get Another Album?*
The Subsonics

In the Lounge:
*Johnny Legend-
& His Naked Apes*
Three Bad Jacks
The Bomboras
Deadbolt
*Rip Carson-
& his Twilight Trio*
Also featuring 66's Dance Club
Night Train!
With D.J.'s *Agony-99*, *Tim Policansky*, & others



key matches took place, with Godzilla Gomez thrashing his hapless opponent, thanx to outside interference courtesy of Spider Queen... The Feminatrix appeared and lashed down the law... and also let's not forget confused Latino Nazi Senor Swastika's debate with Nation Of Islam Scientist L. Ron Farrakhan! That gig was the sickest of the sick, and I just caught wind that the next ISW might be in Pomona of all places...!

Speaking of Pomona and wrestling, some killer lucha has been happening every other Sunday at downtown's Fox Theater. As of late, my idea of a perfect afternoon is grabbing a burrito at El Merendero, downing a few Dos Equis, and going next door to watch a couple of guys in masks beat the living shit out of each other. Hellified fun, indeed. Come check it out every 1st and 3rd Sunday at 114 W. 3rd St., on the corner of Garey. Also very happening is a new zine I discovered called From Parts Unknown, dedicated to masked wrestler pop culture. Some impressive shit can be found within these pages that I'm sure even a non-wrasslin' fan can enjoy. Like, how can anyone dislike an entire piece dedicated to "The Bedroom Secrets of Lucha Libre"? Highly recommended, and besides, any mag that features the beautiful Spider Queen as a staffer is A-OK with me. \$3.95 + postage to: Unknown Publications, PO Box 1133, Waltham, MA 02454-1133, or try bluedemon@earthlink.net.

GETTIN' GREASY, GETTIN' SILKY...

It's fairly obvious from this bit's headline to who I'll eventually be raving about, so let's just get down to the nitty-gritty. Rock-n-roll junkie Keith Fitz and I started off the eve's festivities at a lil' shindig in LA where we caught the debut of **The Dragstrip Demons**. Being a backyard party, the acoustics were way off no matter where you stood... still, despite from what I heard this nite, I'd be very curious to catch 'em live a few months

G.A.T. W.W.L.A. PRESENTS: PROFESSIONAL LUCHA WRESTLING

***** EL LUCHA SUPER ESTRELLA RELEVOS 3-VS-3 *****

ENIGMA DE ORO VS SUPER BOY
KAYAM VS PILOTO SUICIDA
CHACAL RIVERA VS MERCURIO

***** EL LUCHA SUPER ESTRELLA RELEVOS 3-VS-3 *****

AGUILA AZTECA VS IMPACTO 2000
RAYO DE PLATA VS ACERO DORADO JR.

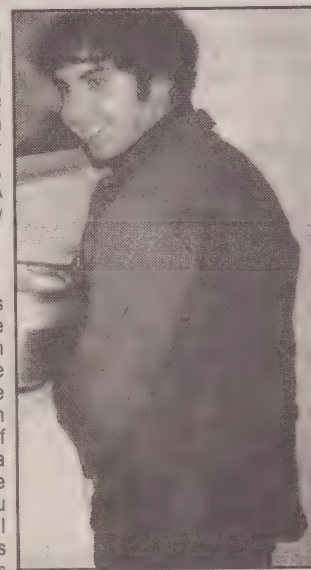
***** EL LUCHA SUPER ESTRELLA RELEVOS 3-VS-3 *****

OVILLA VS EL GUARDIAN
NEGRA VS MARCADA
FREE-FREE-GRATIS-GRATIS

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from now, as they still are in their infancy. Horded in on the free grub and beer while it lasted, then it was off to Silverlake's pride and joy, Spaceland. This was the first time that I've seen **The Necessary Evils** in way-assed long while, and the addition of a bassist has been the missing piece that finally, at long last, put the finishing moves on my ass into giving high praise. They were followed by **The Countdowns**, who tore shit up left and right with soulful R&B punk madness, only to be joined by second guitarist Zac, which meant one thing and one only... the return of Mr. Rhythm himself, **Andre Williams**! This lord of sleazy rhythm'n'blues and rock'n'roll potty mouth mayhem dished it out 'till you ya just couldn't stand it no mo'. Always entertaining and always a treat. Couldn't help but notice that he didn't change his threads at all, that he wore the same suit from the set's beginning to end. Later found out that some of his clothes were nicked courtesy of some deranged hopheads. So if you out there see any abnormally tall people walking around town in '70s styled polyester pimp outfits, please make a citizen's arrest and get ahold of Larry from In The Red at once! After the set, couldn't help but approach the man and engage in a little bull session. Flashed him my brand new Nashville Pussy tee, tossed a few questions, and this is what transpired...

"Andre, you like Nashville Pussy?"

"Yes, I do..."

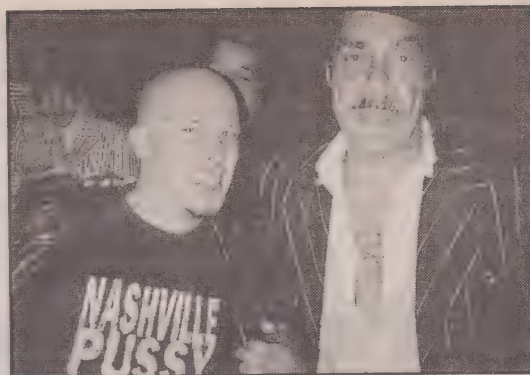
"What about Atlanta Pussy?"

"Hell, I love all them southern towns..."

Mr. Rhythm, indeed. Gentlemen, you now have the green light into locking up your daughters...

-Tim From Pomona

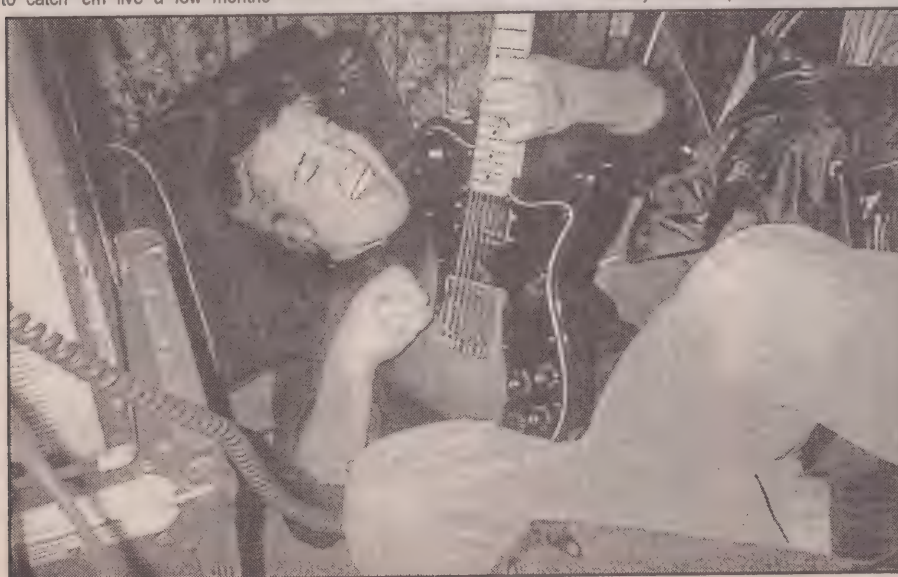
NEXT ISSUE: Tiger Mask's return to Bar DeLuxe! Hopefully some killer WWLA pix! The grand gala re-opening of The Royal Burgundy Room! And get this - a big-assed block party of sorts should be happening 7/17 at several locations on 2nd Street in The Big P! Confirmed as of this writing, 5/4/99: Phantom Surfers, Lazy Cowgirls, Nick Rossi Set, Throwrag, Rumble King, Speedbuggy, 68 Comeback, 3 Bad Jacks, B-Movie Rats, and more to come! Keep an eye out and scour the Weekly for more up-to-date info!



This page: ↑ **Cornering Mr. Rhythm**
Ⓜ-John Sellers.

↓ **Ruyter of Nashville Pussy**

← (↑) **Spider Queen** consoling **Godzilla**
Gomes, A Bombora takin' care of
business, Zac, the fourth Countdown.
Previous page: (l→r) **A very inebriated**
Andre doin' back ups for **Johnny**
Legend's Naked Apes, Senor Swastika
y La Reina Arana. Ⓜ-Rage
All other Ⓜs-TFP



NOISE FROM NOWHERE
NOISE FROM NOWHERE
NOISE FROM NOWHERE

TOO MANY VILLAINS

All of a sudden the world is interested in Adolf Hitler again. After the recent massacre of over a dozen students at Columbine High in Littleton, Colorado, which took place on April 20, the anniversary of Hitler's birthday, it quickly came to light that the killers, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, had a peculiar fascination with the Fuhrer. Eric was known to have made reference to Hitler's birthday on his now-defunct web site and in his e-mails. What's more, it seems that when the little villains would celebrate scoring a

offends. In the atrocities, crimes against humanity and bug-eyed nut-job department, Hitler continues to take home top honors. And with good reason. In fact, he will in all likelihood be remembered as the most offensive human being of all time. But what do we really know... or think we know... about Adolf Hitler?

WAR CRIMINAL NUMBER ONE

Hitler was a vegetarian. He liked dogs and cats. He detested cold mineral water so he drank it tepid. Hitler suffered from bad gas. His flatulence was characterized as "uncon-

interfere with one's sexual performance, but it can wreak havoc with an insecure individual's ego.) Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress and bunker bride, once asked Hitler's physician to give him something to increase his sex drive, leading us to conclude that he could pitch a tent, but was not overly fond of camping. Hitler liked big tits. Eva accommodated by stuffing hankies in her bra. Before Eva, Hitler had a long, drawn out affair with a woman named Geli Raubal, his half-sister's daughter. Geli's incestuous relationship with Onkel Adolf ended when she committed

PORTRAIT OF A NAZI AS A YOUNG ARTIST

Much has been made of Hitler's skill or lack thereof as a painter. For one thing, Hitler was never a house painter. Although the sketches and watercolors that survive are unremarkable, they're well executed. He had an eye for composition. He understood the importance of light. His lines are confident and mature. Hitler worked in oils, inks and watercolors, but he preferred watercolors. Interestingly, Hitler enjoyed painting landscapes and disliked portraits. It has been observed that Hitler very seldom put human figures in his paintings. Although it is true he was twice rejected from the General School of Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts, he was able to eke out a modest living as a painter in Vienna for over a year. Ironically, the paintings Hitler sold during this period were negotiated by his agent, who happened to be a Jew. Hitler was an ad man. He painted numerous posters for advertisements, including ads for footwear, cosmetics, shoe polish and underwear. It should be noted, however, that Hitler received a generous allowance during his "starving artist" period and could afford to go to the opera every night. Finally, there is no disputing his skill as a graphic artist. The symbol of the Nazi party, a black swastika against a white background surrounded by a blood-red field, remains a forceful, if not terrifying, signature. He reputedly devoted several days to its design.

THE RIGHT RACKET

Whether Hitler was a talented painter or not is a moot point. His book, *Mein Kampf* ("My Struggle"), was a bestseller. The book made Hitler a millionaire. He dictated it while incarcerated for inciting a riot in a beer hall.

WHAT IF HITLER LIVED?

He'd be 110.

IN THE FLAT FIELD

Hitler was so fastidious about his habits it has been reported that every day at the same hour "he would go with the same dog to the same corner of the same field and pick up the same piece of wood and throw it in the same direction."

HEIL SHICKELGRUBER?

Hitler's grandmother, Maria Shickelgruber, was a randy young peasant who ran away from the village of her birth in search of a better life. She returned a short while later with one in the oven (awful pun, but I couldn't resist) and refused to name the father. So it came to pass that Hitler's father, little baby Alois, was born a bastard. It was assumed that the man she married five years after the fact, Johann Hiedler, was the father. Young Alois made his parents so proud, Johann asked for Alois to be legitimized. However, because no one in the Shickelgruber-Hiedler union could read or write, the parish priest took a shot in the dark and penned the name as "Hitler." This begs an interesting question: would Germany have followed a man named Adolf Shickelgruber down the dark spiral to total war?

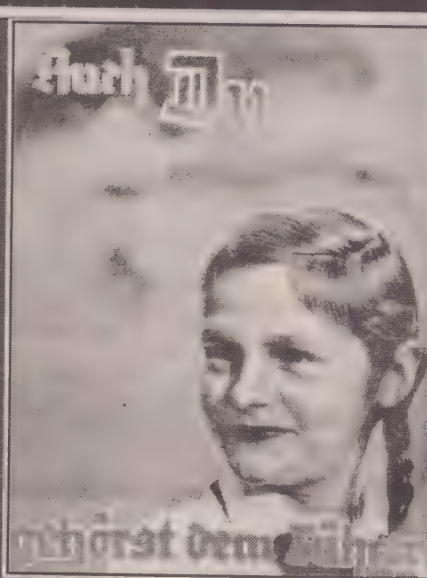
WAS HITLER JEWISH?

Probably not. But the possibility that Hitler's grandmother had been seduced by the son of the Jewish family she worked for while she was on her "sabbatical" haunted the Fuhrer all his life. Talk about your conflict of interests!

TRY THIS AT HOME

Paint a little black midget mustache on your lip. Don a bowler hat, baggy trousers and a cane. Waddle about like Charlie Chaplin for a while. Walk into walls. Poke yourself in the eye. Right when you've got everybody in the room laughing, take off the hat and throw up a Nazi salute. Take note of

MONEY TALKS



↑ "You, too, belong to the Fuhrer."

Next page (l-r): Hitler's bombed-out bunker, Hitler's birthday cake.

HITLER

strike in their 6:15 AM bowling class, they'd cavort about the lanes throwing up stiff-armed "Sieg Hiel" salutes like goose-steppers. Why? Because Eric and Dylan were punk-ass little neo-nazi fucks? No. They did it because we live in an age where, to paraphrase Perry Farrell, nothing shocks us anymore. Television talk shows bore us. "The World's Freakiest Car Chases" doesn't do it for us. Even the gender-bending antics of Dennis Rodman and Marilyn Manson have lost the ability to titillate, rendering them lusterless manikins with an inordinate appetite for publicity (what we in LA like to call "The Magic Johnson Syndrome"). In spite of all this, Hitler, it must be said, still

trouble." Hitler's body odor was so overpoweringly offensive, Albert Speer, architect and Minister for Armaments, dreaded working with Hitler in the summertime when the Fuhrer would doff his jacket. Hitler was hooked on Pervitin, a stimulant favored by nazi doctors. Hitler suffered from severe headaches. An autopsy performed on what is thought to be the Fuhrer's skull reveals finger-made depressions indicating intense inner cranial pressure. Hitler had high blood pressure for which he was under constant medication. Hitler was decorated with the Iron Cross twice during War World I. Hitler may have been a monomer, i.e. a one-testicle wonder. (Note: Having one nut does not

suicide. Eva Braun attempted suicide twice (once in 1932, again in 1935) before succeeding ten years later at the Fuhrer's side. Ironically (or tragically, depending on your point of view) Hitler hated blood sports. Adolf was devoted to his dog, Blondi, an Alsatian. Alsations have long ears. Hitler felt closest to Bavarians, who, like German Bruce Springsteen fans, referred to him as "der Chef" (the Boss). Hitler detested fanatics and viewed those who abused alcohol as "depraved." Hitler was a night owl. He rose at noon and worked until four in the morning. Hitler enjoyed baths scented with coniferous trees, such as pine. His favorite opera was Verdi's Nabucco. Hitler developed several nervous tics, including a tremor in his left hand, after he was nearly assassinated in what is known as "the General's Plot." The term "assassin" comes from an Islamic word that means "hashish eater." Hitler became a vegetarian after he was poisoned in a gas attack during WWI. (For the record, this incident is unrelated to the Fuhrer's chronic vapor leakage.) Hitler loved herbal tea and poppy cakes.



the change that comes over your audience as you run like hell.

WAS HITLER GAY?

Adolf was a notorious woman hater; he preferred the company of men. There are stories from men who claim they solicited sex from the Fuhrer, but if he enjoyed long-term sexual relationship with a man/men there is no record of it.

HITLER LIVES

On April 20, 1946, nearly one year after the death of Hitler and the fall of Berlin, 19 out of 20 Berliners interviewed on the street were aware that it was Hitler's birthday, and all of them spoke of the fallen Fuhrer as if he was

still alive. Not surprisingly, Hitler sightings were common. He was seen living in a cave near Lake Garda in northern Italy. He was spotted herding sheep in the Swiss Alps. There are even reports that he was working as a croupier in a casino in Evian. Russian newspapers reported that he and Eva had taken up residence in a medieval castle in Westphalia. The Office of Censorship intercepted a letter written in Washington addressed to a Chicago newspaper that claimed Hitler was living in a hacienda in Argentina. Even Stalin got into the act, reporting that he believed Hitler had escaped Hamburg in a U-boat and was liv-

ing in South America. As fanciful as it seems, these theories gained strength when the last two U-boats at large re-surfaced in Argentina. Was escape possible? Hanna Reitsch, Artur Axmann, Walter Naumann, Borman, Willi Muller, Himmler and Erich Koch all lived with Hitler in the Fuhrerbunker below the Reichschancellery, but managed to escape during the siege of Berlin. Although, it's conceivable Hitler could have escaped, those who were close to the Fuhrer during his last days agree that his nerves were so thin, his mental condition so poor, escape was virtually untenable. Whether the Fuhrer poisoned himself, shot

himself or both, may never be known, but most agree Hitler died by his own hand. Much like the book depository and the grassy knoll, the bunker looms large in the collective psyche of the Western imagination as a symbol of evil. Regrettably, thanks to a couple of maladjusted rich kids from Littleton, Colorado, who were so desperate to shock the world they latched onto a repugnant, foul-smelling, incestuous arbiter of ethnic cleansing and wholesale murder as their hero, turning the campus of their high school into a dark symbol of all that can go wrong in the world.

-Money

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THE GREATEST BAND THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH

Punk rock has always held a special place in my heart. As with many of the other writers in this rag, I found my religion at a relatively early age and I have since cultivated a mental list of hundreds of favorite bands crossing almost all of the subgenres and they revolve in importance almost hourly.

One band in particular has managed to bypass this "Favorite Band of the Minute" list over the years and create a category unto

own two feet. Having spent nearly 20 years banging my head against a wall of conformity put in place by a bunch of pseudo-non-conformists, I've become a bit cynical; but I still believe that, underneath all the bullshit, there are many that believe in the same thing. People that don't tow any particular line. People that like to fuck with others' expectations and give them more than merely what they want. People that aren't afraid to stick out. People who would rather be individuals and stand on their own than

ber three, though. Are they playing a Kool and the Gang cover? With a horn section? And they're fucking serious about this?! You're mad as hell all over again, so you start for that big, faggy singer in the ballet get-up, only to be knocked on your ass again by the roar that is "Narrow View." After a while, you begin to realize that you're actually enjoying yourself and the wild collage of sounds that's being thrown at you from the stage. You hear snippets of Black Flag, the Cockney Rejects, Husker Du, the

away with it. To be brutally honest, I can't think of a single band today that would even have the balls to, as a joke, dress up as Klansmen, play some of the nastiest funk this side of the mothership and make it out of the club alive. They did. Nothing was sacred to them and they were brilliant at what they did. They were the embodiment of creativity, style, passion, humor, rage, humility (they exuded no rock star bullshit, invited all the punks in their town to join them in the studio and sing along and openly encouraged others to start their own bands), individuality and, most importantly, fun. The Big Boys represented punk rock at its finest. With all the bands saturating the airwaves and record stores these days, it's a damn shame that so many of them would rather run headlong with their mohawked lemming brethren and dive off the cliff into the mainstream and the strangling consumer conformity at the bottom. What is needed more than anything else to keep punk from becoming just another mindless, meaningless musical niche is the realization that anything is possible, and the only thing wrong when it comes to punk rock is selling yourself short in the hopes of fitting in. The Big Boys were one band that showed us that road. Now all we have to do is step onto it and start making our own side paths.

SOME POINTLESS, RANDOM THOUGHTS

With all the war, famine, disease, misanthropy and poverty rampant in the world, you would think that the big television networks would have the common courtesy to rerun "Ozzie and Harriet."

No matter how hard you slash, hack, shiv, slice and saw, it's impossible to cut out coupons with a dull butter knife.

For some reason, every time I see a story about gangs of militant straight edge vegans blowing up slaughterhouses, I get this overwhelming urge to put down my crack pipe and eat a pastrami sandwich.

Who is in possession of a pair of scissors strong enough to cut Superman's hair? What does he sharpen them with?

I think it would be really fun to show up at an artist's costume party dressed up as a crayon.

Did Jesus ever miraculously change a meal he didn't like into a bologna sandwich?

If we're made in God's image, what does he use to clip his nose hairs?

A guy who drives a train, intentionally kills a bunch of people, gets hit by lightning and lives is a bad conductor.

They should test cosmetics on Tammy Faye Baker and certain supermodels rather than rabbits.

All conflicts between nations should be settled with thumb wrestling death matches.

Show me a person with multiple personalities and I'll show you someone who never has to worry about finding someone to talk to.

Are the bowling balls' holes filled in Hell's alleys?

I bet mass murderers never have to wait in supermarket checkout lines.

Do fish burp?

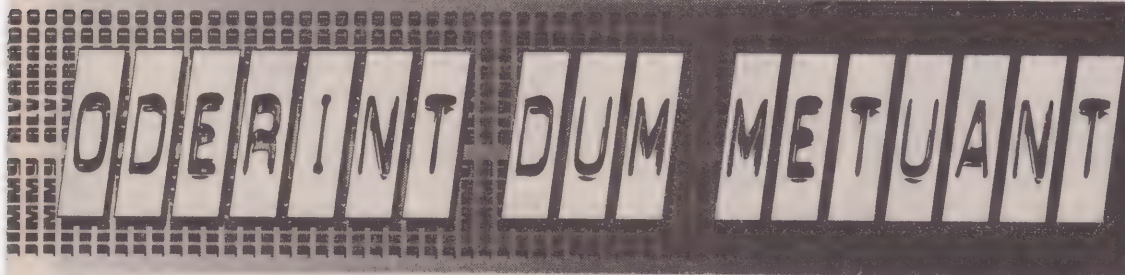
Life would be a lot simpler if we were able to mutate into wicker chairs whenever we got bored. At least until some asshole came by and decided that he wanted to watch football.

My favorite joke of the week: Why did Hitler use an outstretched arm as the Nazi salute? Because the bullshit was piled up that high.

See you all in a couple of months.

Buddha ate my Chrysler.

-Jimmy



themselves in the twisted, narrow cavern that is my mind. This is a band that was better than Black Flag (a group that is still usually perched at number one on that other list of mine), more important than Crass, more rockin' than Thee Mighty Caesars, more hardcore than a dozen Disharges and more punk than 30 Darby Crashes and a Henry Rollins, to boot. In my humble opinion, the greatest band that ever walked the earth is (drum roll, please)... the Big Boys. I can hear it now. Old punks across America are screaming in unison, "What!? This mother-fucker's lost his damn mind! What about (fill in the old punk band name of your choice)?" Young punks are probably scratching their heads in confusion, asking, "What the fuck is a 'Big Boy'? That fat guy with the Ronald Reagan haircut who stands outside of restaurants holding up a burger?" Umm, no. Let me 'splain myself a little, Lucy... Everyone has their own view of what is and what isn't punk rock these days. I mean, if most of us could find as many things to agree on regarding punk as the Jews and the Arabs in the Middle East could find in common with each other, we'd be a hell of a lot more united and together as a "scene" (a term that is rapidly becoming obsolete in my mind) than our current situation would suggest. We all have our philosophies, and mine is firmly rooted in a belief that "anything goes," musically, politically, artistically, whatever. As a fan (and even more as a reviewer who is bombarded constantly with all sorts of musical dreck), I'm finding it harder and harder these days to get even remotely excited by anything new that hits my turntable. The majority of what I'm hearing falls into three categories: 1. Poppy hardcore, melodicore or some other pointless pigeonhole used to describe NOFX and the virtually millions of copycat bands they've spawned. 2. Skacore literally ripped off from Operation Ivy's "Energy" album. 3. Any combination of the previous two.

I really used to enjoy these little offshoots, primarily because they used to be rare and unique, and I probably would still be fond of them if there weren't so many carbon copies devoid of any creativity or originality. As with the speed metal/punk hybrid in the '80s and the "one two fuck you I wish I was in the Adolescents or America's Hardcore" blueprint before it, the current trends evident in punk these days prove that there are still more white sheep than black and, thanks to the success of MTV's "corporate rebels," we've been inundated with even more kids who would rather fit in than stand on their

be another band hashing up the latest sound for a rebellion that now holds "festivals" sponsored by Pepsi (You hear me, NOFX clones? Not one of these sentences applies to any of you!). I single out the Big Boys for one simple reason: they were such a band.

I plan to provide you with a fictional scenario in just a minute, but I think a little info on the band is necessary for the uninitiated before I go further. The Big Boys were a punk band from Austin, Texas. The name wasn't a clever moniker. They, literally, were big boys; huge bastards who looked like they would lay waste to any slam pit they happened to step into. In the first six years of the 1980s, they put out 3 1/2 albums (one was a split live album with the Dicks, another story unto themselves), two EPs and various comp tracks. Incidentally, the stuff from the albums and the EPs have recently been put out on two CDs, "The Skinny Elvis" and "The Fat Elvis," both of which I would recommend you steal if you can't afford to buy them. Another collection of outtakes and other assorted rarities, "Wreck Collection," was released after the band called it quits, and I imagine it's a bitch to find nowadays. Nearly every song that popped out of their heads and made it onto wax challenged the way people viewed punk, its sound, the scene and all of its rigid codes.

Picture this, if you will: You show up at a Circle Jerks show. Your head is sore from the Bic razor burn you gave yourself earlier in the day. You're covered from your ankles to your neck in spikes, bandanas and flannel. You're in a bad mood and you're out to kick some ass tonight, baby. You stand impatiently, waiting for the opening band to start up when, all of a sudden, these four big, scary-looking guys take the stage and plug into some really crappy looking equipment. They're all decked out in chains, just like you. Except the singer. In addition to a bunch of baubles and plastic necklaces not unlike the ones your little sister begs your parents to buy her at the supermarket, he's squeezed into the most ridiculous pink tutu you've ever seen. This is punk rock?! You're hopping mad by this time and you decide that this sissy-boy is going to feel your wrath, no matter how big he is. You start for the stage, only to be blasted to the back of the club by a 30-second wall of noise with the word "assault!" for a chorus.

"Fuck yeah! That was brutal," you think as you get on your feet. Song number two starts and you make out something about a baby playing God. "Not bad," you say to yourself. Something's wrong with song num-

Minutemen, Minor Threat and Parliament throughout the entire set. When they sing "life is just a party," you find yourself agreeing. Then, suddenly they're gone, leaving you with this empty, drained feeling in the pit of your stomach. The Circle Jerks are up next and they're pretty good, but for some reason they seem a little dull.

Although I could never do them justice, this little scenario conveys what the Big Boys were capable of on one of their bad nights.

What made the Big Boys so great was their diversity. Their sets were the embodiment of anarchy vented through a cornucopia of sound that spanned most rock genres available at the time and, through some fucking around and mutating, they managed to come up with a few new ones now and then.

They played raging hardcore (listen to "Brickwall," "No" and "Apolitical" and tell me they don't make you feel like beating the shit out of something. Go on, I'll wait...). They played (for lack of a better term) old-school punk, sometimes laced with traces of old spy show themes (see "Detectives"). They played pop. They sometimes experimented with dissonance and were known to dabble in "art damage" on occasion. Some of their songs were mellow, almost pretty ("Influence" and "Distance" are good examples of this), while others were like a swift kick to the nuts ("Damage 43"). They played sludgy, dirty noise ("Rules") that predated Nirvana and that whole Seattle hippie love-fest by more than a few years. They had a horn section that was an integral part of their sound and not merely decoration to earn them ska (something they didn't play) credibility. And yes, my brothers and sisters, they got down with the funk so nasty that even Sir Nose would've been caught shaking his ass at one of their shows. First and foremost, though, they were a punk band in every sense of the word.

The Big Boys and their brand of musical chaos evoked two reactions: 1. You had fun. 2. They made you think, sometimes in ways you might have found uncomfortable. Their lyrics covered a variety of subjects: the battles between the Austin punks and fraternity kids ("Frats") from the nearby university, hatred of authority, drug addiction, insecurity, loneliness, and making sure that every minute of life is spent having a blast. They often addressed some serious issues and most of the time you weren't even aware of it. They tested the boundaries of the rigid pigeonhole called punk and, usually, got



Big Boys in Austin ↓

PS: Once again, the artwork with this column was done by my brother John Alvarado. He's a Cancun, is into javelin catching and hates seafood. His turnoffs are the Neos, Napalm Death and DRI, all of whom he believes were way too slow. Anyone interested in his work can contact him through me. Anyone wishing to contact me can do so through Flipside. Anyone wishing to contact Flipside can look at page three of this very issue. Anyone wishing to find page three of this issue is encouraged to look back at Flipside issue 6 to research page three's significance in the history of the mag.

LIMP

LIMP



LIMP



LIMP

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LIMP

Interview by Holly

she asks

LIMP

if punk were a christmas tree...

Phil (vocals/guitar):
I would be that frosted snow shit. I would be a little candy cane with the bottom sucked into a sharp point. That had blindgeoned a politician's throat...

Johnny (drums):
...an artificial Christmas tree with a Bad Religion symbol at the top, and liberty spikes... This is not gonna be good. It would have piss for the water...

Doug (guitar/bg vocals):
...like the Charlie Brown tree, an ornament of Jim Thebo at the top, Micky's Malt Liquor in the basin, and I'd be the one broken, red glass bulb that fell off...

Serge (bass):
...And there's be a big bald spot on the side of it so you'd have to stick it in the corner.

I like pop, although I'm heckled endlessly for calling it that. The Californians' posh term, apparently, is "soda." Whatever you choose to call it, it's the same thing: refreshing, sweet,

carbonated, satisfying. If you haven't made the connection, I'll make it for you. Concentrate. Limp's a pop band hailing from San Francisco's East Bay. They possess all the qualities of the soda described.

This interview was conducted on March 2, 1999 in their van.

class, African-American and Hispanic communities. Hopefully everybody.

Holly: This being the first date of your tour, how do you prepare mentally for it? Is there any hardcore training involved?

Serge: We don't eat, we don't sleep...

Doug: You try to get over what you forgot at home.

Johnny: Tai-chi. The new Susan Powder workout video.

Serge: I've found this 13 grain rub-down that works wonderfully.

Holly: What items do you find yourselves most forgetting when you go on tour?

Serge: [laughter] I'll field that one. Do you want them in alphabetical order or chronologically? Keys, backpack...

Phil: Serge forgot his pillow on this tour.

Serge: I almost cried 'cause I thought I forgot my jacket when I went to get my pillow.

Doug: One time Johnny forgot Serge.

Serge: Yeah, Johnny forgot me one time. Ohio.

Doug: Everyone was asleep in the van except Johnny and we went to stop and get gas and Serge got out of the van when Johnny was payin' the guy and

went into a McDonalds. Johnny came back and not realizing that Serge had gotten out and started up the van and left. We then realized maybe 30 minutes on the highway...

Serge: You know, 'cause I'm the smallest of us all. I think I was probably standing sideways or something. [laughter] I was actually pretty bummed, but now I find the humor in it.

Holly: Are there stages of a tour that you can simply classify, like the honeymoon stage, the burnout stage, the draggin'-your-ass-out-of-bed stage?

Phil: No way. Maybe the first day. Maybe getting out there is hard, but once we get out there, I don't wanna come home.

Doug: I think the first tour was the getting to know you stage.

Johnny: She's talking about the stages of a tour, generally.

Serge: Here's how my generally go. The first week is like, "Woohoo, party tour." The second and third week you're like, "Cool. This is tour. We're workin' here. It's all good." The fourth and fifth week you start thinking, [burned out look on his face]. That's how mine usually works.

Doug: I think it depends on what you're leaving at home. If everything's good at home, then you don't worry where you're at.

Holly: Do you think the music you're playing compliments the bands you're

playing with on this tour? Good Riddance, ALL, Less Than Jake.

Phil: Yep, because we don't sound like anyone else there and so it's not like people are coming here and hearing several bands that are identical. We're completely different from everyone, yet we come from the same family.

Holly: But how do you compliment one another?

Johnny: Well, it all comes down to rock and roll. [laughter] We compliment each other by saying, "Nice pants, nice hair, great guitar."

Holly: Give me one reason you would want to be a woman and don't give me the typical, "So I can stay at home and fondle myself all day" answer.

Johnny: So then what are we supposed to say?

Serge: So I could cry myself out of tickets. [laughter]

Johnny: I'd want to be a woman so I could bring life into this world. [sarcastically] And I'd want to sit under one of those driers at the beauty salon.

Holly: Yeah, I do that all day long. Really, honestly, I do.

Serge: "When I'm not interviewing, I..." [As Holly]

Johnny: I've always wanted to be an actress.

Holly: Obviously this question isn't going too far. I'm going to move on. I can tell we're all menstruating in cycle right now. Anyways, if you were to pass out Limp

goody bags at one of your shows, what would you include inside of it as representative of you?

Johnny: A moist towelette, a kazoo.

Serge: A half-eaten twinkie.

Johnny: Half off of a rib dinner at Tony Roma's. Tony, woo-hoo.

Serge: This is for you, Tone.

Phil: A couple of vitamin Cs, an echinacea tablet, and maybe a ten step self help book.

Holly: Do any of these things have any significance at all?

Phil: Does this question have any significance to it?

Holly: I try and ask these kinds of questions so that the readers can get... It's not really an informative question but a question that allows you to express your personality.

Phil: Well, that's significant. Vitamin C and echinacea are taking care of your body and that's one thing that I want the kids to do - take care of their body. [laughter]

Johnny: Be good to each other and be good to your body because first of all, if you take care of yourself...

Holly: You are a woman.

Phil: In parenthesis, Phil laughs.

Serge: So much for the bucket of lard I was gonna include. [laughter]

Holly: How'd you get involved with Honest Don's?

Serge: Well, first we started seeing each other as friends and then it slowly progressed.

Phil: Actually, we tried to get on a Bracket show when we first started and we couldn't do it. We kept going to shows and shows and shows and we'd give 'em little demo tapes and finally one of the girlfriends of one of the guys in the band listened to it and liked it and so she gave it to Marty, the singer, and he's like, "Oh, ok, you can play a show with us" and he gave it to their manager. From there that's all I remember. After that, Fat Mike's like, "You didn't tell me you have a band" and blah blah blah.

Doug: Fat Mike and Phil were friends before and that's pretty much how it worked out. He liked the demo tapes - the first tapes the band had made - and wanted to help the band out by putting out a record.

Holly: Is it true that Marc [Honest Don's] bowls like a girl?

Serge: Marc is a girl.

Phil: Well he whines like a girl. I don't know about bowling. [laughter] Oh, I'm playin'.

Holly: Compare and contrast your last two albums. What are the similarities and what are the differences?

Phil: First one's great, second one's way greater. I don't know.

Serge: One's yellow, one's blue.

Phil: I think a lot of people say, "Wow, sounds like you've grown up," so that's cool.

Johnny: The first one was fun and the second one was experienced.

Phil: That and also all of us had a chance to write songs after doing a lot of touring too so there were other bands to play with and you learn. People learn their shit somewhere.

Johnny: On the first record, Billy Burshard played guitar and sang back-up vocals and had something to do with the song writing as well. On the second record, I replaced him.

Phil: Oh yeah, and there's that. [laughter] Our personal styles have had a lot to do with the change in the band.

Holly: What kind of feedback did you get back from the song "Clear Color" because that's one of the most extremely impressionable songs. It's one of the songs that I think turns people onto you guys.

Phil: It's cool because a lot of people either love ska or think it's alright and I think it appeals more to the people that think it's alright because it's not as happy-go-lucky as most ska is. It's not as traditional. It's kind of dark.

Serge: We were really stoked when that comp was done. ["Bay Area Checking in with the World" comp on Cold Front Records.]

Phil: I'd go so far as to say it's nowhere near ska. But we get put in the ska section at record stores because of that song.

Doug: It just happens to have a chank in it. Tons of bands like the Clash or the Police had played chank style guitar parts and aren't categorized as ska bands per se. For some reason, in the mid-90's 'til now, any bands that's remotely in the pop punk scene that plays a chank is automatically a skacore band.

Johnny: We just happened to have a song like that right as that whole buzz was around. It just had to fit in somewhere I guess, and maybe someone would describe it like that.

Serge: I've always had an endearment to that song just because it was such a fun song. We did two demos of other stuff and then had that song and "Bug Dance" and got so excited about them that we went in and just recorded those two songs.

Phil: Those were the songs that when Mike came up to us and was like, "Hey, what's this about a band?" and I'm all, "If you're going to hear anything, I want you to hear this." Those mean the most to me.

Holly: There's few songs that give me chills up my spine and that's one of them.

Phil: Really? Right on. I still get the chill from that one actually.

Doug: What are the other ones?

Holly: A lot of ALL songs, and some Snuff songs.

Doug: Snuff's fuckin' rad.

Johnny: We still keep "Bug Dance" and "Clear Color" together a lot even nowadays when we play it.

Holly: Have you guys gotten any grief from your album cover? PTA moms, special ed groups, anything like that?

Doug: Nope. There's nothing about it that pokes fun of the handicapped. At first it was something we had to talk about because my mother has multiple sclerosis and she's in a wheelchair and it was really important to me to talk to her and find out what her opinion of it was. She thought it was hilarious and she came up with the idea to have the definition of the word. I really hope no one's offended by it because that is the last thing that we wanted it to accomplish from it.

Holly: You made up the definition, didn't you?

Doug: Actually, we all kind of made it up ourselves.

Holly: You seem to have a thing for being retarded, disabled, stuff like that. What do you see as your biggest personal shortcoming?

Phil: We don't have a thing for that at all.

Everyone always gives a cock reference to us because of the name Limp and that wasn't really the reason why. The only reason we did that is because every time someone goes, "What does Limp mean?" "Oh, it means bad leg, like you stubbed your toe and you're limpin'." That's just kind of our little thing.

Holly: Ask one question to the person sitting to your right that you've been wanting to ask them for a long time but have been holding out doing so for one reason or another.

Phil: We're supposed to think of this stuff on the spot?

Johnny: When you and I used to share a bed, why did you used to bring a half a pack of Certs with you?

Phil: What were you doing with a full roll of quarters? [laughter]

Holly: This is obviously not going to be a serious interview.

Phil: Do bands actually sit there and open up and start crying in front of you?

Holly: Some do actually open up. Some bands take things too personally.

Phil: We're much more shallow than that. [laughter]

Holly: What about punk rock do you enjoy the most?

Johnny: I don't think we're necessarily punk rock. I don't think any of us do. I classify myself as a punk rocker. That's the music that inspired me as a kid and influenced me and made me want to play music. It made me know that I could and my opinions and thoughts were relative to a certain group of people.

Holly: I don't mean, "Do you classify yourself as it," but I assume you guys enjoy punk rock music and that's as far as I took that question.

Johnny: I enjoy it thoroughly and it's changed my life and it's the reason that I play music.

Phil: I like the spiky hair.

Serge: It's the fashion. I like the industry of punk rock. [laughter] I like the fact that I look so good.

Doug: When I first went and saw DOA with the Adolescents in the seventh grade at the Forum, it was my first punk show and the most endearing thing about it was going to a show and paying four bucks to get scared out of your pants. [laughter] You didn't know if Mike Fuck-Up was going to steal your boots - which he didn't steal mine, but he stole my friend Grant's. You didn't know if some skinhead chick was gonna throw up on you or... It was just chaos and I think, in a way, the scene has lost a lot of that. I just like the chaos of it. Punk rock, to me, has



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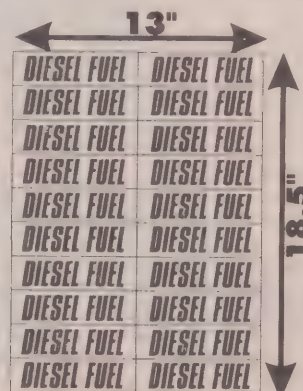
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always been understanding that there is no control in the world and adding to the no control. This band doesn't have anything to do with that, but... [laughter] [Cell phone rings]

Phil: Speaking of punk rock, hold on a minute. [laughter]

Serge: "Punk rock industries, this is Serge."

Holly: "We're cool, Holly, we swear." [laughter]

Phil: [On the phone] I love you too. OK, bye.

Serge: It's his mom.

Phil: It was.

Serge: Was it really your mom?

Phil: Yeah. [laughter]

Holly: If punk rock were a Christmas tree, in your opinion, what would be at the top, what would symbolize the water in the bottom keeping the tree alive, and what ornament would you be?

Serge: Oh my God.

Doug: That's a good one.

Phil: Can I read that one?

Doug: I think this tree would look like the Charlie Brown Christmas tree, there's an ornament of Jim Thebo at the top, there would be Micky's Malt Liquor in the basin, and I would be the one broken, red glass bulb that fell off the tree

Johnny: Mine would be an artificial Christmas tree with a Bad Religion symbol at the top, and liberty spikes... No, I'm just kidding. This is not gonna be good. It would have piss for the water.

Doug: And there's be a big bald spot on the side of it so you'd have to stick it in the corner.

Phil: I would be that frosted snow shit. I would be a little candy cane with the bottom sucked into a sharp point. That had bludgeoned a politician's throat.

Holly: That almost got too deep there. If you were to take it upon yourselves to follow in the footsteps of Me First and the Gimme Gimmes' format, what would be the great '80s song you'd cover?

Doug: We gave them all of their ideas.

Phil: We cover some '80s songs. "Final Countdown" by Europe.

Serge: "Any Way You Want It" by Journey.

Phil: Boston's '70s hits.

Serge: Some Metallica tunes.

Doug: You can't go wrong with Cyndi Lauper.

Phil: We're gonna cover "Let's Go Crazy" by Prince too.

Holly: As far as relationships go, who here has had the most heartaches?

Phil: That'd be Johnny.

Holly: Johnny, what's the best way to get over a lost love?

Johnny: Kill her. Numb the pain with anti-depressants and alcohol. Write a lot of bad poetry. Bon-bons. Smoke a lot of pole. Cable. Ask her friend out. Ask all of her friends out. [laughter] Show up at her house late one night looking through the blinds.

Holly: These aren't ideas. These are things you've done, aren't they?

Johnny: No, I've heard of people who've done them.

Holly: What preconceived notions do most people have about you and/or your band.

Doug: I think some people think I'm aloof or stuck up because I have a bad memory. Maybe I'll meet somebody at one point in time and then I'll see them again and I can't quite remember where I met them before so they think I'm being stand-offish which is not the case. I just have a bad memory.

Holly: Like the way you'll treat me after this interview.

Serge: No way, Hannah, that'll never happen. [laughter] People always think I'm hungry. I don't know where the fuck that one comes from.

Holly: What's the best way to waste your money?

Phil: Gambling.

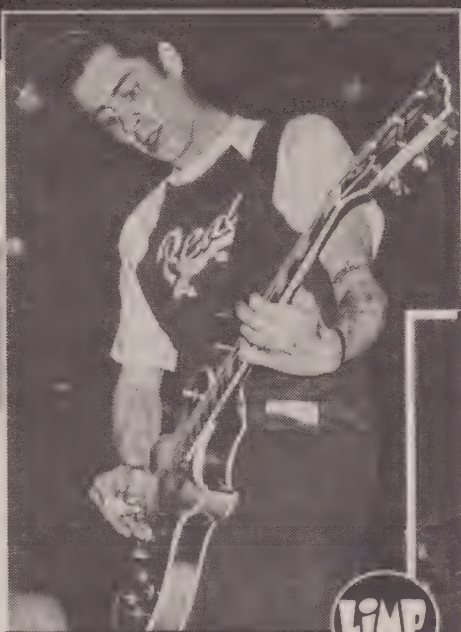
Serge: Vegas.

Johnny: Women.

Doug: Crack. Cocaine. [laughter]

Serge: I'm Jewish, I don't know what that means.

Johnny: What's money?



It was just chaos and I think, in a way, the scene



has lost a lot of that. I just like the chaos of it. Punk rock, to me, has always been

understanding that there is no control in the world and adding to the no control. This band doesn't have anything to do with that, but... [laughter]

Serge: I guess frivolous investing would be wasting money, but I'll go with the coke and hookers.

Johnny: Night life, fast cars, women.

Serge: Your car died. [laughter] No cars.

Johnny: Join a band.

Doug: Get signed to Honest Don's. Waste their money. I'm kidding. Don't print that. [laughter]

Holly: If you're one to pick your battles carefully, what kinds of issues are most important and valid to you?

Phil: Human rights.

Doug: Here, here.

Holly: Amen.

Johnny: Human lefts. [laughter]

Doug: It really bothers me to see bouncers putting kids in choke holds. On a show level, that's the thing that pisses me off the most.

Phil: I've seen people cavity searched on the way in and totally degraded when they're going to listen to music.

Holly: You saw somebody get cavity searched?

Phil: No.

Holly: You're just making up a good story? I'll keep it.

Serge: Journalists call it exaggeration.

Holly: I'll name the region and you give me either the first band that comes to mind as representative of that region or bands that influence you from that region. Northwest?

Doug: Nirvana.

Holly: East coast?

Phil: Bouncing Souls.

Johnny: Minor Threat.

Holly: Midwest? Dillinger Four.

Phil: Yeah, Dillinger Four is good.

Johnny: Cooter. Naked Raygun.

Phil: The problem is, I like a lot of bands, but I don't know where they're from.

Holly: Southern California?

Doug: Bad Religion.

Johnny: Social D.

Holly: England?

Phil: Stiff Little Fingers. Clash.

Holly: Scandinavia?

Johnny: Cardigans.

Serge: Bjork. [laughter]

Holly: Turbonegro.

Phil: Hey, is Abba from Scandinavia? Abba.

Holly: Middle east? We'll see if I can get something here.

Johnny: I like Han Har Too and Noos Faat Hajje... But I like Han Har Too the best. [laughter]

Holly: What one toy defines your childhood?

Phil: Legos.

Doug: Well, I used to pronounce my L's like Y's so I'd have to say Yinkni' Yogs.

Johnny: I'd have to say that pencil with the string that my mom gave me when I was young. [laughter]

Holly: Do any of the people you've written songs about know the song's about them and have you gotten any shit for it?

Phil: Never, but some people know.

Holly: What was the last major decision you made?

Doug: The last major decision I made was to join this band and break up my last band. [Screw 32]

Phil: Everything seems to be a major decision with us. We all fight for designs on shirts or fight for directions of songs. Every one of us is opinionated so everything is a big decision. Even if it's a small decision like where to eat lunch, it's a big decision.

Holly: What's the strangest thing that anyone's ever said that they've done while listening to your music.

Phil: Someone told me that they've been humpin' to our record for a while. That's pretty weird.

Johnny: I thought it was pretty weird when some kid was like, "Yeah, when I saw you guys last time I was in the pit." [Laughter at Limp shows not being notorious for pits.]

Holly: You know how owners and their dogs begin to look alike after awhile? How are you and your instrument alike or not alike?

Phil: I'll never look as good as my instrument.

Doug: I'm shiny, but I've worn through that layer. Some of what's underneath is exposed.

Serge: My bass has an inner child that talks with my inner child.

Johnny: My drums look a lot like me. We have the same dimple on the chin.

Holly: You're both shallow.

Serge: Oohhhh. [laughter]

Holly: That's humor right there.

Johnny: For someone, obviously. [laughter]

Holly: What does being an east bay band imply? Does which side of the San Francisco bay you come from tell you anything about a band?

Doug: One thing that sets you apart right off the bat is if you're an east bay band, you know they're not from San Francisco.

Holly: Does it tell you something deeper than geography about your band?

Doug: I think there might have been a time where there was something rooted in that, but not so much anymore. I think it's real indicative of a genre of music which is basically pop punk.

Phil: I think there's a certain ingredient that living in the east bay gets thrown into any band that's from there. Realistically, other than that, I like where I live, but that's about the extent of it. I wanna be global. [laughter] Really. I want to be from the planet Earth. I don't want to be from the east bay. I love where I live and I love a lot of the bands where I live, but I like the idea of everyone being into one thing. Music, happiness, whatever. That's just me and my little liberal...

Holly: Is there anything holding you back from getting where you want to be right now in your life?

Phil: It seems like money's a big issue. You have to have money to live. It's lifeblood.

Doug: Yeah, that's a big thing that hold us back.

Johnny: The cruel world holds me back every day. It pushes me to the outside of it as it spins.

Phil: No, that's your bad attitude, man. [laughter]

Holly: What's the best advice you've ever been given?

Phil: Shut up.

Holly: If someone were going to tell a lie about you, what would it be?

Johnny: That I have a small... Nevermind. ☺



Cranking Royal Trux at 3 AM, guzzling Colt 45 and reading about Marxism on line. Jucifer? Who the fuck are they? I've been playing phone tag with them for weeks and hell I like 'em. Ed sounds so detached when he leaves his messages, his head pondering each syllable and then Amber responds to my Sinatra with "oooo, Frankie." I should have saved all the phone messages and printed that. I only write about bands I like. And bands I like tend to overtake my life and underscore my every move; and this is one of them. Ferocious live, so fucking powerful; between Ed's drumming and Amber's strumming my head just reels. I brought my teddy bear Bakunin to meet them cos he's cool and he knows crucial music. And they laughed, got their pictures taken with him. Amber told me during the set she was trying to sing serious but she looked near the monitors and saw his smiling face and she uncontrollably guffawed. This is from a woman that has My Little Ponies on top of her amps. Backstage, she and Lisa, who works the door at the Echo Lounge; they're both laughing about whether Jucifer should cover the "My Little Pony" song and I'm standing there thinking: what the fuck are they talking about? And then Ed tells me that all the songs on the CD tell a story and there's a screenplay involved and they're telling me about their rustic farmhouse in Athens that was once owned by an ancient sheriff, must be haunted right? They're so awesome. They're so loud yet constructed, they're so passionate yet so disconnected - Amber has rock star tattooed across her knuckles, Ed wears a psychic tattoo of an Old English bottle. They're so now. So right now. The beauty of writing for Flipside is that I've got to see so many crucial bands and simultaneously have met so many good people. This is an example.

JUCIFER

Interview by Jim Hayes

Pictures by Frank Motton, Jason Ibraster, and Luther Blissett

Jim: Let me make sure I get everybody cos I got a chance to interview Jennifer of Royal Trux and the tape didn't come out [laughter] so I just passed it off by saying that we were talking about the occult [laughter]. The last Atlanta folks I interviewed were the Subsonics and I like them very much. Have you played with them?

Ed: We played with them at the 40 Watt about a year ago, it was pretty wild.

Jim: First off, what kind of equipment do you have up there? Cos I see two people and you guys have got just a wall of sound, I mean ya got like pedals or what?

Amber: Well, I can't disclose too much because that would be letting every guy who wants to have the biggest, fattest guitar sound in the whole world in on my secret which I worked pretty hard at devising. But I will let you know that there's no octave pedal, it's all really basic stuff that if you probably spent some time you can figure out what I've done. But uh, a lotta people say, "Have you got a bass string on your guitar?" "Have you got an octave pedal?" No.

Jim: No?

Amber: I use one overdrive distortion pedal. That's it.

Jim: Cos I was wondering if you had bass strings on your guitar.

Amber: I didn't actually know that you could do that until people starting telling me that was what I had done. [laughter]

Jim: Ed, why do you wear headphones when you play drums? What are you hearing over the headphones?

Ed: Uh, that's another trade secret... it just helps me deal with the chaos up there, cos as an audience member, you can uh... it's loud up there.

Amber: That's the next record: "Deal with the Chaos."

Jim: So this is your first record?

Amber: It is our first record.

Ed: We had a single.

Amber: We had a 7" that we put out before it.

Jim: So how long has the band been going on?

Ed: Ahh, four years.

Jim: Wow, I didn't know that.

Ed: Yeah, well we've been poor.

Amber: Being a two piece and a couple at the same time means like there's hardly any money, and buying all the equipment that we now have, the van that we have and everything has taken quite some time, let alone recording costs and pressing a 7".

Ed: Not having a record deal.

Jim: Now keep in mind that we'll delete whatever you want, but I heard that you got offers after the last gig, is that true?

Amber: We haven't gotten a solid offer yet but we've got a lotta interest right now, um but we're pretty...

Jim: Anybody you like sniffing around?

Amber: We just really don't know right now. We haven't had a chance to get, like I said, a solid offer, or to really get a feel for anyone in particular.

Ed: It's not like we dealt with a major, or Urge or Touch & Go or somebody we'd actually want to be on. Right now we've been dealing with weird big labels and stuff. [Further discussions of specific labels deleted: national security.]

Jim: So the band's been together for four years. Has it just been you two the whole time?

Ed and Amber: Yeah.

Ed: Well, we were in a different band where I played bass and she was on guitar...

Amber: ...when we first played together but it was a different band.

Jim: So did they ever do anything, ever make any records or anything?

Ed: No.

Amber: No. We played three shows and the guy playing drums split.

Ed: We were real... we were good, but...

Jim: Do you like living in Athens?

Amber: Yeah.

Ed: Yeah, I love it.

Jim: How'd you get that Michael Stipe promo piece?

Ed: Hell if I know.

Amber: I don't know. I mean I found out about it actually because a friend of ours from work was reading that magazine, cos it's not a magazine that I read regularly [laughs]. But I was like, "Oh, that's cool." Y'know? Thanks Michael [laughs]. He usually promotes very different kinds of bands but I thought it was nice of him to say something nice about us, y'know?

Jim: Have you guys ever gone out and got all coked up with Michael or anything like that?

All: No! [laughs]

Jim: I've thought about doing that, just driving on over to Athens with a whole pile of coke and "Where's Stipe! Where is he?" [laughter]

Amber: Well maybe if I see him anytime soon I'll let him know. [laughs]

Jim: So have you ever met him? Do ever see REM running around?

Amber: Yeah, yeah. You can't live in Athens for almost ten years and not know them, I mean Michael, though pretty much the other members are not around.

Ed: It's impossible, you're gonna run into them

Amber: Michael's a good guy, I'll say it in print.

Ed: Yeah, he's down with it. [?]

Jim: How do you write your songs? Who writes the lyrics?

Ed: Well we share our duties equally. We write songs together and we wrote songs on our own.

Amber: We interpret each other's ideas both lyrically and musically, as well as interpreting our own ideas.

Ed: Sometimes I'll throw her lyrics and she'll put them into a different melody or I'll have the melody and she'll write lyrics to it. I'll have a guitar part that turns into a vocal part, that kinda thing.

Amber: And sometimes one of us just writes the whole goddamn song. We work however.

Ed: Just like on the record.

Amber: Yeah, that's one thing we just realized this last week. Somebody asked us about it and we realized that all but maybe two songs on the record were songs that either Ed wrote or I wrote as much as ten years ago that we just wanted to get down and record.

Ed: Like "Tabitha Soren."

Amber: Things that we didn't feel that we wanted to not record so we figured that we needed to get them out of the way on our first record.

Jim: Do you have a lotta backlog?

Ed: Oh yes!

Amber: Tons! If we had unlimited studio time and nothing else to do we could go and record ten albums.

Ed: We have a stack of four track cassettes like this big [one foot high].

Jim: That's great!

Amber: In the end it's frustrating as hell [laughs].

Ed: Cos we're dealing with our next record now and we wanta write new shit and we are writing new shit but there's a ton of old songs that I'll be going through on cassettes and I'll be like - "Tabitha Soren" was one of those songs - and I'm like, "Goddamn I really like that song, it's kinda catchy and it sounds really cool and if Amber was singing it, it could be really awesome and stuff," cos originally I was singing it and it was just an acoustic song or whatever.

Amber: You were like what, in high school?

Ed: I was a freshman in college.

Jim: You guys go to UGA?

Both: No. [laughter]





I've played with her just drunk as shit on tequila, I couldn't even see and it would be recorded and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing, I can't hear the guitar but we play it back and it's just tight as shit. -Ed

Ed: No, I guess we just met.

Amber: We met in Athens sorta by accident.

Jim: Were you together before the band?

Ed: Yeah.

Amber: Well yeah, we met playing together in the other band which later became us but that was like five years ago

Jim: So you guys are like a couple rocking out without anyone else around. That's great. [laughter]

Amber: We both have so many ideas, so much to do basically, so much that we want to do and we think in ways that are complimentary. To have another person in there would just be a mess.

Jim: Right, right well you two get so much sound out of just the two of you together - I don't see the point of having anyone else. I was reminded of Godflesh - you guys listen to that shit?

Ed: I have the Subpop single but I never saw them. I didn't know they were a two piece.

Jim: They had the bass and the drums coming over on their tape and they played bass and guitar live. It was just so powerful and that's what I was thinking - but uh, what does "Calling All Cars on the Vegas Strip" refer to? Is that part of your personal mythology?

Amber: Kinda.

Ed: I was working on a screenplay and that's basically what it was.

Amber: The whole album, it's basically stupid, but for us the whole album is a movie soundtrack for a movie that me and Ed can watch in our heads but will probably never actually be made. And no one else can probably perceive that so it probably doesn't matter [laughs].

Ed: "Code Escovedo," that's the first song, is totally around the time I started the screenplay and that's kinda like the dramatic introduction. Basically we kinda tried to make it as a story.

Amber: It's all about a girl and the girl on the cover is the person that we picked to photograph that represented the way the character in movie looked. [Sounds of opening

band filters upstairs, Jeremy, who runs their label Crack Rock shuts the door].

Ed: And then I started songs about that, that girl. I put in this part.

Amber: Bella [?].

Jim: She's a friend of yours?

Amber: She is now. We didn't know her really when we asked her to be on the cover.

Ed: But on the cover y'know, she's playing a character. She's not really a bad ass [laughter].

Jim: Is it selling well? Are you happy with that?

Ed: It's doing all right

Amber: Yeah, it's doing all right.

Jim: Cos they're playing you on 88.5. I heard "Tabitha Soren" and I was immediately transfixed and then I get the record and it doesn't sound anything like "Tabitha Soren" [laughter]. That was brilliant. I was really pleased with that. Was that conscious?

Amber: See, that was the thing, right before we put our record out several people who were uh - I mean we're not music biz people at all. We're not about "How are we gonna make it sell" or something. We don't think that way, but we know some people who are that way who were like, "So what's the single?" and I was like, "What do you mean? They're all different songs and different people can like them."

Ed: Industry people were all like [puts on industry voice] "You guys are either pop or you're heavy, y'know this mixing up shit and whatever," that stuff. We like all kinds of fucking music

Jim: Right, right.

Ed: We dig pop and rock and...

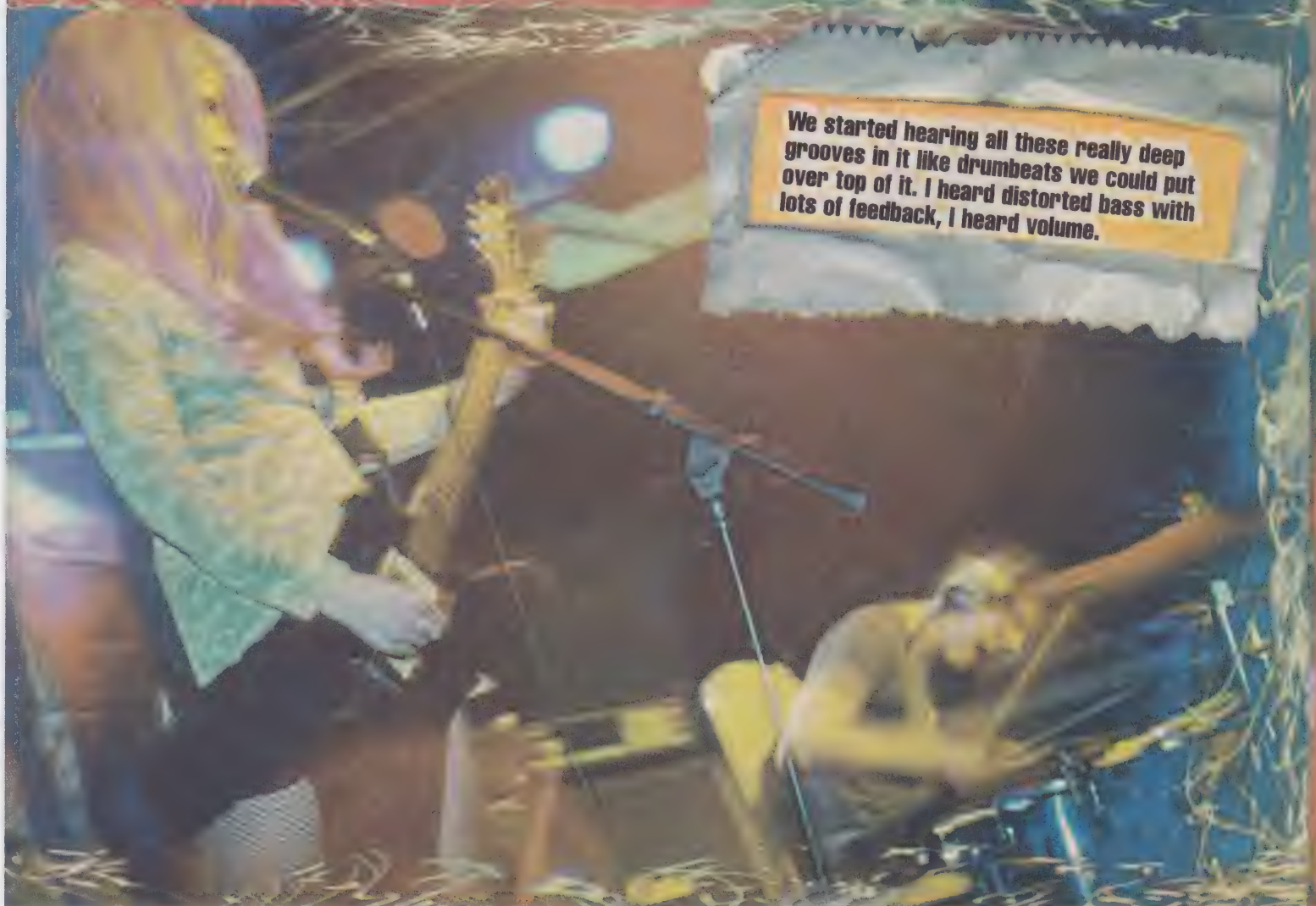
Amber: And we like to play whatever we like to play and we didn't feel like putting out a record that was like a demo tape cos that's not the purpose of that record or any other record that...

Ed: So many records just run together and sound like the same thing unless it's one of those records where it's one song that lasts for thirty minutes or some shit. I just hate these records that have songs and the next song sounds like that and there's no continuity. There's no flow, y'know what I mean?

Jim: Do you do any improvs? When you play live is anything improvised?



We started hearing all these really deep grooves in it like drumbeats we could put over top of it. I heard distorted bass with lots of feedback, I heard volume.



Ed: Somewhat. Sometimes we go off on tangents, depending on how fucked up...

Amber: Yeah, we like songs. That's always been important to me. I think songs should be songs. I've never been into jam bands or whatever. When Ed and I practice we're always making shit up which is improvisation but when I present a song to a bunch of people that have never heard it before, I want it to be in its finest form. I'm not one of those people that enjoys hearing a song on a record a thousand times and you go to the show and you don't play it right.

Jim: Do you play "Tabitha Soren" live?

Amber: Not - no, because of the nature of it...

Ed: We have a punk rock version of it.

Amber: We could play it totally differently but I think it's best in its recorded state. And I don't want to fuck with that.

Ed: That's the thing, we dig listening to good pop music and junk. We like rock music and stuff, but, uhh, what we enjoy playing. Live is what we're doing. We don't necessarily like playing pop music in front of like a large group of people, it's just kinda not what we're into.

Amber: It's such a different mood, to play songs like "Tabitha Soren" live, a whole show of that would be like being in a totally different band. I love to record that type of music or listen to it, so does Ed, but to play this sort of somber, quiet music live just doesn't feel fun.

Jim: Has anyone ever come up to you and said "Hey, look I heard 'Tabitha Soren.'" I came to see you and you didn't play it and you suck." Has that happened?

Amber: No that hasn't happened.

Ed: We haven't even had anyone yell it out at us or anything.

Jim: Wow.

Amber: There was one guy who came to the last show here who seemed a little bit baffled by what we were like as opposed to what he had heard on the radio. He was the only person that has responded in an uncertain way. He was like, "You were totally different live than the way you were on the record." [so I said] "So what did you think, was it all right or did you hate it?" He was like, "It was all right, I guess." Weird, y'know? But everyone else that has mentioned that to me has been psyched.

Jim: I was amused cos I didn't know what to expect at all but as soon as I came in and heard you I thought: "They ain't playing 'Tabitha Soren.'" [laughter] But that's cool. I was at a stop light on Roswell Road in Marietta and it came on the radio and I was instantly transfixed. [Ed laughs], cos, yeah, I wanna be Tabitha Soren, this vacuous talking head [laughter] cos I told you that Henry Owens [he books the Echo Lounge and does the zine Chunklet] told me the story of the guy from Pearl Jam allegedly sticking a pencil up her butt [laughter] and this story is circulating and Henry asked her about it. She, of course, turned around - and I told you that I had thought about masturbating about her once like years ago. [laughter] And then fucking Stool Sample, this is the interesting thing cos this is independent, Stool Sample have a song called "TST" - "Tabitha Soren's Turds." It's this fantasy where they break into the bathroom while she's shitting and they steal her shit [loud laughter]. She's just like the archetype for all this...

Ed: Wow!

Amber: I was pretty immune to Tabitha Soren cos I didn't have cable throughout her rein.

Ed: I saw her every fucking day, every fucking morning before school, MTV News, I just thought, "What the fuck is up with that shit?"

Jim: Yeah, a cute little redhead who thinks she's smart, yeah sure sounds good! Have you heard anything from her about this? Does she know?

Ed: No.

Amber: A friend of ours said he was going to send a copy of it to MTV but [laughs] so far we haven't heard anything.

Ed: We never expected it to get to the level where she would find out about it either so...

Jim: Have you guys thought about doing any videos or anything like that?

Amber: We've talked to a couple of friends of ours who do that stuff. It would be fun but it would also cost money.

Ed: We're not against the idea. I'd like to make it fun and good. I don't want to do some glossy, cheesy video. We'd like to keep it under our control.

Amber: That's the main thing for both of us. We both do every type of art, not just music, and therefore we have both very distinct aesthetics when it comes to packaging or whatever.

Ed: And since our band is a visual thing, we definitely know what we want to do with that.

Amber: Everything we do, if Ed and I... it's not really a positive or negative I guess, we're just the kind of people - like everything in our house we want to be visually appealing to us, everything should be sonically and...

Jim: You guys got a nice place in Athens?

Amber: [laughs] Not what a lotta people would consider nice but it's paradise to us.

Ed: It's a huge old farmhouse. We practice there, we got rooms for other things

Amber: I think other people would think it's really weird, it's just filled with crap that we like.

Jim: You guys like Royal Trux?

Amber: I don't know.

Ed: I never really heard them.

Amber: I don't know shit about any bands.

Ed: But we do like the hearsay, a lotta of their views and such, like that Canadian thing, "Oh, fucking Royal Trux." [?]

Amber: I heard one of their records and it was really built up a lot. But I think that's the downfall of everyone. They'd just been hyped to me a lot as being super experimental and the record that I heard, which may not have been their good record or whatever, was sort of regular sounding, nothing special.

Jim: Yeah, yeah. See, they're chameleons. Every single one of their records is different.

Ed: That's what I've heard. I can totally respect that.

Jim: So is this your first taste of fame, right now, after years of being unknown.

Amber: Well I guess this is the most famous we've been as a band: I've always been a total freak in terms of my environment. I grew up in Rome, Georgia and even when I tried my damndest to fit in with all the kids in school, they knew I wasn't like them. So I've always gotten a lot of mostly negative attention from people around me. So it's nothing new to have people stare at me in the street, and I still don't know now if it's because they know I'm in the band or they think I'm a freak. [laughter]

Jim: Right, right. Where are you from Ed?

Ed: I'm from DC.

Jim: Oh really? Did you have any experience with any DC hardcore bands or any see any of 'em?

Ed: I played in a DC hardcore band.

Jim: Which one?

Ed: Chernobyl, but we didn't do anything. I was thirteen. We were one of those little kid punk rock bands.

Jim: Did you ever see No Trend?

Ed: I heard the name. I just saw so many people. That scene is huge. Every week there'd be huge parties.

Jim: So you came down to Athens to get an education?

Ed: No, not at all.

Amber: "Dukes of Hazard."

Ed: Yeah, "Dukes of Hazard." That had something to do with it. I lived in the city my whole life and I wanted to get out into the country, experience some cheap living and start a new project. It was just impossible

up in DC to find people to play with cos there was always - it's hard to describe. It's like the attitude - either pompous straight edgers or heavy metal guys who are just all about fancy equipment. I couldn't find anybody like Amber there.

Jim: How'd you two meet?

Ed: Me and my friend saw her playing bass in this band. My friend actually talked to her after the show.

Amber: I was looking for another band. I was playing bass just to do something because I couldn't find anyone to work with creatively so I was just being the backup bass player person in the band cos that was a new experience for me.

Ed: She gave us a demo tape of just songs, these acoustic songs that she had been doing. It's just her and an acoustic guitar singing and me and my friend went home and just put it on the tape deck. We started listening to it and we started

hearing all these really deep grooves in it like drumbeats we could put over top of it. I heard distorted bass with lots of feedback, I heard volume.

Amber: They were the first people who ever heard my songs the way they were meant to be heard.

Ed: We just heard this huge wall of sound with her beautiful vocals over top of it. Her songs were like so jagged, push and pull and this way and that.

Jim: This was in '92? '95?

Ed: I guess, uh, '93?

Amber: That's it, '93-94.

Jim: How old are you two? [laughter]

Amber: Younger than The Spice Girls. [laughter]

Ed: Well, I'm 28. Right?

Jeremy: No, you're 27.

Amber: You're 26.

Ed: Oh wow.

Jim: I'll be 31. I know I'm the oldest one here so don't be shy. [laughter]

Amber: I know from watching every other famous person ever that was female, that if we do get actually famous they're gonna start telling everyone that I'm 21, so I might as well start lying.

Jim: Well, the woman in [a rock band] lies about her age.

Amber: Really?

Jim: Yes, that's right.

Amber: I was talking to the girl who's on the cover of our record when she had her 29th birthday and she was saying that "Oh, I'm 29" and I was like, "You don't look 29. You look great, you look 23." You know what you should really do is you should tell people you're 35 [laughter]. So on that note, I'm 40.

Jim: Excellent, excellent, you look good for 40 [laughter]. So is there a lotta psychic shit between you two?

Amber: Me and Ed? Oh yeah.

Ed: Yeah, I've played with her just drunk as shit on tequila, I couldn't even see and it would be recorded and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing, I can't hear the guitar but we play it back and it's just tight as shit.

Amber: We played one show on the radio. It was fucking crazy, it was at the UGA radio station, apparently they have a little bit better equipment now but at the time we first played that show they had equipment from the fifties and sixties. Basically what ended up happening, cos my guitar is so loud, they had my amps and Ed and his drums in one room and me out in a hallway with a metal door between us. And there was a window like this big [Gestures with hand. It's small.] and I couldn't even see him through the window. They had me out there with the mic so the mic wouldn't pick up the guitar so much and we played and it was recorded like Jeremy recorded it for us. When we went back and listened to it. We couldn't hear anything.

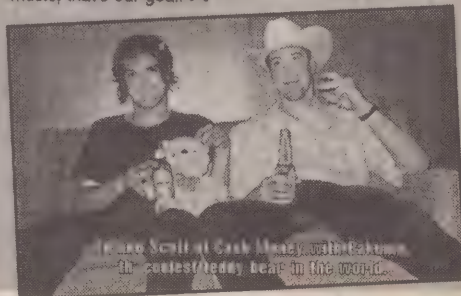
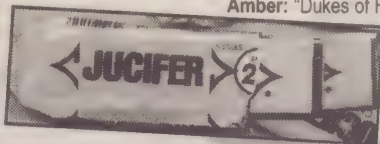
Ed: I was just like "Oh well, I couldn't see her, I couldn't hear her."

Amber: We knew we were starting together but after that it was all guesswork.

Ed: All I could hear was cymbals ringing, well as long as I keep a steady beat, even if she's off and we're not together it'll still sound like we know what we're doing. But we got the tape back and it was like "What the fuck? How did we do that?"

Jim: Does it make you feel good that you're getting to where you want to be?

Amber: Both of our dream, the weirdest thing for us is I think there are quite a few people who play in bands because they really like getting attention, they hope to be famous or something, so everyone will look at them and be interested in them and get laid a lot or whatever. For me and Ed both, we don't really like people paying too much attention to us, we're not into that, it doesn't give us a thrill. But what does give us a thrill is recording music and playing music. If we can get more famous to where we can afford to do more music, that's our goal. ☺





Justice Howard

Interview by Shane Williams

I met Justice Howard when I saw an ad she had in the Flipside (Un)Classifieds back in, say, mid-'91. She was selling chapbooks of verse for a buck, and I figured she wouldn't be in the Flipside ads if she didn't want to hear from people. So I wrote her a standard begging letter, "Hey I'm in prison and writing for Flipside; what d'ya got I might want to review or comment on?" Let me see your shit, in other words. I recognized her name, because I'd known her carnally in my imagination after seeing her layouts in various men's mags, plus I'd even known a gal she gave some modeling advice to. It wasn't long before I found out Justice was taking some pretty wild pics, and while I enjoyed reading the stories in what was something between a chapbook and a perzine; I became very excited about, and gratified by, her willingness to contribute some really great exotic and

erotic photos to help adorn my column. She came through for me repeatedly back then, and when I got out of the Fed Pen in late '92 I kicked it with her a few times, including attending her first gallery showing of her photos. (In mid-'93; it was right down the street, like practically next door, to where Epitaph records was located back then.) I'd lost touch after coming back this time, but I would see her name around. Back when The LA Reader still existed, they were comping me, so I'd see listings of her events and showings. Then she became a notable in the pages of Juxtapoz, the Kustom Kulture/ Lowbrow art mag created by Robt. Williams. Then I was reading my frequent photo contributor Renae Bryant (All Or Nothing band's singer, On The Rag zine and label Mistress with the mostress)'s column in Maximum Rock and Roll, and I saw where she'd hooked up with Justice. I knew I needed to see the pictorial results of that, and get

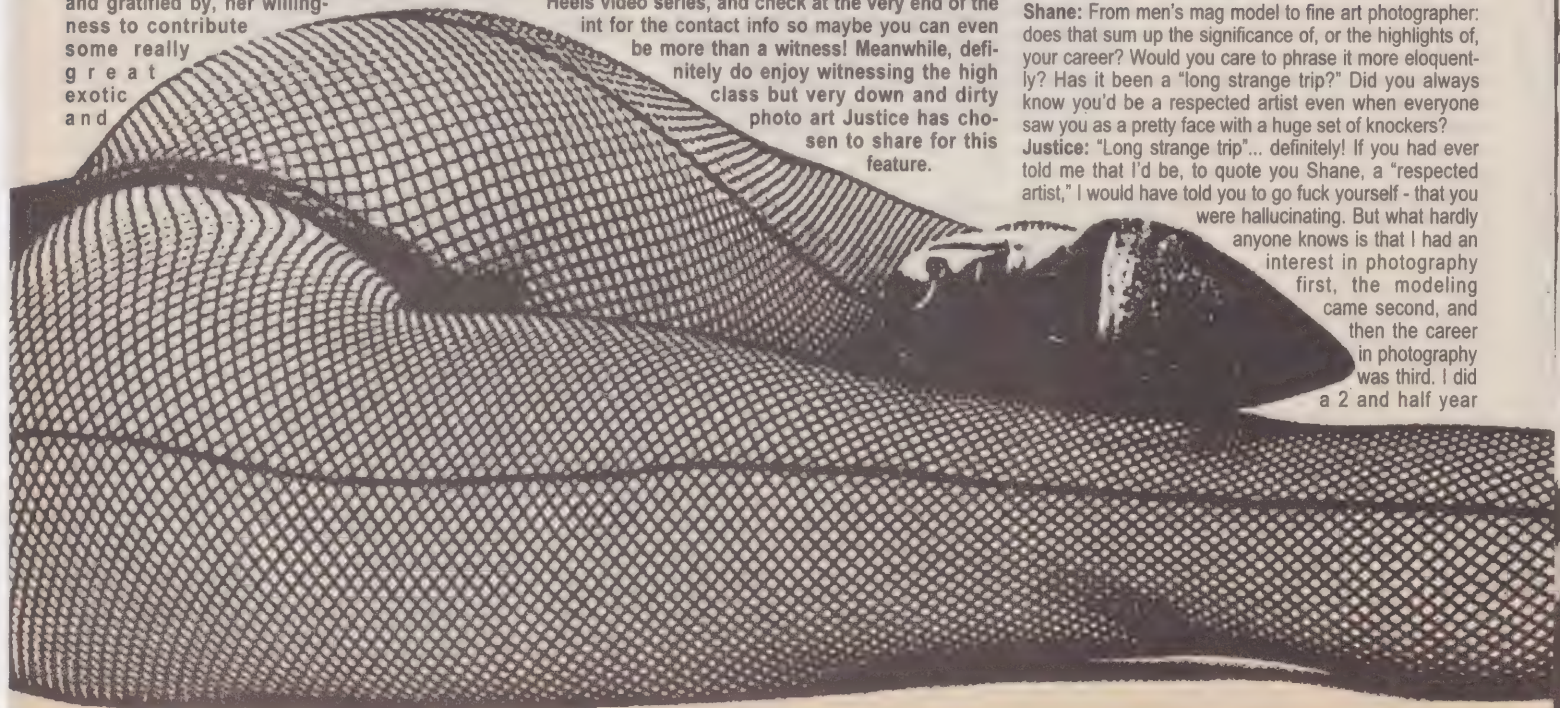
them for my column; so I decided I'd write Justice again, and see if I could get her to work with me on that, and who knew what else. This interview is the

result. Justice doesn't allow just any media outlet to have their way with her; but out of respect for the respect I showed her art from day one she has devoted a lot of time giving me some nice long juicy answers, and provided a mini-gallery of images for you to enjoy big time. She can tell her own story in the following int; so I'll merely add that the fact she is doing a series of erotic videos ties directly into another project of mine. A project with the moral "buy porn/patronize sex workers who are punk" (or part of the scene in that they at least appreciate some type of good underground music). Justice is making this series of erotic videos filled with both models from, and music by bands from, the scene. So to say getting back in touch with her and getting to do this interview is totally in line with my own personal vision of punk is perhaps an understatement. Read further for details of the Hellcats in High Heels video series, and check at the very end of the int for the contact info so maybe you can even be more than a witness! Meanwhile, definitely do enjoy witnessing the high class but very down and dirty photo art Justice has chosen to share for this feature.



Shane: From men's mag model to fine art photographer: does that sum up the significance of, or the highlights of, your career? Would you care to phrase it more eloquently? Has it been a "long strange trip?" Did you always know you'd be a respected artist even when everyone saw you as a pretty face with a huge set of knockers?

Justice: "Long strange trip"... definitely! If you had ever told me that I'd be, to quote you Shane, a "respected artist," I would have told you to go fuck yourself - that you were hallucinating. But what hardly anyone knows is that I had an interest in photography first, the modeling came second, and then the career in photography was third. I did a 2 and half year





apprenticeship in photography before I ever started modeling, and that was when I got the technical stuff down. I learned all the important stuff first - and then went on to shoot. The hardest thing I ever did was to get people to look at my art and to realize I was truly talented. I knew a lot of publishers and editors from being in their magazines as a model. I'd bring my book of wild new artsy stuff I was working on at the time, hoping they'd peruse it and profile me; back then I needed all the promotion I could get. But having seen me the month before "in the suit God gave me" splayed across the pages of Penthouse or some other men's mag they would never really look at my work. So I resorted to the following strategy. I gained 20 pounds, dyed my hair darker, wore sloppy big shirts to cover up my 44FFF tits, and baggy jeans to cover my butt. Only then did they stop looking at me and start looking at my art. The story basically tells itself from there. I had enough brains to know modeling couldn't last forever. And from what I can tell, only about four girls have ever totally made the transition from the sex biz to serious professional careers. My short list, anyways, is me, Traci Lords, Ginger Lynn, and Candy Kane. Maybe there are one or two others I'm overlooking.

Shane: As impressed as I was with your photos from

when I first saw them - back when you first started contributing to my column in '91 or so - I must say the cachet of you getting to introduce the second collection of Juxtapoz's Erotica impresses the hell out of me, Robert Williams being such a total godfather of all that is cool or "punk" in art. I know you are stoked too. But how much of your work comes from an interest in fine art - say growing up going to see paintings in museums, and how much from lowbrow stuff like comics, etc.? Or did you just develop a gut-level apprehension of what orchestrating a visual image would take when you were a model?

Justice: I'm just gonna go with this as a "what are your influences question" so I can tell you that no one influenced me. My stuff comes out of my head. Sure there are people I like, but no one I consciously have tried to emulate. Generally this is how it works for me. I come up with a premise.

Let's take the image of the two girls tied together by their hair. First I SAW that image in my head. Then I orchestrated (as you put it) the facets. The girls, the stylist, the format, the backdrops, etc. And once it is in place I shoot it. Mostly but not always I'll get the girl(s) after the idea is locked into my brain. For that shot I needed two girls; one with long blonde hair and the other with long black hair, and both with good faces.

Turns out I used Missy (a girl out of the porn world) and she had the long blonde hair; and the other chick with the long black hair was Kia, both were impeccable. I got them over to the studio and then the shoot took about an hour; 30 minutes to get the make-up right, 15 minutes for the stylist to get the hair right and only 15 minutes for me to shoot it, because I already had it in my head - so it can go very smooth like that. I will tell you some artists I really like even though I don't emulate them: Helmut Newton, Weegee (big time!), Ellen Von Unwerth, and H.R. Giger. I also like my buddy Clive Barker's art a lot too. He was gracious enough to do an intro for my upcoming book.

Shane: So how and why did you get into the fetish stuff instead of say just shooting model for men's mag layouts? That is a route you could have gone, right? I'm assuming that your ties with the biker world made you aware of a whole world that wanted more than just flesh.

Justice: You know Shane, you were at my first gallery show. Back then I had a formidable plan to promote my art. It was similar to how Madonna would promote herself by doing something wild and having everybody talking about it the next day. So I decided to shoot wild - shooting what was very wild at the time: pierced people, tattooed people, dominatrices, fetish stuff. It worked; 2,500 people came to that show and it made pick of the week in the entertainment weekly. There was one particular photo that was drawing them in. You know the one! They'd walk through the door, turn left, make another hard left, and go stand right in front of it like their friends had given them explicit directions on how to find it. The two elements in the photo were a man's penis and a small snake. It was a wild photo. The photo was geared to garner a reaction! That was that photographer's job. I had one guy scream and grab his crotch when he saw it; another guy's lunch came up on him. Some people couldn't even look at it. So my formidable plan was starting to work, people were talking about the wild shit I was photographing. So for awhile that was what I did; I was

really into fetish stuff. But I feel fetish has become almost mainstream, and I know I have been shooting it for too long and need to move on. I have been in every major fetish mag in the world. Skin Two, Marquis, Secret, Fetish, The Fetish Anthology... so there is no further to go up that ladder. There is no challenge left, and I always need a challenge. To fuck with the heads of the people who came to my last show (the one that was a benefit for Children of the Night), I included all these cowboy photographs that could've been Marlboro ads. These were real deal cowboys from when I went to Montana last year

and spent some time on a ranch. They were some great photos of some grizzled old cowpunchers.

Some were straight portraits, and some were action shots of them swinging lariats against the sun in the midst of a herd of wild horses. I wanted to show people that I can do other stuff.

Shane: So what happened with your writing? Was the intro to the Erotica collection just a one-off or what?

Justice: I wrote that intro because I was asked. I also thought it was an advantageous platform to get the word out that my art was changing and growing. I don't write much anymore and here is the reason, or at least a contributing factor. Charles Bukowski told me this over lunch once, and I've never forgotten it. "You know kid, you've gotta ride one horse." Well that hit me hard at the time and I decided to try just that: to ride one horse, do one thing, do it well, kickass at it. Plus there were so many people

writing that were really bad at it (and they were all getting published). They all thought they were poets and it made me really sick. So I wrote the last poem I would ever write and it was called "Plumber of the Liquid Word." The last verse was something like this: "How can you write it if you haven't lived it? Lived it to have sex on the hood of a shiny '56 red Corvette with the engine still warm. Or white-lined it high at ninety on two roaring wheels that vibrate you just to the edge of orgasm. Lived it to jump nude into the Century City fountain on a cold December night in front of many onlookers. Some of these poets who write remind me of a plumber. A plumber who professes to fix toilets, but has never taken a shit in his life."

Shane: Aaah, the mention of the Corvette loving and the two-wheeled white-lining reminds me to ask you about vehicles. I know when I was out you had some damned impressive ones. Tell me about your love affair with wheels and what you drove and rode then, now, and in your dreams.

Justice: What you saw was an old '59 Thunderbird I had fixed up pretty nice. And my Electraglide Harley-Davidson I bought that in 1986, before as many girls were riding. It was wild and some guys didn't like the fact that I was entering their two-wheeled boy's club and they'd try to spit or piss on my bike. They'd ignore me at stop signs like I was invisible. None of which bothered me at all because I was having a total blast. Then my friend found an 1100 Sportster real cheap and I picked that up, so now I have two Harleys, which was always one dream of mine. I had to sell my Thunderbird to buy electronic flash units for my photography. I have a Cadillac Eldorado that is my regular ride to and from work, with the bikes for fun. My dream car is the kind Brian Setzer has... a '49 Merc. But mine would be chopped and channeled; glossy black paint with purple flames ghosted underneath the black, with an all white interior. I would have dual fishtails out the ass end cholo-style and they'd be trapped to blow flames (remind me to tell you about the flame-throwing Merc in the Hellcats video). Shaved door handles and baby moons... I'd give my left tit for a car like that! I've gravitated to eccentric or exciting bikes and cars as a statement of my



individuality. I hate boring normal cars just as much as I hate boring normal people.

Shane: The reason you and I are back in touch is because I saw you were using a punk rock gal in photos. Actually a video, right? Tell me about the Hellcats series.

Justice: Well I met Renae Bryant at the Inkslinger's Ball. I take photos for a whole slew of tattoo mags and I thought her work was pretty original so I asked her to pose for me. When she found out who I was she told me she loved my work, so it was a meant-to-be meeting. She appears in Hellcats in High Heels #2. She gets to whip the shit out of three guys (this was shot at Lady Laura's Dungeon)

and then she does a scene with her friend Grace and you get to see her beautiful tits. Here's the thing with the videos. Ahhh yes, the videos! I did the video Hellcats in High Heels. To me it's a cross between something

David Lynch would've done and a Penthouse video. Wild and artsy and fetishy with kickass babes and -kickass music. It is progressive, alternative - whatever you want to call it; so naturally the video industry people told me to forget about it. Well this video that would supposedly never sell just won the AVN (Adult Video News - their awards are like the "Oscars" of porn) for the Best Alternative Video. I was up against some videos Playboy had their name on, so we're talking stiff and major competition. Now my distributor wants me to do an entire series. Hellcats #2 is already completed and Hellcats #3 is half-shot but I haven't started editing it yet. Besides Elke Jensen, the Playmate who made the Guinness Book of Records for being featured more times in various issues than any other Playmate; I've got Kerine Elkins in #2. I know you ran pics I'd done of Kerine and her bra sculptures back when. More recently she starred in The Sore Losers, a film I know made waves amongst the Flipside readership.

Kerine is so fabulous, she rocks! She is not only fabulous to look at and a great actress, but she really knows how to position her hands and feet into beautiful poses too. She is in a sequence where she is ripping gold latex off of another chick. They are both wearing gold leather boots against a liquid gold background. Kerine pretty much annihilates the other chick in a wild catfight as she is sticking out her long, pierced tongue, and does what she is put on this earth to do - be outrageous in front of a camera. The other chick is Janna James from the band Doppelganger. Everyone went pretty crazy over the scene in the first Hellcats where one girl is peeling latex off herself, so I knew I had to do a two-girl latex scene (which HBO has already ripped off the idea to; but of course they aren't capable of doing it nearly as aesthetically beautiful). Kerine

has flaming long red hair

and Janna has long

black hair so they

looked great

against each

other. The

music to that

scene is by

Phallus Dei,

who are on

Triple X.

Besides that,

Hellcats #2 also has B

& D queen Olivia Outre

performing a fetish routine to a

song by Near Death Experience, they

won some kind of "best goth band" award last year in

LA. There is also a fire-eating babe and a sword-swallowing babe. Hellcats #2 even has a scene with dialogue in it, something I usually don't do but I tried it;

with Dawn LaRue from that Near Death Experience

band, and Janna the singer for Doppelganger. They are

driving a shiny black car through North Hollywood and pick up a mousy girl hitchhiking, and from there it gets scary. I'll leave the scene to your imagination, but I'll tell you I was lucky to get music from The Ghastly Ones to use behind that scene. My distributor is already planning for all the way up to a Hellcats #10. One of the most exciting things about this for me is getting to design the whole series, including the box covers. I am not constrained by some client's, I can do whatever the fuck I want! All I'm gonna tell you about #3 is that this most incredible amazon babe Julie Strain will star in it.

Shane: Your vids aren't filled with penetration or "money shots," but neither are they so-called women's porn. So rather than masturbatory aids, are they more like atmospheric devices? I certainly imagine them being used as the backdrop for a band playing or at a party happening. More eye candy than smut, right?

Justice: That's right: Eye candy, ear candy, cock candy. Candy for the progressive intellectual young scenester. Clubs have been buying them to throw up on their monitors, like Sin-a-matic; and Rikki Rachtmann's resurrected Cathouse. He had it running when I had photos exhibited there, and people were going crazy for it. Cock candy in many different flavors.

Shane: Let me get back to the musical aspect. What is the process for how and who you include? Tell me not only a more comprehensive list of who is on the videos out now, but how someone can place their music in one of the upcoming Hellcats videos.

Justice: It is a question of what will go with the footage I have and what I can get the rights to. For Hellcats #1 I was lucky to get Davie Allan and The Arrows to re-record their "Blues Theme," part of a famous biker soundtrack from the '60s. There is also music from Extra Fancy, a fabulous band from back east called Dogma, and three pretty hardcore bands November 17, Auschwitz 46, and Amen. Amen had ex-members from Christian Death. For #2 I'm actually using some bands that are on the labels Triple X, and Cleopatra, and Moonshine. I don't usually want to have to work with labels but these three were a dream to work with. So The Ghastly Ones, Keoki, Extra Fancy, Transmutator, Noisebox, Kraftwelt, Synaesthesia (the last three listed are all Scandinavian), Near Death Experience, Phallus Dei, Idiot Stare, and even some Flipside favorites like Adz, Snap-her, and Bimbo Toolshed (this last being on Renae's "Put Some Pussy In Your Punk" compilation on her On The Rag). I would LOVE to have bands send me their stuff; so whether you are punk or techno or industrial or goth; or whether you're an arsonist or pedophile or just a sex addict; send me your stuff. The most important thing is that you have the rights to your own songs! If it fits with the footage then I'll use it and you'll hear back from me; if it doesn't, and I'm not going to, then you won't.

Shane: Some of the verse in your chapbooks of yore had drug references. Then at that showing of yours when I was chatting with you afterwards while "on the nod," I got the impression that you are less than enchanted with junkies. Me, well, I'm pro. So what do you think about drug use in regards to both your personal life and in regards to creativity.

Justice: After experiencing a drug problem I got it together and got clean, and after I did I realized I had wasted four years of my life. Four years I could have used in a positive and creative manner. Four years that I could have used to shoot beautiful images. Four years that I totally pissed away! I realize I'll never get that time back; so you are right Shane, I pretty well have no use for people who are throwing their time away. I have never met an addict or a stoner who could even get it together to make a phone call; let alone paint a fabulous painting, or put a performance art show together, or even just talk to an art rep about business. Understanding the problem first hand I probably have more forgiveness than most. Kerine and I met this darling girl one day at

Hollywood Denny's. I recognized her from one of my all time favorite vampire movies, Near Dark, that starred Bill Paxton. [The fanzine Black

Market had a whole issue practically devoted to interviews with the director

and cast of this film, including the gal Justice is about to tell a story about - Shane.] It was the female

lead to the movie, Jenny Wright. She was a gorgeous blonde little

thing, with a beautiful face. She came over to my studio and I photographed her. It was a wonderful portrait of her in this open flannel shirt and

Doc Martens. Then she started coming back to the studio and she'd crash out on the couch for

like 24 hours at a time. I knew she must have a crack problem. It consumed her entire career. She stopped making movies, she lost a TV series she had a lead in. She could've been a real B-movie queen

but instead I heard she left Hollywood and went back east; and I hate to say it, but she is probably selling her body on a street corner or worse, already a number on a coroner's report. Drugs are death; especially for

creative people. If there is anything I know as fact, this is it!

"When you hear the name Howard I want it to conjure up the art I've shot. I don't want an image of me, the artist, to appear... I've made my points as a model. I've done 40 magazine covers and been in all the best men's mags: the American Penthouse, the German Playboy; and I've been on the Playboy Channel, as well as been in National Lampoon, on the Howard Stern show, the Sally Jesse Raphael show. I've been in all the motorcycle mags; there does not need to be any more photos of me out there."

Shane: Jeez, I'm sorry I asked. Well we'll agree to disagree on that. Now what about becoming a model - would you recommend a gal get her start doing that these days?

Justice: I'd have to tell any girl considering that what I have already told 100's of them: consider your future before tainting your past. If she ever wants to run for office or be a star then don't do porn or even men's mags, because it will make it very, very difficult to undertake a different professional career in the future.

Shane: Now you are bound and determined to move out of fetish photography. You want to shoot more celebrities, right? Isn't shooting celebrities a move away from "fine art" (well maybe shooting them literally would be art, but taking their pictures is what we're talking about here!) Paparazzi aren't artists are they? Maybe Avedon and Leibowitz are, but doesn't this just seem like too easy a career move to you? And who do you mean by celebrities anyway? Anyone you are really hoping to work with?

Justice: The whole celebrity thing really started for me when I started working on my first coffee table art book of photos. All the art was done and completed for the book and I decided I wanted to add a few celebrity portraits and beef it up. It adds credibility and makes it more interesting. Now Shane, my twisted friend, by celebrity I don't mean Kevin Costner or Helen Hunt. I mean cutting-edge, fire-eating, shit-kicking people who are "known." Here are some of the people who have already been the victim of my camera lens for this project: Dave Navarro (who has his whole bedroom decorated with my erotic art) Marilyn Manson, Mickey Rourke, William Smith (actor), Steve Jones (Sex Pistol), Sonny Barger (Hells Angels President), The Flying Elvisses, John Gilmore (writer of books on Hollywood fame and perdition) [Gilmore is interviewed in issue #23 of Angry Thoreau zine about his book, Severed, the recent one on the Black Dahlia murder. Flip also had a feature on/with him regarding the story he uncovered for this book - Shane], Billy Idol, Kato Kaelin, Julie Strain (Penthouse Pet), Elke Jensen (Uber-playmate), Fabrice Morvan (surviving Milli Vanilli member), Dr. Lois Lee (founder of Children of the Night), Nina Hartley, Chloe. And by the time this is published I'll have shot Penn Jillette (of Penn and Teller) and Annie Sprinkle. There are many people I'd like to shoot, all very progressive and cutting-edge. I wanted to shoot Clive Barker, but he was so busy writing he decided to just write an introduction for my book instead, then there's Trent Reznor, Rammstein, Brian Setzer, H.R. Giger (I may be shooting with him in June of '99), Jerry Lee Lewis, Sean Penn, Pamela Lee Anderson, The Undertaker, Cher, Coolio, the band Gwar, Viggo Mortenson - and those are just the names off the top of my head of some people I'd like to get in front of my lens. What I've been doing is when I shoot someone who has been photographed hundreds of times before is to deviate from the image that has already been done. Usually photographers will shoot a celebrity the same way over and over again. What I do is look at how they have been profiled before and do the exact opposite. I want people to see the photos and go, "Is that...? Damn, I've never seen them look like that before." One example was when I worked with Fabrice, the Milli Vanilli guy (who is doing very well right now with his radio show here in the LA area). I shot him in a black leather straitjacket and had his hair done up in little brillo pad kinda things that gave him insane asylum hair, so of course it both totally fit with the straitjacket ensemble and was totally different for him. That is my biggest bitch about Annie "dweeb" Leibowitz; she gets the chance to shoot some of the most interesting subjects in the world and she has them just sit there and does straight ahead dopey shit. I saw this one where she got to photograph the five most famous and important women directors in the world; and she had them line-up beside each other and just took the shot. Can you spell BORING? I would have had them wrap their naked bodies in film - or something, anything (!) that would make an interesting visual. Dweebowitz has a good track record as far as having a lot of completed work, but it isn't creative in the least. Boring rhymes with snoring!

Shane: Would you say you are a workaholic? What about self-promotion, are you all over that?

Justice: A workaholic, definitely! I only consider myself

as having done photography seriously and professionally for three and a half years, yet I've amassed a stockpile of images in the thousands and thousands. My last show which was called "50 New Images," was exactly that, 50 brand new photos that I shot in a month and a half, which means I was doing at least one and sometimes two shoots a day. That is a lot of shooting. Now as far as how I promote my art, well I am really picky about how I am profiled. I have turned down HBO and all of the talk shows. I've turned down screenwriters and many publications who wanted to do some coverage on me. Here is my psychology on that: If I don't like their agenda or how they are going to profile me then I graciously say, "No thank you." HBO, when they came to me, wanted to do something on all my wild friends, my big tits, and my bikes and cars - there was no mention made of my art! Well I want my art to be the focus. When you hear the name Howard I want it to conjure up the art I've shot. I don't want an image of me, the artist, to appear. I have delineated this as "the Andy Warhol theory." When you hear the name Andy Warhol you envision the wild man with his blonde wig. The image is of the artist first and the art second. So what this means practically is that when I do do a profile on my art or my videos you won't see a photograph of me. I've made my points as a model. I've done 40 magazine covers and been in all the best men's mags: the American Penthouse, the German Playboy; and I've been on the Playboy Channel, as well as been in National Lampoon, on the Howard Stern show, the Sally Jesse Raphael show. I've been in all the motorcycle mags; there does not need to be any more photos of me out there. If you do occasionally see a photo of me it will be a self-portrait, and I'll be partially obscured in some way in the photograph. [Well, in the latest Juxtapoz the Jan/Feb '99 issue, a photo of Justice appears in the Beatdown "celebs-about-town" portion. She is getting a hug from the Milli V. guy at her CotN benefit, and she looks fabulous, and the only thing obscuring her is his hair - but I won't be bugging her for any pics of herself, since I want her to go out of her way to contribute the BEST of her ART for this feature - Shane]

Shane: Are you doing it all with the videos? Both directing and shooting them?

Justice: Good question Shane. Well you'll recall I said I did my first scene with dialogue ever. It is in Hellcats #2 and is kind of a take off on Faster Pussycat Kill Kill. Well I was fortunate enough to hook-up with a cameraman who is very proficient at working with dialogue. His name is Shaun Wheeler, and he is also a cameraman at Paramount. He knows where to put the boom, if the take is working (like if the actors need to talk louder or softer). Shaun was surely sent to me by the great photo god. I met him when he commissioned me to shoot a portrait of his wife, which I feel is one of the most beautiful glamour portraits I've ever done. We struck up a friendship and camera-bonded, and now Shaun is shooting and editing the Hellcats series. I shoot some footage but Shaun shoots most of it, which frees me up to do what I need to do directing the sequences. When we first started working together I gave him a few pointers on shooting the female body: how to pan the camera throughout the length of the body, what angles to shoot butts at, and what angle really big boobs should be photographed from; so now, with his technical expertise and my creative edge we are a team to be reckoned with. He is a great guy and funny as shit - we are always laughing about something, like the "porn star and piercing story." I'll share it with you. My friend Tracey was making a piercing video and he asked this porn actress to be in it as a prop more or less, just eye candy. She wouldn't even be nude, she'd be clothed in a skimpy bikini. So she ends up telling Tracey her manager told her not to do it because it would be bad for her career. We found that funny: this girl takes giant cocks in every orifice of her body - how could anything be bad for her career! Shaun Wheeler is a giant part of what I'm doing with these videos and I couldn't have documented this total babe-a-thon without his expertise, energy, time, and overall input.

Shane: So tell me a fantasy story, your dreams for how you want your life to go from here?

Justice: My biggest dream is probably to have my own

exhibition at a major museum like the Los Angeles Museum of Art or the Museum of Contemporary Art. Another fantasy is finding a financial backer for the film and video projects. I didn't have much of a budget for Hellcats in High Heels, so I was trading photo shoots to the girls so they'd appear in the video. You haven't asked me about my love life but since we're in the midst of a "dream" question let me tell you: I've already got the man of my dreams. I was covering a tattoo convention in Knoxville and he was a tattoo artist working there. He approached me and we got to talking, and before you know it I was asking him to help me carry my camera back to my hotel room - like I really needed help with a four pound camera! So you might say we were horizontally crazy-glued together for the next five days. He was based in Wisconsin but not long after returning to our respective home bases he flew out to LA for a visit which turned into 3 months of dreamy bliss. Then he went home and picked up all his tattoo machines and came back to be my little love slave. We've been together a year without a fight. He has blazing azure eyes and beautiful tattooed sleeves and is the smartest, most honest, most remarkable man I have ever met - not to mention the premier pussy-eater. He was sent to me by the god of man-hunks.

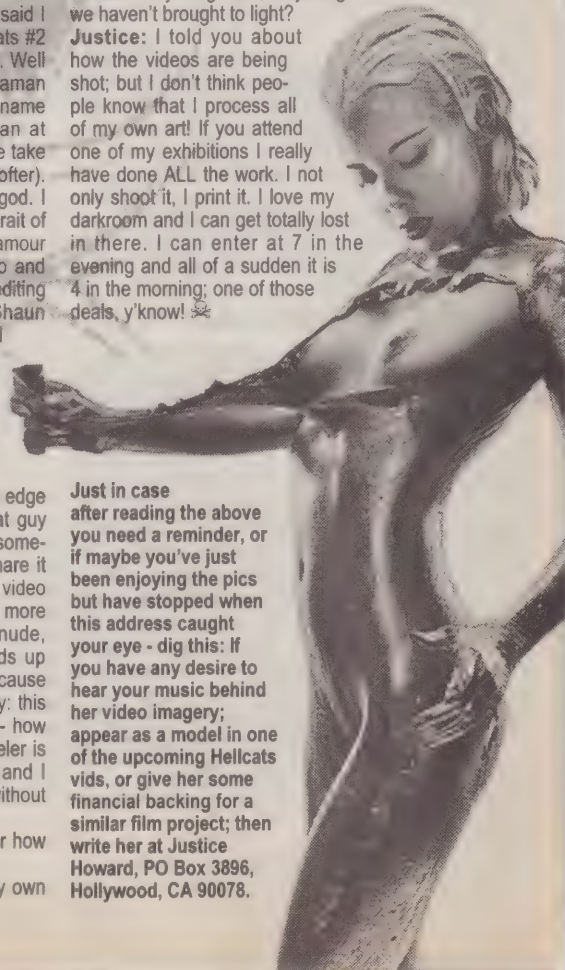
Shane: So what is coming up for you in '99?

Justice: Bondage A-Go-Go is having me guest host their 6th anniversary party in San Francisco, with an exhibit of some of my most erotic art. That will be a big deal; it will be on all the video monitors at the club it is being held at. Then the very next day I'm exhibiting at Stormy Leathers, with over 30 large black and white prints, and a handful of color ones, of my work. Then in May or June a clothing store is wrapping their grand opening around my erotic art. In Spring I go to New York so I can shoot a few people there for the book. People like the members of Blondie, Joe Coleman, Voltaire, Quentin Crisp, and very hopefully H.R. Giger. Giger's agent is helping set up the whole thing back there for me, and I'm scheduling my trip around when Giger is expected to be on the East Coast. I hope it all comes together!

Shane: Anything else, anything we haven't brought to light?

Justice: I told you about how the videos are being shot; but I don't think people know that I process all of my own art! If you attend one of my exhibitions I really have done ALL the work. I not only shoot it, I print it. I love my darkroom and I can get totally lost in there. I can enter at 7 in the evening and all of a sudden it is 4 in the morning; one of those deals, y'know! ☼

Just in case after reading the above you need a reminder, or if maybe you've just been enjoying the pics but have stopped when this address caught your eye - dig this: If you have any desire to hear your music behind her video imagery; appear as a model in one of the upcoming Hellcats vids, or give her some financial backing for a similar film project; then write her at Justice Howard, PO Box 3896, Hollywood, CA 90078.



HEAD LINE RECORDS

Interview by Matt Average and Todd, Jean Luc photos by Matt

I don't expect you to know who Jean Luc is. I don't even expect you to care. But I know this; if all those fucking bands and audiences - and you - out there that are so busy cloning one another spent half the amount of time and energy to being just decent and honest and positive and realistic as Jean Luc, the world of aggressive and independent rock would be thriving at full steam, a force of true consideration instead of something sold to the highest unknown and uncaring bidder to be pooped through the airwaves into your ears. It doesn't take long after talking to Jean Luc to see, in all seriousness, this is his life: the music and all of its trappings. It supports him - in no small way - as would a life support system with slow, daily drips of nourishment and quiet defiance. He is French and I've intentionally transcribed the interview with his speech pattern in tact. And although Matt and I are goofing on him [he says "button" like "boo-ton"] and the French all the way through the interview, don't mistake it for disrespect for Jean Luc, the man, who, if I could, would make a little figurine of and put on the dash of my truck for enlightenment and daily guidance. The Los Angeles music scene is indebted to him enormously, and it will do you good to read on. Why clone sheep when we can become lions?

Todd: How do you spell your name? J-e-a-n, L-u-c?

John: Yeah, but John is better because it's easier.

Matt: You've Americanized it, huh. You're ashamed, right?

John: Not at all. It's just easier.

Todd: When did you have this dream of opening up a record store in Los Angeles? And what were you doing before this?

Matt: Besides drugs.

John: Everybody has dream. OK, when I start... To be very fast, I start to work at sixteen in France and I just saved money from the beginning, putting money on the savings account and I always liked punk and everything. I didn't schedule to open a store in LA... [camera click] It's difficult to reply when someone...

Todd: How did you get to LA from France and I don't mean transportation wise.

John: OK, what's happened. I worked a lot. Five years ago. I just decide to work for myself and I had two possibilities: to work with somebody else like a boss or working for myself and when I saw on the saving account all this money I saved for more than ten years. I said "Wow, that's pretty good, but not enough to open a record store, but to do something." I said, OK, why not to start something, you know, and that's it. I decided to open a store in LA. Why? Because I

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had many problems in France with some stuff, like I hate the SACEM - it means something [like an acronym], like ASCAP in America. For me, the function is good. The idea is really good, but they use it against the small band and it's not fair. The thing is, just an example, if you organize for your wedding, you rent a place, you pay the SACEM. You pay 150 buck.

Todd: Fuck.

John: Just because they say, "You're gonna play music for your party." They have some average statistic. They say, "You're gonna play at least Rolling Stone, one this, one that." And you pay 150. It's fucking shit. You have a store like this in France, you pay the SACEM because you play the music. You pay 200 buck a year.

Todd: Just because you have a stereo in a public place?

John: Yeah. Exactly. Restaurant. Music store. Office. Everybody pay the SACEM just because you play the music. Also because when you organize shows, you pay the SACEM even - that is the worst thing - it's why they sue me and it was a mess.

Matt: They sued you?

John: Yeah. Because, like, I organized some shows, too. Devil Dogs. Nine Pound Hammer. All the Crypt bands. The Didjits, you know, those type of bands and they aren't affiliated with the SACEM. But they ask me to pay the SACEM.

Todd: Why?

John: Exactly. They are not affiliated with you. That's why I'm not going to pay. And they said, "Yeah, but it's for the artists, bla, bla, bla" And I said, "Fuck that."

Todd: "I already paid the artists."

John: Exactly. I already paid them, up front when they played the show. It's bullshit. It was just a big fight and I don't want to deal with that. I'm very extreme on that. When I start to speak about it, I'm fucking pissed off, because when you check out their office, it's marble, it's huge, and I know a lot of bands that are affiliated with the SACEM because it's the only way to protect their sales. And for many years - I don't talk about one or two years - long term, what they received from the SACEM? Zero. Not one cent. The SACEM charges all the promoters. What they receive from the SACEM? Zero.

Matt: So it's more like organized crime type of stuff. They'll smash your windows if you don't pay them money.

John: It sucks.

Matt: Why did you want to come to LA instead of settling in New York or Rome?

John: It's very easy to understand because when you start a business you try to have the best - imagine if you set up your store in Dallas or Tucson or Missoula - who cares. I mean, it's true. Who cares. I didn't say it was easier or better, it's just, when you receive something from LA or from Paris or from London, Sydney, Tokyo, those types of metropolises, it's like, wow.

Matt: People take it more serious?

John: It's more like that. That's why I chose LA.

Matt: This is your fourth location, right?

John: Yeah. After four years.

Matt: So this one's working out much better?

John: Yeah.

Matt: First of all, you opened up in Westwood, right? Why was that?

John: It's the same. When you start your business and when you compare the prices on all those locations... Check it out, Melrose, Third Street, Venice, and

Westwood, I mean, when you see Westwood, one thousand buck, it's just average price. One thousand buck for approximately one thousand square feet. And for one thousand square feet in Melrose, it's about \$5,000. When you start, you don't want to pay \$5,000 when you can pay \$1,000 somewhere else. On your mind, you said, "OK, if I have a great store, the people

Todd: What album have you sold the most of?

John: Here?

Todd and Matt: Sleater Kinney?

John: Very difficult to answer.

Matt: Say something clever.

John: No, very difficult to answer. OK, my top three, not five, because I have so many stuff I like. So many on different kinds of music. But that for sure, one of my top is Bad Brains, "Black Dots." Because, this one, it's '79. They ruled the scene between '78, '79. It was like, fuuuck, nobody played that kind of music then. I'm not American, but when I see black band playing Washington DC, playing this type of music, that is fucking wild. Besides this one, I think Iggy Pop because each time I listened, it just blew me away.

Matt: So what record do you sell the most of?

John: OK, everything. I'm sorry. I don't have a top. I sell everything, just Turbonegro, I sold perhaps twenty, Sleater Kinney, I've sold nothing, you know I'm very eclectic about what I sell here. You can find garage and hardcore, thrash... [and obscure Japanese hardcore, too]

Matt: If I wanted free-form jazz, could I find it here?

John: Hmm, perhaps under the shelves.

Todd: What's your favorite album cover?

John: Difficult question.

Matt: What do you think makes a good album cover, then?

Todd: Yeah, because the guys in Dead Lazlo's Place commented that you said their album cover, and I quote, "Sucked fucking hard."

John: Dead Lazlo's Place? Oh yes, it's true. Yeah, I don't like. It's a big foot.

Todd: Crushing a house.

John: What I like is B-Movie Rats, when you see the cover, you say that is garage punk rock, when it is related with the music they play. Because, I talk about business now, it's one of the most important things. If you have a shitty cover, nobody's going to buy it. Even if you have a great CD inside.

Matt: Nobody's going to pick it up.

John: Exactly. If you have good cover that presents the band, the music you play on the CD, the people are going to say, "Wow, that is punk rock." "That is '77." "That is hardcore." If you see a hand with an X on the cover...

Todd: Pirate's treasure?

John: That's straight edge.

Matt: What do you get if you see a tree with no leaves on it out in a barren field? What kind of music would that be?

John: That is for pussy.

Matt: What about Calvin and Hobbes on a babbling brook, by a river.

John: That is for pussy pussy.

Matt: Define punk rock.

John: What does this mean? What is punk? [heavy gear turning] For me, you don't have rules about punk. Rules - you don't have a listing. Punk, first thing, is DIY. Do it yourself.

Matt: What makes you punk and that person driving the Astrovan not punk?

John: It's not because he has a nice car that he's not punk, a smart punk. OK, he has more money, but perhaps he's punk.

Matt: What do you think about the argument that people have that you shouldn't make a profit off of punk?

John: I argue, "Great, you don't want to make money on the punk, look what's happened with Profane

My point is not because you make money you're not punk, it's just the only way now to survive in this society. If you don't make money, how you gonna pay your rent, power, and everything? If you don't want to make money, it's going to be very difficult... it's possible, but you have to do it with volunteers.



Street Walkin' Cheetahs' Frank Meyer giving it up for the kids at a Head Line instore.
Photo by Margaret Saadi



are going to drive anyway to see your store." Because it was little bit my thought, because in Europe, the people drive also. When you have a good store, I remember to drive LA to Frisco (around 400 miles) just to shop. I've done that trip many times because I knew some good store in Paris or Bourdeaux in France, and just, boom, for the weekend and do my shopping.

Todd: What's the furthest you've traveled to see a show?

Matt: Anywhere in the fucking globe.

John: I remember to go to Frisco just to see a show when I was on vacation here, just one show. It was NOFX with Brutality and I don't remember the other band.



Existence." What's the point? OK, they didn't make money, they lost money, perhaps - I don't know all the story of Profane Existence - my point is, especially how society is now, if you don't make money, you can't survive. I don't talk about people who work for free, volunteer. That is different. But on every business, if you don't make money to pay the rent, the power, and everything, it's gone. It's difficult to say - I don't think Flipside say to the company who print Flipside, "Here are some magazines. Can we trade?"

Todd: "Here's some rubber bands and some hair dye, punk bro."

John: No way. Everyone needs money to pay the expense and make money on punk...

Matt: Why do you think people have that attitude though - that punk and money are bad? Even on a DIY level, people equate money or success as sellout.

John: For me, imagine. If tomorrow my business is successful, it's not because if I make money I'm not punk because my theory is that I'm going to do the exact same thing as before. Next week I have benefit show for Food Not Bombs. I'm gonna do a lot of things this year with the new label of Hopeless', Sub City. I'm gonna do a lot of things like this. My point is not because you make money you're not punk, it's just the only way now to survive in this society. If you don't make money, how you gonna pay your rent, power, and everything? If you don't want to make money, it's going to be very difficult... it's possible, but you have to do it with volunteers. But who's going to work for free now? Everybody needs a return to survive, too. To work a few hours, it's OK.

Todd: But to base your life on?

John: No way.

Todd: Did you steal your first store logo from The Screamers?

Matt: I'm calling Gary Panter tomorrow.

John: Yeah. But I changed it now. When you start, you really don't have the time to do your own logo and everything. It was a good logo when I started, "OK, that is fine at this time," but now I designed my own logo and everything. It's not better, it's just different.

Todd: What's the last thing you caught someone stealing out of your store?

John: Sweatshirt.

Matt: Did they get away?

John: They cut the string. I didn't see them. It's after, I realized.

Todd: Do you have a bat?

John: Yeah.

Matt: What about a gun?

John: Naw.

[We plead with John to have his picture taken wielding the bat but he wouldn't have anything to do with it. Matt even said John could take one free swing below the neck. Nope.]

John: I'm really not violent.

Matt: Except when you're drunk?

Matt: What do you get if you see a tree with no leaves on it out in a barren field? What kind of music would that be?

John: That is for pussy.

Matt: What about Calvin and Hobbes on a babbling brook, by a river.

John: That is for pussy pussy.

John: [chuckling] The thing is, everybody said, "OK, what the point to be violent?" What I say to this type of person, when it's happened to you, if somebody came into your house, and stole something, I don't think you're going to say, "OK, fine." Fuck that. Everybody who's a little bit realistic is going to say, "Fuck you. Get out of here."

Todd: Why is it so easy and fun to hate the French?

John: [silence]

Todd: Explain the Maginot Line to me. Didn't your countrymen in WWII understand that the Germans had parachutes and you didn't have swiveling turrets so they could attack it from behind [which they did, and took over easily]?

John: No comment.

Matt and Todd: [snickering]

John: Where is my lawyer?

Matt: Why do you guys like Jerry Lewis? Serious. I'm not asking to be a dick. I'm just curious.

John: Perhaps because he likes young women.

Matt: What do you think of french fries?

John: [stares us down]

Todd: What's the most pansy assed record that you carry in the store?

John: I don't know. I have a lot of stuff I don't like.

Todd: You like Cub?

John: No. I don't like a lot of stuff.

Matt: Tell us what you hate so they stop bring their records to your store.

Todd: So they can boycott you.

John: I don't know.

Matt: So you're going to pull an Oliver North and not give an answer?

John: No. I don't want to give you a name. I don't want to get a reply from an angry band - a threat from the band.

Todd: Do you have a secret store code of saying "bootleg" - like "limited release, special edition..."

John: Of Charles Bronson...

Todd: Right. Anything like that?

John: No way.

Matt: "I've got some fan club releases. Would you like to buy them?"

John: OK, about the bootleg. I carry bootlegs, but I'm totally against bootlegs. I don't have any bootleg CDs. Vinyl, I have perhaps one. I hate bootlegs, vinyl, CDs, that kind. If you talk about t-shirt. I have bootleg t-shirts. Now, my thing is, I had a good discussion with one of the guys who runs Chaser - for two years in

Westwood, I decided to carry no bootlegs at all. No sticker, no t-shirt, no patches, no back patches, and I realized the thing is that so many people asked me about it, but I said, "No because it's bootleg," and after that, I lose money. When you know the market on this type of thing: Subhumans, Crass, Infest, all those t-shirts are bootlegs. If I don't do those bootlegs right here at this store - the other store doesn't care about bootlegs - if you go to Melrose Music, they carry a lot of bootleg CDs. They don't care about if it's bootleg or not, if the band gets something or not. What they want is the customer to come in and buy stuff. Now, if I decide tomorrow no bootleg at all, it means no sticker, no button, no patches, no back patches, no t-shirt, I'm going to lose a lot of money, a lot of customers, and those kind of customers - what are they going to do?

Todd: Walk down the street.

John: Those kinds of stores don't care about bootlegs or not. They want a successful business. It's why I'm against, but on the other hand, I totally understand.

The guy from Man Is The Bastard came in two weeks ago and said, "Wow, you have Man Is The Bastard t-shirt." I said, "Yeah, yeah." He said, "Yeah, OK, who done this t-shirt?" I contacted the guy who did this t-shirt, and the guy from Man Is The Bastard called me yesterday and said, "Yeah, you know the guy called me, but didn't give me his phone number, blahblah-blah..." It's a long story. He said, "Can you give me a favor because the guy who done that didn't give me anything." I told him that I had two t-shirts in stock, he's going to pay the same price I paid for the t-shirt, and I'll take it off from the wall, and that's it, I don't sell any more of Man Is A Bastard t-shirt. It's the only way I can do. Tomorrow, I can't say I'm going to take off all the t-shirts and all the patches because they are bootleg. The difference between CDs and vinyl and accessories is more difficult to make money on these type of accessories than it is on CDs. In every town, all over the world, you're going to have one guy who's going to make Subhumans, Crass, Econo Christ, Amebix, all those kinds of patches and t-shirts. Kids, especially, for the patches, doing that. That's why it's difficult to stop. They don't make a lot of money. They make a little bit - probably not a thousand dollars after one year. The people who make CDs. If tomorrow someone makes a

Charles Bronson or a Los Crudos CD, this kind of guy is going to make a lot of money. Real money.

Todd: Thousands and thousands of dollars if they do it correctly.

John: Exactly. I have no bootleg CDs. If tomorrow you came in and said I have this bootleg...

Matt: Oh, you don't?

John: No.

[Matt picks up a CD]

John: Oh, the Crossed Out. Oh...

Matt: Sorry, man. Had to finger you.

John: The Crossed Out. The thing is... This one is... Perhaps it's Slap A Ham...

Matt: I don't think he'd do that. Trust me.

John: A week after, I saw a fax about the Crossed Out.

Matt: Well, I think there's some internal shit going on within the band themselves about getting the DATs to Slap A Ham.

John: But the thing is, also, I got that through Ebullition. They have the same policy that they don't like bootlegs. If Kent knows it's a real, real bootleg, I don't think he'll carry it.

Matt: He used to sell Youth Brigade bootlegs.

John: The 7"?

Matt: Yeah. He used to sell Rebel Truth bootlegs.

John: That, I did not know.

Todd: Have you ever had a grandmother come in and buy an Amebix and having to use her Depends out of glee?

John: I have some moms come in, and they ask me some stuff like "I really don't know where it is, it's for my son." It's funny for that. I understand, it's not exceptional.

Todd: Name something that France has that America can't, won't, or ever have on a wide scale. I was thinking really good fresh bread.

John: Yeah, yeah.

Todd: What gives you the greatest joy in being here - I'm not trying to be corny about it.

John: To be honest, I don't care to be here or somewhere else. I chose LA for the business. For me I'm very lucky doing what I'm doing. I worked a lot for that. The people in the United States don't realize that they are lucky. I didn't say that it's a better country than others. I've traveled a little bit and even the United States you have very poor, poor states, I mean poor, poor. And all over the world it's pretty bad too. You have some countries that are very, very bad. The thing is my view is a little bit different. If I see someone that comes in and complains that they can't find some stuff or whatever, sometimes I'm thinking, "Man, you're lucky to find a punk store who carries this kind of music. In some states you have nothing - not even one store, one Tower, nothing."

Todd: Have you ever crashed your car or wiped out on your bike because you were listening to some music and rocking out a little bit too hard?

John: No, what's happened, to get a ticket on the freeway, because I was listening to the Angry Samoans, "Inside My Brain."

Todd: Do you do any stuff on the internet?

John: I have a website. Nothing really. I have problems with my provider. The site is broken. I'm going to change it. At this time, it's bullshit.

Todd: What's the most you've ever paid for a record?

John: I remember I paid for a very rare Dwarves "Lick it." The picture was color. For \$30. Not too bad.

Matt: Was it worth it?

John: Yeah, because I didn't have this one.

Todd: If you could go to any show in the history of the world, what would it be...

Matt: Like "Quantum Leap."

John: What I never see, it's Iggy Pop.

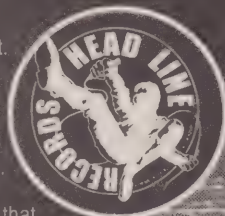
Matt: When?

John: Like '69. [makes gasping fanboy sounds] Crazy shit

Matt: You don't want to see him do "I'm a Real Wild One" or any of that?

Todd: How far did you go to see Rhythm Collision and they didn't play?

John: In Germany. It was a 12-hour drive one way. I drove it straight.



Jean Luc admiring the handiwork of The BellRays. Photo by Jose Parada

Matt: Would you do it again?

John: Yeah, it was worth it because I saw the BadTown Boys. It's the same, it's one of the big difference between Europe and U.S. I don't say in U.S., the people are not involved in the punk, they are not reliable or whatever. In general, the people in Europe, the people who listen to this type of music, they stay listening to this type of music longer than here. I have a lot of people who are my age, 35, in Europe, in France, and they still buy stuff, go to the concerts, go to Germany to see just one show... you don't see that often here. You have, but it's not the same.

Matt: Why is it that the people in Europe stay longer than the people in America?

John: When you arrive at a certain age, you are against everything. I remember I was against everything. It's normal. You want your independence, you have your own idea. Doesn't mean you have the right idea, but it's normal. You learn about your mistake. It's part of the life. When you get older, you don't make the mistakes you made before. When you are young, why it's great, you have so many revolutions with all those young people, because they don't care about tomorrow, and if the society doesn't have this kind of young people who are against - I didn't say they have the right to destroy everything - it's just it's part of this society.

Matt: Tell us about the shows here - how you set them up?

John: It's very simple. Usually I ask for a tape or CD or something and that is my problem. It's difficult for me to say no.

Matt: Are there any particular bands that you'd say no to?

John: When it's too big I say no. My big concern, it's about the following of the band and the problem now is - I've met a lot of people who say, "The scene in my town, they are very into it. Nobody destroys. They take care of everything." Here, it's totally different. They

don't care. They come in and can destroy. It's why I'm trying to be selective.

Todd: Why invite trouble that you know is going to come?

John: I can protect the store. My big concern is about the neighbors. I put myself on a business. Imagine you have a business and you come in the next day to work and you have your window totally broken, you'll say "Fuck, what's the point?" When I had shows at Westwood, I would always repair. Try to apologize, when they tag everywhere, like on the Radio Shack,

the wall, and everything. I tell the manager, "I'm sorry and I promise this week everything's going to be repainted." It was a mess but they never called the cops because they knew it was going to be repaired anyway. Why call in the headache of the cops?

Matt: What keeps you from being disillusioned when shit like that begins to happen?

John: It's just a minority that don't understand, care, or realize... a big thing on the punk is money... money. Money, it's evil. Money it's a big word, now. Twenty years ago it was different.

Todd: There's a big difference between making money and being greedy about it.

Matt: Talk about your record label.

John: It's brand new. I really want to do this record label because I want to start something. You listen to some stuff and you really want to put out stuff you like. You know a lot of bands, "Oh fuuuck, that is so good. That is so awesome." You believe in that. Especially when they have nothing. Like Gazpacho, for me it's awesome. For thirteen-year-old kids, what they've done, it's not exceptional, but it's good stuff.

Matt: Do you see a community building up around the store because of the shows?

John: Perhaps, yeah. You never know. I hope.

Todd: So what's up with Gerard Depardeau? He's a tubby, hairy guy and he's famous in France...

John: I don't know.

Todd: I'm trying to understand your culture.

Matt: Who makes better movies, the French or the Italians?

John: [silent]

Matt: Where were you in Paris in '68?

John: '68, I was in Paris with my parents because I was born in '65...

[The recorder goes off for awhile and a slew of customers flow in. When it tapers off, John urges us to turn it back on.]

John: Believe in what you're doing. When you really want to do something. I never really scheduled to open the store, never. It's true sometime you need to push yourself to do stuff. Like me, it was a big step, I started from zero when I came to the United States. You must work on what you want to do. If you want something, you must work for it. If you want a CD and don't have the money, you must work for it. You must believe in what you're doing.

the Streetwalkin' CHEETAHS

Interview
conducted on
11/6/98 at the
Mint... by
AartVark &
Morticia

Call them bums, slob, a bunch of no goods... But the thing you can't call them is lazy. The Street Walkin' Cheetahs have been pretty damn busy with the business of rocking and rolling. They have toured with Wayne Kramer, Sylvian, Black Halos, the Bell Rays, Sylvian Sylvian, and the B Movie Rats. As well as that, they're appearing on several tribute albums (Cheap Trick, Radio Birdman, Motley Crue, and more). Their "Live on KXLU" CD I am told is selling like hotcakes and on top of that they're holding a contest to see in who's living room they'll get to play in. These hard working boys are keeping their bodies as busy as their mouths. If you have a chance to see them perform live you should because their antics could prove to be quite lethal.



Frank: [laughter]. just got into a fistfight last night... And in fact if you count both Dino and Jeff, I've gotten into a fistfight with every bass player we've had... It's not me. It isn't a pattern, it's coincidence... I have nothing against bass players and I don't like to fight, but there's something about these two motherfuckers...

Morticia: Well, at least you're playing with Wayne Kramer...

Frank: Yeah, that's great!

Art: The soundman is already a fucking cocksucking dick!

Morticia: Most of them are...

Dino: He said, "I haven't heard music like that in about eight years." And I said that I'd take that as a compliment... He said, "No, I wouldn't." [laughter]

Art: Wayne likes us, so who cares...

Frank: The funny thing is that he's produced some stuff and he's played on some stuff, but we've actually only played two gigs with Wayne and one with Wayne and John Sinclair. So the thing is that we still feel like we're just fans. We're fans of MC5 and fans of Wayne. So we still sit there and say, "Uh, are we playing with Wayne Kramer?"

Morticia: So how did you meet him?

Frank: I just called him up. [laughter] Right when he put out that record, "The Hard Stuff," which was kind of like his comeback record in that he hadn't done anything in like ten years... So I was at the Roxy and I'd heard that he was this fucked up junkie, and I saw him and thought, "Wow, this guy's on fire!" And then I read something with him in Music Maker or Rolling Stone and it was him saying, "I'm out on the scene. I want to get out there and I want to play with all the young bands, produce bands..." and I was just starting to work on stuff that became the first Cheetahs EP and I thought, "Oh... Produce bands." So I literally called up Epitaph and said, "I'm Frank Meyer and I'm doing a recording" ... [laughter] ... And I'm looking for Wayne Kramer the session guitar player... And they said that they'd give him a message. So I thought, "Yeah, whatever." So then I got this message saying, "I'm Wayne Kramer and I'm calling about some session work. Give me a call, here's my number." I called him up and he said, "My criteria is that you send me the stuff. If I dig it I'll play. If I don't I won't." So I sent him the stuff and he dug it and played and that sort of started the relationship... We did a gig with him and he came and saw our band and we'd go and see him... For the first couple of years of the band we were coming up and finding our own sound...

Dino: It didn't start as a real band. It started as a cover band just to have fun.

Morticia: What kind of a cover band?

[unintelligible argument about what kind of a cover band it was...]

Morticia: It wasn't a Kiss cover band?

Art: No.

Dino: People didn't know any of the covers we were doing so they thought that they were our songs. We're real big into bootlegs, so we'd try to find the most obscure B-sides...

Frank: That's sort of how we first got signed... The guys from Bomp! came down and they knew some of the stuff we were doing. So they saw us and said, "Wow, you guys are great! Do you have a whole album worth of stuff?" At the time we had maybe two original songs, but we said, "Oh, yeah! We got plenty of tunes. Just give us the money and we'll deliver a record. [...more giggles and maniacal laughter from Art...] When the EP was put out it was just a bunch of demos, 'cause that's all we had... And then the album, the "Overdrive" record was kind of our first... that was the batch of tunes that we were playing live... It's such a trip because we'd all been in bands that were going here, there, and nowhere, [laughter from Art] except for Mike who's actually successful. We were all on the borderline of just quitting...

Dino: I had quit. I was totally done with it, had been for like five years. I didn't want to do anything ever again. We were just sort of friends...

Art: I bought a guitar to play in this band...

Dino: Art couldn't play guitar, he was just a nice guy... We were all at a porno event and there was a porno guy just rambling in the bathroom about this band that ties into the movie and... [in low Brooklyn accented voice] ... "that ties into my book. Only it sort of is like new age, space age, country, but it's got this whole sort of universal..." and we thought "what?!"...

Frank: So after we sat there and listened to all this, we came out of there and said, "Fuck, we can just form a band..."

Dino: Yeah, we thought we'd just have a band and have some beers and play.

Frank: And then we brought Art in, who was just a buddy, and we went through a multitude of drummers... We went through a bunch of drummers and we ended up with Mike who was involved in that tour that Jeff was also involved in last year.

Dino: But it was literally a cover band until we got signed to Bomp!

Frank: And since they asked us to submit an album of songs we thought that maybe we should write some songs and that was "Overdrive." The thing is that when we did "Overdrive" they were

"We kind of walk that line between sort of pseudo tongue'n'cheek rock star moves with just gut level. You know, all these bands weren't afraid to rock and put on a good show, but they also had credibility because they played good music and it wasn't fucking pussy pop music."



the ten or eleven songs that we did in our set. There were a couple of songs that we'd played and they loved, but that was it, so in a weird way I've listened to the record and it doesn't even sound like the band anymore...

Dino: Well, we were still sort of finding ourselves by the time we did that record and there were some pop songs that we weren't really playing, but the guy...

Art: Yeah, what a fucking asshole!

Dino: He said that they had to be on there and the record plays along and then there are these couple of "huh's!" in there... There are these two songs on the record that throw it off... They're totally out of left field.

Frank: Literally. At that point he gave us the artwork and we went, "OK." We didn't know what we were doing. We weren't even set as far as how we were a band. Everything was just happening too quick. Usually it seems that when you read stories like that there's money involved, but there wasn't. We went from a cover band to putting out an album within six months. Didn't even know what the fuck we were doing. "Are we a band, and what kind of a band are we?" or what our focus was. And it wasn't until the album came out and we went on tour and started playing gig after gig that we realized we...

Art: Did they ask us this question?

Frank: We started to find out... You know, what we wanted to be, which is basically we wanted to be like the bands that we were covering in the first place. Old school punk bands that actually had good rock'n'roll songs... And then tour like maniacs.

Morticia: People have described you in reviews as kind of like an old '70s rock'n'roll punk band...

Jeff: Well, that's because we play rock'n'roll music and most punk bands don't play that anymore...

Art: We use guitars and we're not afraid to play them. I mean if you're going to play lead guitar you might as well use it... [Someone comes babbling into the hut behind the Mint and asks for a drink... someone whips out a \$20 bill and hands it to the guy... there is more raucous exchange and lots of cheering and hooting. An unidentifiable voice rumbles, "Well, they're both drummers."]

Morticia: So has the Triple X thing come through then?

Frank: It is coming through as we speak. We're like looking at contracts and shit like that now, but it's basically there. After the Alive [records] record we put out a bunch of singles and we had these other tunes... We wanted to put out a record, but we didn't want to do it with Alive because we'd had some bad vibes with Alive...

Art: They were assholes! [They all start shouting at each other.]

Art: Yeah, like we're trying to avoid controversy or something...

Frank: Well, when you're on an indie label you should be there for the benefit of having more creativity... and unfortunately the guy was great puttin' out product after product after product... But our creativity wasn't there...

Dino: They were erasing our tracks while we were recording...

Frank: We turned in our artwork and it comes out and next thing we know it's purple or orange...

Morticia: So what is this guy's name?

[All shouting at once, rendering the name undecipherable...]

Art: He was an asshole. That's mainly due to the fact that he's from France... [laughter and yelling] ...he's a Froggie bastard is what he is.

Frank: He's an indie guy who thinks he's a major. You know what I mean? But there's no money involved... so he's got to have some sort of control.

Dino: The worst thing is that he's not helping himself either! Our first album "Overdrive" have you seen it? If you look at that cover, does that sell the band? It's says the Cheetahs in wacky letters. What's that? We'd try to tell him what our direction was and where we wanted to go. But it was "no, no, no" and it was out the door. It was just, "We're doing it my way!"

Frank: The long and short of that is that by the time we were putting out the last single... He erased the guitar tracks, totally changed the artwork, wouldn't give the photographer credit, and mixed all the songs before we showed up - told me to show up at four o'clock for the mixing and they already done it. They said they got there at three o'clock and already mixed it because they had nothing to do. So the mix you hear on there has nothing to do with this band being there saying the way we want it to sound.

Dino: I mean if you're on some big label getting money... With Cheap Trick, this is their story, and everything is done without their control... But they're getting paid.

Morticia: Sure, there's a bit of a difference...

Dino: It just makes a difference in the personal justification you have in terms of what's happening to your career...

Frank: I don't understand from a business point of view if some guy is putting in money and says, "Hey, I want it to come out like this." I may not like it, we may not agree over it and we may fight

"...we play rock'n'roll music and most punk bands don't play that anymore... We use guitars and we're not afraid to play them. I mean if you're going to play lead guitar you might as well use it..."



Morticia: Sure, there's a bit of a difference...

Dino: It just makes a difference in the personal justification you have in terms of what's happening to your career...

Frank: I don't understand from a business point of view if some guy is putting in money and says, "Hey, I want it to come out like this." I may not like it, we may not agree over it and we may fight over it and we may get dropped over it because we don't go for it. But I can understand it because they're putting up money and they want it to be like that. But when someone is not putting up any money and we're not getting any money and there's really no reason for things to change. I'm in a band and you like my music and we put a record out and see what happens... Why would you sign the band and want to change everything... That's not doing anything for anybody... But to answer your question...

Art: What question is that?

Frank: The Triple X thing came from... We'd done the stuff with Alive, we were looking to do a new record and we were working on demos. We had been talking for a long time with Bruce Duff, who's a good guy and really into the band... It was kind of, "We like you, but what are we going to do with you?" They were still working on getting new distribution and we were working on new tunes and we knew we wanted to do something, but we weren't sure what. We went on KXLU - we already had a bunch of new songs - and played the show, sent them the tape and literally within twenty four hours they called up and said, "OK, that's it. A live album." It was exactly the way the band sounds and it was what they wanted to put out. It had all the short pop punk hard tunes and had a couple of extended jazz kind of...

Art: Auditory fuck-house songs...

Frank: And that's what the band is. It was completely us with no one fucking with our mixes... That's what we wanted to do and that's what they put out.

Art: Why don't you let them ask some more questions!

Morticia: That's all right. We like letting people talk.

Frank: Wait 'till we get a couple more beers into us. You won't be able to get a word in. We got a split single coming out with the Bell Rays... and we've got a couple of songs on a Tribute Records compilation with Jeff Dahl and all these other bands... And this other thing on Sweden with the Hellacopters, Electric Frankenstein, Backyard Babies... The Triple X record around February... Basically we've got a bunch of other demos that we did with Wayne that we'll shop around and we'll either do the next studio record with Triple X or whomever steps in and wants to do it. It's all kind of like one shot things and if they work we'll do the next one with them and if not with someone else, who knows... At this point we want to take all the new songs and demo it all 'till we got an album's worth of material and see who's up for it. We're totally open to it. We'll go indie, we'll go major...

Dino: We don't want to sell it short, but I mean, we'll basically take just about anything at this point...

Art: Yeah, we'll work for food!

Frank: Well, we're real music geeks that grew up on bands where you had all their official albums and then you had the bootlegs and the singles and the bootleg singles... The Stooges or the MC5, they only had three records out, but they had twenty nine albums out of everything else... So our whole theory is that we're a punk band. We don't put out an album a year... We're not Def Leopard... We ain't going to put something out every three years. We've got to have fucking something out every like two months so we're pretty willing to just put shit out and we'll take no money, we'll take a twenty, we'll do whatever we have to do to put shit out. We've had situations where somehow we end up paying for the CDs. We're the worst businessmen ever because we sell everything for dirt cheap because we have this stupid theory that kids don't have more than five bucks in their pocket and we'd rather that they walk with something than go home with nothing. We actually lose like two dollars a shirt across the board! [laughter]

Morticia: That's really cool because you get more out that way...

Dino: It's great because we get more out that way and people know who we are. It's cool that they remember you because the last time you were there they were able to buy stuff. It's better than coming into town and charging fifteen for a CD and twenty five for a t-shirt... Playing at being a big band. We're not a big

band...

Frank: We don't need to sell shit like that. I mean, twenty dollars for anything related to the Streetwalkin' Cheetahs would be absurd. Maybe the Cheetah's car or something. Maybe a

Dino: Be careful because we don't want this to take up too much of the interview...

Frank: I'll be brief and succinct. I don't give a fuck about Van Halen post 1984 and certainly could care less about them now.

It has just become a pathetic joke as far as I am concerned. I've always thought that the early Van Halen reached a lot of kids. The first stuff that I heard as a kid, the rock'n'roll records that I heard more than what was being played on the radio was Van Halen, Joan Jett, the GoGo's, and Fear. It was sort of LA bands that had come up and were big in LA. I would really get into them. I remember flipping through an issue of Creem and seeing David Lee Roth with a bottle of whiskey and a bunch of midgets around him and I would think, "That looks pretty cool!" [everyone laughs] So that was something I just dug as a kid, so I thought that there was two schools of rock singer, there's your David Lee Roth - flamboyant, extravagant, rock star - and there's your raw power street level like Iggy Pop. That's the shit that I grew up on, and as far as what I do or what these guys do, I think our sound... **Dino:** We're all pretty diverse.

Frank: We kind of walk that line between sort of pseudo tongue'n'cheek rock star moves with just gut level. You know, all those bands weren't afraid to rock and put on a good show, but

they also had credibility because they played good music and it wasn't fucking pussy pop music.

Dino: But as much as you're trying to play for an audience, you've got to entertain yourself.

Morticia: Yes, that's probably one of the most important parts of doing it.

Frank: It's like you go to a rock show and it's a band that you actually like and you've heard the record and you think they're good and they all go on stage and they just stand there and play. And you think, "Fuck man, I'm working up a sweat just standing here and they're not!" And so

if there's any difference in my stuff or in our stuff from that old school rock David Lee Roth thing, it's the entertainment value; to be fucking entertaining live. And any band that's not, and any band that doesn't sweat sucks and are a bunch of pussies and they should be thrown off the stage.

Dino: You know, they could just sit in chairs and just play their record.

Frank: Times do change and what was cool in '78 might not be cool now, but the general energy and attitude is still the same.

Dino: You can see a band and get it immediately. They're either into what they're doing at that moment or they're just kind of jumping around and playing the part.

Frank: It's like when you would go and see the Chili Peppers in the early days, that was real energy and then you go see them now and it's fake energy. They're going through the motions. They know everyone expects them to bounce around stage and wear their socks over their cocks and they do and they deliver and it's oh this totally surface level. When they were eighteen and wacked out on heroin it was real - now it's a marketing plan. Someone told them that this is what people will like and they like this so you've got to keep doing.

Dino: We know that people will never buy what we're doing.

Morticia: So we missed someone on the day job question.

Art: Mike carries stuff. He takes things off a truck.

Mike: I move art.

Frank: Yeah, he actually lifts Art Jackson around.

Mike: I work for art transport, hanging art. We go all over. There are guys in New York right now hanging art. Whoever wants to pay. The company's based in LA.

Morticia: So it's moving expensive and rare artwork?

Mike: Uh...hum. Picassos, Renoir...

Frank: And he gets to go to Sylvester Stallone's house.

Art: I used to work there, and the first day I worked there they gave me a truck and I drove it into a gas station awning. And then I backed up a truck against a guy's head and broke his glasses. [laughter erupts] I stopped two inches short of exploding his head. That's why I don't work there anymore. The first day I worked there they gave me a two million dollar Rauschenberg and told me to pack it up, and I thought, "Yeah, whatever!"

[At this point the conversation digresses to chatter about bad art topics and near destruction of them. ☺]



"We kind of walk that line between sort of pseudo tongue'n'cheek rock star moves with just gut level... You know, all those bands weren't afraid to rock and put on a good show, but they also had credibility because they played good music and it wasn't fucking pussy pop music..."

microwave or something... But for a t-shirt? If people wear it and others see the name that's way more important than making money. We gave up on making money a long time ago... If we're going to do this we'd like to get the name out and create a word of mouth vibe on the street...

Soundman: Frank Meyer! There's a friend of yours at the front door that says you're supposed to put him on the list... Um... Sam, is it? No, it's not Sam... Uh. It's some guy who used to live in England...

Frank: He's either on the list or he's not on the list... There's a discount list and if he's on it...

Soundman: I told him that... He had to pay seven bucks anyway...

Frank: That's fine...

Soundman: Mr. Drummer, you've got to move your car.

Drummer: Again with the car!

Soundman: It's in the valet section....

Drummer: Now it's a valet section! It's where I was told to put it. [Drummer and soundman walk outside arguing about the parking arrangements...]

Voices in the background: Asshole! What a cunt... Fucking cock! Fucking soundman!

Morticia: Sounds like he's really got it in for you.

Art: Yeah, fuck you! [Directed at the soundman]... I work at a photolab and make no money!

AARTVark: What photolab?

Art: AIM, downtown... You come in, I'll take care of you. Yeah, it's great working at a photolab.

AARTVark: What's your job?

Dino: I run at a video store...

Morticia: What kind of a video store?

Dino: A regular video store...

Art: 20/20 Video.

Morticia: It's not one of those video stores?...

Dino: We have an adult section, obviously... You have a good chance of meeting a porno star...

AARTVark: What's your day job?

Frank: I work for PopSmeat Magazine and write about pornography and stupid rock stars...

AARTVark: Speaking of which, how has Van Halen worked its way into this?...

Frank: Well, I'll tell you...

INTERVIEW BY RAY BOLAND

RICANSTRUCTION

PHOTOS BY SAM LAHOZ

Listening to the radio or watching MTV (yes, I do occasionally, because, at the same old regurgitated rock rehashed for fame and profit. So it's always refreshing to hear a band like New York's own Ricanstruction, a band that is clearly tapping into a spirited, rebellious and refreshingly new sound. Imagine a band consisting of HR, Johnny Rotten, Bob Marley, Ian McKaye, Carlos Santana, Joe Strummer, and... well, you get the idea, or maybe not. And what's even better, their sound is matched in revolutionary fervor only by their message, which is as in-your-face overpowering and honest as their sound, and in no way panders for profit. I spoke with Ricanstruction vocalist Ras Alano in New York City's East Harlem, or as Alano calls it, "The Liberated Zone," and found the conversation as thought provoking as the music Ricanstruction makes.



Ray: Do you have a day job?

Alano: Jah provides, man.

Ray: OK, while we're on the subject of Jah, although Ricanstruction tends to be perceived as a political band, from the times I've seen you perform live, I detect a kind of spiritual edge as well.

Alano: Well, we've never classified ourselves as a political band. Personally, I don't like messin' with politricks.

Ray: My point is, the sort of mystical aspect of the live performance mixed with the political content that's obviously there, makes it feel more like you're at church than a club.

Alano: I don't care much for churches but I think I know what you mean.

Ray: Well, perhaps the Ricanstruction live experience could be best described as a Sunday in a Black Baptists church where the preacher is Al Green in a Henry Rollins disguise.

Alano: Well, who feels it knows it.

Ray: There's also a strong foundation of Latino rhythms, and I also detect hip hop, and even some jazz stylings, which is unusual for your average punk band. What was the concept behind Ricanstruction's sound?

Alano: The concept was no concept, except perhaps to respectfully give thanks and praises to everything that has ever inspired us. I could never see being locked into one thing - like specializing in salsa, or punk as a profession. We love the punk rock, but it's not a plastic bubble world where nothing else counts. There's afro-Caribbean music like salsa and reggae that are an important part of our culture and upbringing, as was hip hop. And jazz was quite inspirational, as is the blues. And that's just talking about some of the vibes. If there must be a concept, it's the concept of life's experiences, you know.

Ray: Where there any specific artists that influenced your sound?

Alano: Although we try to do our own thing, I don't think it's possible to create art that isn't in one way or another inspired by the world around you. There's just so many great artists that inspire and motivate. For us, there's the Clash and Crass, but there's also Coltrane and Willie Colon. There's Bad Brains, Black Flag, and Ruben Blades and also Public Enemy, Charlie Parker, LKJ, Jaco Pastorius, Gang of Four and Grand Master Flash and Marvin Gaye. Shit, the list can go on and on. And that's just talking about musical inspirations. We could also talk about Che Guevara and Malcolm X and Pedro Albizu Campos and Lolita Lebron and Marcus Garvey and

Assata Shakur, and the list goes on. We've tried to create with everything that's ever moved us. Or as Miles put it, music that gets all up in your body.

Ray: But you still tend to be classified as a punk band.

Alano: But we personally don't classify anything. We don't believe in titles and tags. That's just some fat cat capitalist way of trying to make a commodity out of the muse.

Ray: So punk is just a capitalist commodity?

Alano: No, punk, when it's authentic, is a way of life. It's supposed to be an answer to the capitalist shitstem, a spit in the eye of capitalism. Punk is the alternative. In theory, at least.

Ray: What about in practice?

Alano: Well, we all know that punk, like anything else, can and has been co-opted by the powers that be. It's big business. Even the Clash, whom I love, were co-opted. Like Crass said "CBS promoted the Clash, but it wasn't for revolution, just for cash." There are people making huge profits off of selling so-called punk. Which is why it's imperative to fight their game of classification and genefication. If you must call what you do by a name, then call it resistance, plain and simple. The key is to resist.

Ray: What are some forms of resistance you would suggest... for so-called punks in particular?

Alano: For starters, make music that speaks of true resistance, and then practice what you preach. Start your own pirate radio stations that answer to no one in a suit and

tie and discusses real issues. Publish your own books, zines, newspapers that give the real news and speak truth to power. Support those punk periodicals that are put out by DIY folks. Create your own anti-fashion that's got nothing to do with their media manufactured billboard logo on your back bullshit. And we always advocate squatting... free the land. Wake up in the morning thinking of a new strategy for fighting back. Go to sleep at night, if you must, devising another method to burn down Babylon. Study forms of resistance then implement them. Don't worry about titles and tags. If you must use the word punk to classify what you do, then first check your thesaurus to make sure that punk is a synonym for resistance. The struggle is about political statements, not fashion statements.

Ray: I guess you feel the scene could be doing a better job of resisting the system?





Alano: I think we all could be doing a better job of resisting the shitstem. The "scene" is just a small part of the whole, you know.

Ray: What about if you're just a punk into the music, do you still have an obligation to do a better job to resist the system?

Alano: Well, as I said before, it depends on how you define punk, how you define yourself. If punk to you is about "music and drinks" than you have no obligation except to listen to music and get drunk. But if the shitstem chooses to push you around, you've already put yourself in a precarious position in terms of fighting back. If you classify yourself as an anarcho-punk then you need to find out what anarchism truly is and then act accordingly. Or if you're a

"political" punk then you have to find out what politrix are all about and then act upon that knowledge. Either way, there's a lot of work to be done within the entrails of the monster.

Ray: Where in the "entrails of the monster" do the members of Ricanstruction hail from?

Alano: We hail from wherever ghetto dwellers dwell.

Ray: And you, specifically, what ghetto do you dwell in?

Alano: Me, I come from the liberated zone.

Ray: Where is that, exactly?

Alano: Right where we're at. Some people call it East Harlem. Some people call it El Barrio. Some call it Spanish Harlem. We call it "La zona liberada."

Ray: Why's that?

Alano: Since we as Puerto Ricans have no home, being that our homeland is a captive nation, a colony, we decided that we needed a place for us exiles to dwell here in Babylon until Puerto Rico is liberated. So we decided to officially liberate East Harlem.

Ray: Coming up here and looking around I did notice a lot of political murals and posters, also a great deal of political graffiti; not your typical American self-aggrandizing stuff.

Alano: Yes, it's a part of the resistance struggle. We were living up here in the liberated zone autonomously creating our art and maintaining our bohemian Boricua culture until recently when the powers that be decided that they wanted to gentrify the area; so now we're fighting against gentrification... and fighting to survive.

Ray: Why did they decide to gentrify this particular area?

Alano: Well, just like Puerto Rico, East Harlem is geographically cursed. Puerto Rico is one thousand miles from Florida and right in the middle of the Caribbean, so the U.S. saw it as a perfect location to militarize in order to control the rest of the Caribbean and Latin America. In the case of El Barrio it's right above the Upper East Side, which is one of the main yuppie centers in Manhattan, so those capitalist pigs over there didn't feel they had enough room and real estate, so they decided to expand by trying to drive us into the sea. Your typical gentrification nightmare, you know.

Ray: So how has that struggle been going?

Alano: We're confident we'll win. But it's basically culture versus capital, so it's not easy. We have to use guerrilla tactics to fight them back. It's their greed against our need. It's sometimes hard to get poor folks to rally around the struggle against gentrification

because with gentrification comes the appearance of a better neighborhood. You know, suddenly there's better services, more chain stores, better garbage pick ups, better looking buildings, less graffiti, less drugs, more police... for a lot of poor folks who just wanna raise their kids, this sounds like a good thing. But then you find out that the police are only there to protect private property and the new tenants from you, and that they were in on the drug trade in your 'hood all along and could have stopped it any time they wanted to. And then you find out that those new chain stores will push out the neighborhood mom and pop stores that

RICANSTRUCTION'S MAIN MESSAGE, IF THERE IS A MAIN MESSAGE, IS ABOUT UNIVERSAL LIBERATION. PUERTO RICO'S STRUGGLE AGAINST COLONIALISM IS PART OF THE LARGER STRUGGLE FOR WORLD REVOLUTION. IT'S ABOUT FREEDOM, LIBERATION, PURE AND SIMPLE.

were there for years and that were owned by people who live in the neighborhood, and that they're just sprucing up the neighborhood to entice new tenants that will pay higher rents and eventually displace you. It's not that different than the displacement of the native peoples when the Europeans came to America. I won't even begin to discuss the need of the shitstem to stamp out graffiti because they know that it's often used by the poor and voiceless ghetto masses as a form of artistic and political expression. It's essentially a war that's being waged.

Ray: I remember a few years ago the police in New York used a tank to remove squatters in the Lower East Side. This seemed somewhat extreme.



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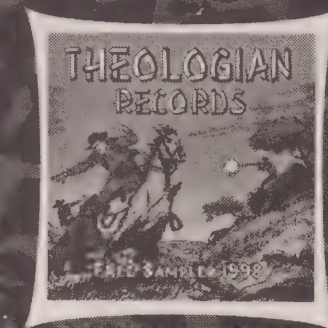
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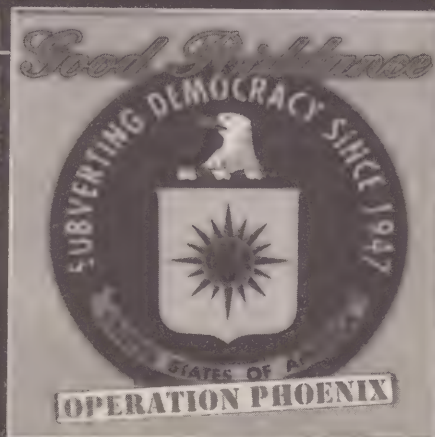


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Alano: But there was nothing extreme about it. It was a warlike act on the part of the power structure. Squatters have refused to play dead in the shitstem's war against the poor and have instead chosen to fight back. They've taken buildings that were burned out or locked up and warehoused by the city, and have transformed them into livable housing. No need to be homeless. No need to pay exorbitant rents to capitalist pigs. In fact, no need to pay rent at all. Squatters are probably one of the number one enemies of the government because they refuse to play by the capitalist rules. They fight the shitstem! In fact, squatters fuck the shitstem!

Ray: Judging by some of your lyrics it would seem that the struggle to free Puerto Rico from colonialism is also as important as your struggle here in the liberated zone...

Alano: Yes, of course. It's all part of our colonial situation. This is about the struggle for liberation. We are in a colonial condition and this breeds colonial thought. Just as racism breeds racist thinking and sexism breeds sexist thinking. I think once we free our minds, the walls of colonialism and these other ills will come tumbling down, or as Funkadelic so aptly put it, "Once we free our minds, our ass will follow."

Ray: The band seems to focus quite a bit on Puerto Rico and its colonial situation. Even when you're not specifically talking about Puerto Rican liberation, it could be interpreted that way.

Alano: That's cool if you interpret it that way, 'cause that could be the correct interpretation. That's really up to the interpreter, you know. Ricanstruction's main message, if there is a main message, is about universal liberation. Puerto Rico's struggle against colonialism is part of the larger struggle for world revolution. It's about freedom, liberation, pure and simple. Each of us must look at our self and decide what's necessary to free our self. As Bob Marley said "emancipate yourselves from mental slavery, none but ourselves can free our minds." That's what it's about, but we know, and everyone should know that until Puerto Rico is free no one is free. And that once Puerto Rico is free, it will free everyone.

Ray: I've seen you live and there are also quite a few people in the pit waving Puerto Rican flags at your shows. It's almost like your at the annual Puerto Rican day parade, but I wonder if this patriotic nationalism could be a detriment to real freedom.

Alano: Well, Lenin said that it's necessary to support national liberation struggles because they're part of the road to world revolution. But putting rhetoric aside, for Puerto Ricans who struggle for independence the Puerto Rican flag has always been about more than just patriotism. It's always been perceived as an important part of the resistance struggle that's been going on for hundreds of years. The Puerto Rican flag, which was created by Puerto Rican and Cuban communist liberationists during the struggles to free Cuba and Puerto Rico from Spanish colonialism over a hundred years, was outlawed for fifty years by the U.S. government when they seized control over Puerto Rico. To display the Puerto Rican flag was a crime. Today, to wave the Puerto Rican flag is to declare political and cultural resistance to U.S. colonialism in Puerto Rico. It's not the same as with the U.S. flag where it's a simple, if not simple-minded, patriotic thing. It's not like waving a banner at a sports event. There's no "we're number one" bullshit. We know we're not number one. For Puerto Ricans, who have been a colonized people for over five hundred years, it's a symbol of survival, a symbol of resistance.

Ray: Could you tell us a bit about Puerto Rico's current political situation?

Alano: For over a hundred years Puerto Rico has been a colony of these un-United States. What that means is that Puerto Ricans do not control their own



THE U.S. GOVERNMENT CONTROLS PUERTO RICO AND CLINTON IS THE PRESIDENT OF PUERTO RICO ALTHOUGH PUERTO RICANS DO NOT HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE IN U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

homeland. The U.S. government controls Puerto Rico and Clinton is the President of Puerto Rico although Puerto Ricans do not have the right to vote in U.S.

presidential elections. U.S. businessmen essentially control the economy of Puerto Rico, reaping huge profits from Puerto Rican tourism, mining, and business monopolies, as the majority of Puerto Ricans live under the poverty level. Puerto Rico has a standard of living well below any of the 50 U.S. states. Still, Puerto Rico is the number one consumer of U.S. goods and is not allowed to trade with any other countries without U.S. permission. The U.S. has military bases throughout Puerto Rico and uses them to keep Puerto Rican dissenters in line and for war games. They've actually "accidentally" dropped bombs in people's backyards and are causing cancer rates in Puerto Rico to go through the roof. They also train Latin American military dictators on these bases, and also use these bases as a jump off point to invade and threaten other Latin American countries that the U.S. perceives to be "getting out of line." Puerto Ricans who advocate freedom for Puerto Rico have been imprisoned and assassinated. This entire century has seen Puerto Rican political prisoners and prisoners of war.

Ray: What are these prisoners of war accused of?

Alano: Sedition. Attempting to overthrow the U.S. government.

Ray: Were they trying to "overthrow the U.S. government"?

Alano: Actually, what they were trying to do was liberate their homeland, Puerto Rico. They were attempting to end colonialism in Puerto Rico. They were trying to end imperialism.

Ray: So, of course, the U.S. sees this as an illegal act?

Alano: The U.S. sees whatever it pleases. The UN, on the other hand, has declared the act of these Puerto Rican political prisoners and prisoners of war to be legal and justified. They are considered to be freedom fighters by the UN and world court. Only the U.S. has the audacity to decide that some liberation struggles are OK but others are crimes.

Ray: How long have they been in prison?

Alano: Some almost 20 years.

Ray: What do you see as the outcome of Puerto Rico's struggle?

Alano: Well, there's no doubt that Puerto Rico will eventually be free. It's just a question of when. We understand that our struggle is against the most powerful empire that's ever been, our struggle is right here in the belly of this beast, but this does not deter those who believe in freedom. We just have to find more effective tactics. But judgment day soon come.

Ray: Do you get a lot of questions at shows from punks about the Puerto Rican liberation struggle?

Alano: Yes, we reason with all kinds of people. Some people who just came to hear the music and didn't know anything about the social issues tend to ask a lot of questions after we play, which is good, because we wouldn't want to spend our nights preaching to the converted, you know.

Ray: So do you sometimes feel more like politicians and less like musicians?

Alano: No, not at all. Talking about social issues doesn't make you a politician, nor does caring about the world you live in. It's all just about making a better life for all of us. We talk about what we know, what we care about. When we don't know something we direct folks to a better source - books by Frantz Fanon, Ronald Fernandez, Angela Davis. Organizations like Anarchist Black Cross, or the Puerto Rico Collective, whom we work very closely with.

Ray: So, bringing it back around to music, what part does Ricanstruction's music play in this struggle?

Alano: Well, it's simply a voice within this struggle. We speak about what's happening. Our music is a mirror of what's going on.

Ray: But your sound is not technically what's going on in Puerto Rico.

Alano: You don't think so?

Ray: I mean, maybe lyrically, but the fusion is not exactly traditional Puerto Rican music.

Alano: For a culture to survive, particularly under colonialism, it has to remain dynamic, it can't be stagnant, you know. Although we listen to, and are inspired by, everything from Bomba y Plena to folklorico, and for that matter salsa, we've never tried to sound "traditional." There's no such thing as traditional. The only tradition we know is the tradition of revolution. We are always in revolution, you dig. It's the same as with other music that has inspired us. We dig hardcore punk and punky reggae, for that matter, but we've never tried to straight up copy what's already been done. We've tried to make our music a representation of change, a soundtrack for revolution. So if it sounds different or untraditional to you, it might be because its day has not yet come.

Ray: So when will its day come?

Alano: When the revolution comes, of course. ☪



IMAGINE A PUNK ROCK SHOW AS DEPICTED IN GARY LARSON'S "FAR SIDE" CARTOON AND YOU'VE GOT THE RANDUMBS IN A NUTSHELL.

There's frontman Ian, the quintessential pissed-off husky boy with outsized glasses and strange tattoos. See Noah the lead guitarist, looking like Randy Rhodes' special ed. brother as he plugs an unsuspecting alley cat into the amplifier; John the drummer comes off like Popeye on a spinach kick as he punishes the tubs. And the new guy Mike the bass player resembles a Neapolitan Doby Gillis. If you haven't heard their new EP "Piss on It" (TKO) you've undoubtedly come across these Sonoma punks on one of the half-dozen compilations they've appeared on in the last few months. The Randumbs recently reconfigured their lineup when lead vocalist Saul quit the band. Ian moved from bass to chief screecher and Mike took over on bass. Amazingly, the new lineup sounds just like the old. Money and Todd journeyed to Costa Mesa, the profane heart of O.C. to catch up with The Randumbs at Club Mesa. We found eight guys dancing at the bar and howling at the jukebox. One of them had hit the jackpot on Keno, and was drinking up the take. Before the show we shot pool with Tari and Sharise, fellow Angelenos and watched as meth peddlers cycled up to the plate glass window to exchange coded signals with disheveled patrons who kept their heads bent in shame at the pathetic obviousness of it all. Maybe I'm mistaken, perhaps it's all that citrus in their diet that makes Costa Mesans come off so goddamn strangely, but the nicest thing I can say about the place is that we weren't attacked by rabid fruit rats, fangs gleaming as they dropped-out of the trees. The interview was conducted in The Randumbs van long after their set. A few of the members were pretty wasted, I won't mention any names but their initials are Mike and Noah.

INTERVIEW AND PICTURES BY MONEY

THE RANDUMBS

\$: Hey you guys, let me get your names and instruments you play so I can get - keep you tracked - when I try - transcribe this thing. [laughs] Wait a minute...

John: Drink a half a dozen beers and say that again.

Noah: Say it three times fast.

Ian: That was really good.

John: Don't t-t-try t-t-too hard t-t-to t-t-transcribe it.

\$: Remember, I get to edit this later, so I can make myself sound smart and you sound stupid.

John: Is that a mental note? Note to self: make sure I sound smart.

Noah: Money smart. Randumbs stupid.

Ian: Money, you don't have to make us sound stupid because we already are. We're from Sonoma. Everyone's stupid.

Ian: My name is Ian. I scream.

Mike: I'm, nevermind...

John: I'm Roy Gas and I smoke cigarettes.

Noah: I'm Al Khololic and I play guitar.

\$: You guys are no help at all.

Mike: My name is Bud Weiser and I play bass.

Noah: [imitating] My name is gaaaaaaaah and I pway bass.

\$: Now that you guys are through being cool...

Ian: My name's Ian and I scream.

John: My name is Roy Gas and I smoke cigarettes.

Noah: My name is Snell and I play guitar and piss.

Mike: Dave Willis bass.

\$: My first question...

Mike: What are your influences?

\$: Mike, What makes you so special?

[Note: Before the interview, John urged us to "drill" Mike, the newest member of the band. Money happily obliged.]

Mike: I got hit in the head when I was young. And it's not funny either.

\$: Mike, do you think you're punk enough for the Randumbs?

Mike: No. I'm regular.

\$: Regular what?

Noah: Unloaded.

Mike: Regular. I shit once a day.

\$: Mike, what other bands have you been in?

Mike: I was in One Man Army.

Ian: Big Top Accident.

Mike: No. Nothing that came through because there's a curse. The curse of Mike. If I'm in a band, we never make it through a 7".

Noah: We broke the curse.

Mike: Not yet.

Ian: It's not out yet.

John: I call bullshit on that.

\$: Mike, Do you have good hygiene.

Mike: Not today, but usually yes.

Noah: He has lots of boogers.

Mike: Because I use Thera-Breath by

COCKED AND LOADED

MONEY - WHO'S THE BEST SHOOTER IN THE BAND?

IAN - WHAT KIND OF SHOOTER?

JOHN - I CAN MAINLINE LIKE A MOTHER FUCKER.

NOAH - I CAN SHOOT ABOUT TEN FEET.

IAN - HE CAN.

MIKE - AND I CAN PEE FAR.

Dr. Katz. In gum drops. As seen on Thera-Breath.com.

www.therabreath.com.

\$: Mike, what's your favorite thing about getting spit on?

Mike: Cooties.

Ian: Ohmygod it's funny that you said that.

Mike: Catching it in my mouth.

\$: Care to comment, John?

John: Not really.

Noah: Wait a second, why did you ask that?

\$: Because of the show last night, Mr. Nonmemory.

Noah: Oh. [to Mike] Did you get spit on last night?

Mike: No.

\$: Yeah he did.

Ian: A couple of weeks ago he got spit on.

\$: He got spit on last night. And when it was pointed out to him that he was wearing a huge lunger, he picked it up and put it on his mouth.

Mike: That was my own lunger.

John: He drools on himself when he plays. But a couple of weeks ago when we were playing the Cocodrie about two or three weeks and...

Mike: Yeah, Cocodrie...

John: Shut the fuck up, lips. And Ian clocked this mother fucker right over the head with the mic stand. It was pretty bitchen.

Ian: We were at work, Mike and I, and we were bitching about getting spit on when we played. Actually, I was bitching.

Mike: As usual.

Ian: Yeah, I'm not bitching, I just bitch and complain. So anyhow, I'm pissing and moaning about getting spit on because I don't like it. So at the show I say "Don't spit on Mike because he doesn't like it." So this fucking guy spit on me through the whole set. It was driving me crazy and I was a bit liquored so I whopped him on the head with the mic stand.

Mike: But if he sends us a letter there's a free t-shirt in it for him. I'll even throw in a record.

Noah: I'm fucking lamblasted.

Ian: That's okay. I'm driving and I'm lamblasted myself.

Mike: I've got straight-edge.

Ian: Dumb-edge?

Noah: I've got a hole in my cock.

John: I gotta piss.

Mike: You're probably the first guy who's been in our band who hasn't lost his virtue

\$: Oh, really? Is that for real?

Mike: No.

\$: Who's the best shooter in the band?

Ian: What kind of shooter.

John: I can mainline like a mother fucker.

Noah: I can shoot about ten feet.

Ian: He can.

Mike: And I can pee far.

\$: What weapons do you own? You know, shootists. You guys aren't weapons specialists?

Ian: No, we're not. John's got a lot of guns.

John: I have a 300 Savage and a Mossberg 12 gauge.

\$: You got a Mossberg?

John: My father bought it for me when I was 12.

\$: What's your strategy for what kind of shells you use?

Mike: Johnny, don't answer that question.

John: For shooting game you use your #2 and double Xs.

Ian: As your legal counsel I advise you not to answer that question.

John: Shooting ducks or home defense?

\$: Home defense. Slugs or spread?

John: Oh, definitely slugs. You get better penetration.

Noah: Don't say penetration because Money here is Money.

\$: I've got designs on Ian. What's Dogbash and more importantly, how come I've never been invited?

John: Well you are now.

Ian: How the fuck did you hear about that? Oh, you were talking to Tari!

\$: Actually I heard about Dogbash from Eric.

Ian: Oh really. Dogbash is a birthday party that I have every year and we go to the beach and burn things and drink heaps and heaps and heaps of alcohol and do unspeakable things.

\$: How did you get the nickname Dog?

Ian: Oh fuck. I used to do whatever you want. When I was a kid. I'd eat dead animals that you found on the beach. You could drink with me and throw up and I'd pick it up and eat it. I'd drink and drink as much as you could put in front of me. And other things.

Noah: Tell them about squirrels, Ian. The shiny squirrel. Tell them about when you puked on my head.

Ian: Which time?

\$: What about when you ate a squirrel?

Noah: It was a shiny squirrel.

Ian: It was a rabbit. I never ate a shiny squirrel you bastard. It was a rabbit that we found on the beach and it had been dead for I don't how long.

John: You're way out. It was a raccoon!

Ian: It wasn't a raccoon! It was a rabbit! If it's dead and once walked the earth and breathed I'll fucking eat it. I don't care.

Mike: If you can't fuck it or eat it, kill it. [laughs]

John: Whatever.

\$: Mike obviously brings a new level of understanding to the band.

Mike: I'm the new guy!

Ian: If you can't fuck it or eat it, then kill it. [contemplates] That should be the title of our new record.

Mike: I love my girlfriend, Ellen.

John: Oh, bullshit.

Noah: Edit! Edit! Edit!

Ian: You're fired.

\$: What's the nude bowl?

Ian: The nude bowl is a pool in the Desert Hot Springs. It's an old nudist colony that has a really nice pool and we go out there and shoot guns and drink in the middle of the desert. I don't know. You have to have a pretty thick skin to hang out in the middle of the desert. It's pretty fucking gross. But nude bowl's fun. All the kids come out a couple times a year. Kick ass.

\$: That's what makes Todd so tough, he's from the desert.

Ian: I saw that about you. It shows.

\$: I'm not Todd. I don't refer to myself in the third



AT LEAST THEY'RE COHERENT

NOAH: I'M FUCKING LAMBLASTED.

IAN: THAT'S OKAY. I'M DRIVING AND I'M LAMBLASTED MYSELF.

MIKE: I'VE GOT STRAIGHT-EDGE.

IAN: DUMB-EDGE?

NOAH: I'VE GOT A HOLE IN MY COCK.

JOHN: I GOTTA PISS.

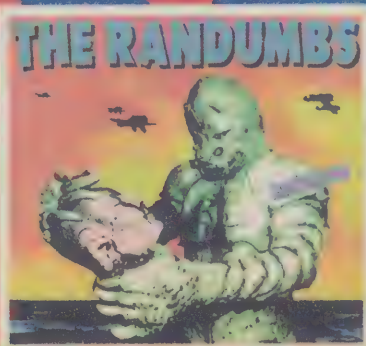




RANDUMBS



A SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED DIET
IAN: IT WASN'T A RACCOON! IT WAS A RABBIT! IF IT'S
DEAD AND ONCE WALKED THE EARTH AND BREATHED...
I'LL FUCKING EAT IT. I DON'T CARE.



NEXTSTEP

INTERVIEW BY BRIAN GTA.

...ARE THE NEWER BREED OF AUSTRALIAN HARDCORE, HONORING THE PAST WHILE LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE. WITHIN THE FEW YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN AROUND NEXTSTEP HAVE ACHIEVED THE UNIFIED SOUND OF A BAND PLAYING TOGETHER FOR A DECADE WHILE DISPLAYING THE EXCITEMENT AND ENERGY LEVEL OF A BAND FORMED A FEW MONTHS AGO. HOPEFULLY ALL OF THEIR HARD WORK AND DEDICATION THAT HAS BEEN POURED INTO IMPROVING THEIR NATIVE AUSTRALIAN SCENE WILL GAIN THEM SOME WELL DESERVED ATTENTION OUTSIDE THEIR CONTINENT AS WELL.

Brian: Would you say that your band's sound is more influenced by American music than Australian? How would you describe your sound?

Chris: Oh yeah, definitely. It would be pretty obvious to anyone who has heard our music that we are influenced by a lot of the late '80s posi-core bands such as Gorillas Biscuits, Youth Of Today and early 7 Seconds. There have been no Australian bands which have helped shape our sound. Besides, I think it would be fair to say that almost all Australian hardcore bands have been heavily influenced by American HC bands.

Brian: Give us a brief history of the band because I understand that this is not the original line up? What disgusting and degrading carryings-on drove said members from the band?

Chris: We came together in mid '96 with just the standard format of clarinet, trumpet, violin and me on the mic. It was going OK but the tunes just weren't finger pointing material so we switched to a more original HC format of guitar (Paul), bass (Darren) and drums (Pete). I stayed on the mic because I was the boss and needed the mic to bark instructions during rehearsals. To cut a long story/attempt at humor short, we are now a five piece. Paul left the band because he could no longer take my dictatorship and we subsequently added Erle and Mark to the line-up.

Brian: Which band member emits the foulest body odor whilst playing? Is it comparable to the corpse of a three day old wombat?

Chris: We're not a punk band Brian, we wear deodorant. What's a wombat?

Brian: Does your band have a strong lyrical message to get across to its listeners and does this have anything to do with the name that you have chosen for your band?

Chris: No, we just chose a catchy name to sing catchy tunes about relevant topics such as girlfriend troubles etc. Due to the type of music we are playing we chose a name that did have some meaning and complemented the topics we were singing about. The name Nextstep (we have defied the English language by turning two words into one) ties in well with issues we cover in our lyrics, issues and topics which are by no means original but nonetheless close to our hearts. Songs

about racism, sexism, homophobia, religion (bad), pro wrestling (good) and life in general (good and bad). We try to put a positive spin on most things we sing about. Yes, the world's fucked but I don't think just singing about that and not trying to offer some hope is constructive. I think that there is a light at the end of every tunnel it's just up to the individual to find it.

Brian: What would be your response if a fight broke out in the audience while you were playing? Do you see violence as just a normal occurrence in the scene and one not to get too worked up over?

Chris: If a fight broke out while we were playing we would stop playing immediately. This happened at one of our shows around a year ago. After the fight was broken up I tried to explain why violence was unnecessary and should not be tolerated under any circumstances. We've got a song about just that called "Wrong Answer." Luckily in our HC scene violence is not a normal occurrence. It is very rare to see a fight at a show. Generally everyone is pretty well behaved.

Brian: Are there any aspects of the hardcore scene that you would like to see changed?

Chris: Where do we start: The haircuts. There are alternatives. Do the guys all have to look like army combat soldiers. The jocks. Why do these people attend shows? It can't be for the music. The lyrics. Enough with the songs about unity and friendship already. There are more important things happening around us than who said what about whom. The



WE JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF PRACTICALLY NAKED, FULLY GROWN

insincerity. Actions speak louder than words. The tattoos. Nothing against the tattoos just against some of the people who have them. They prove nothing. So I choose not to cover my body in ink, does that make me less "hardcore." The muted E chord. If some bands look hard enough I'm sure they'll find that there are a plethora of other chords running anywhere along the guitar neck.

Brian: Not that anyone reading this would ever be interested in purchasing anything from you wombat fuckers, but what releases does Nextstep have out now and slated for the near future?

Chris: Before answering the question I would like to express my dismay at your "wombat fuckers" comment. Who do you think we are Brian, we make slow tender love to our wombats. You make it sound so dirty and perverse. Over two years ago we released a demo "Together We Can Make a Difference" and then January 1998 we released a six song 7" EP "Time to Speak Up." Due for release some time in late '99 is a CD.

Brian: What is the purpose of having your own label, Rely On Records, besides releasing your own band's material? Shouldn't running a label be left to the "pros"?

Chris: I'll take the last question in jest when you ask if running a label should be left to the "pros," which I suppose answers the first question as to why I formed why own label. We don't have too many "pros" in charge of small labels in Australia. So what's the point of going through a label if all they're going to do is no more than what I can do in regards to distribution and financial input. I'd rather do it myself and know that things are getting done like orders filled, etc. Furthermore, I can control the price of the release and by eliminating the label's cut the savings can be passed onto the consumer. My only aim is to break even. The label is also a fun thing to do and I only release the material of mine and my friend's bands.

Brian: In your opinion is there a way for a hardcore band to earn its living playing music and not be considered sell-outs? If so, then how? If not, why?

Chris: If they earned their living through constant live performances and good record sales through an independent



label then I don't see how a HC band could be considered sell outs. If people in HC bands truly believe that signing that million dollar contract from a multi national record company does not go against any of the ideals of what hardcore is all about then obviously they were never a hardcore band to begin with. They just played the tunes and sang the words that gave people the impression that they were a hardcore band.

Brian: Any plans on touring the US so we can tip off customs not to let you louts in? If anywhere else, why their crappy country and not ours?

Chris: We'd definitely love to tour anywhere outside Australia if we were given the opportunity and assistance

too subtle innuendo.

Brian: Anything else I've forgotten to ask you fine lads?

Chris: No, I think that's about covered everything. Thanks for the interview Brian and thanks to you for reading an interview by a band you've probably never heard of before. Take care everyone.\$

If anyone would like to receive our 7" then just send five well concealed American dollars to: Rely on Records at Gpo Box 2233t Melbourne, Vic., Australia 3001. You can also e-mail us at: Relyonrecords@hotmail.com.au

BEFORE ANSWERING THE QUESTION, I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY DISMAY AT YOUR "WOMBAT FUCKERS" COMMENT. WHO DO YOU THINK WE ARE BRIAN, WE MAKE SLOW TENDER LOVE TO OUR WOMBATS. YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO DIRTY AND PERVERSE.



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MEN, ROLLING AROUND A RING PRETENDING TO BE HURT.

DAVIE ALLAN

AND THE ARROWS



I've been a Davie Allan and the Arrows fan a lot longer than I knew I was. "Blues' Theme," and various other movie tunes wormed their way into my subconscious long before I had an inkling that there was one specific entity responsible for all those cool old fuzzy instrumental gems from my childhood. In the early '80s, I worked at a job where music was an integral part of the work day (thanks again, Ellen). One of the employees played the "Wild Angels" soundtrack practically every day for months (hi, Chuck). Good stuff. Years later I picked up a bootlegged retrospective, "King Fuzz," and have since sought out everything I can find, old, new and in between, and consider myself lucky to have seen a variety of line ups live. The latest permutation is Davie on guitar, David Winogrand on drums and Lee Joseph on bass.

I caught the group at Al's Bar, in February, and scored an interview, thanks to the helpful Dionysus staff, with the undisputed "King of Fuzz Guitar." For more on Davie, I heartily endorse "Fuz," a mag devoted almost exclusively to the Arrows. To order it, write to Seth Wimpfheimer at 519 Birch Ave. Westfield, NJ 07090.

Interview and live photos '99 by P. Edwin Letcher

This poster by John the Minor



The band: (in front) (l-r) **David Allan - Guitar, David Winoground - Drums, Lee Joseph - Bass.**
(in back) (l-r) **Jeff Peters - Recording and mixdown engineer, Chris Ashford - Producer**

Edwin: Where were you born?

Davie: LA. How boring, huh?

Edwin: Have you, basically, lived here ever since?

Davie: Yeah. There was a few years, in my childhood, when my stepfather got a job back in his home town, which was Greenville, South Carolina, so the whole family moved back there for about three years.

Edwin: How old were you then?

Davie: Let me see... I was something like 11. So 11 through 14 or 15, something like that.

Edwin: Did you guys travel around West Virginia, Virginia and that whole area when you were there?...Or did you just hang around in the one town?

Davie: You mean as far as the family thing?

Edwin: Yeah.

Davie: It was just to go back there for three years and live and then come back. That's all it was.

Edwin: Why did you start playing guitar?

Davie: From seeing Elvis on TV... That's the Bruce Springsteen line, I think.

Edwin: Was it his playing guitar? Because I know he used to hold a guitar early on.

Davie: The fact that I saw it. I didn't know that he wasn't a player; I just saw him holding it.

Edwin: The imagery?

Davie: Yeah, exactly.

Edwin: Were your folks supportive of you playing?

Davie: Oh, yeah... I didn't do much for a while. I just started fooling around with it... I'm trying to think - when did I first start? If I saw him in like '55, '56, I guess I actually got a guitar around '58.

ested in what you were doing?

Davie: Here's where we have to bring in - "god" - Mr. Curb. I met him in high school and we started doing demos together and then we started doing some serious recording.

Edwin: Was he playing?

Davie: He was doing keyboards. We even had a little group. I guess we were still in high school or just out of high school, a group doing fraternity parties and clubs and things.

Edwin: What was that called?

Davie: There were so many different names. It was like this agent would book us as the Wailers, one time, which had "Tall Cool One" and we weren't the Wailers. That sort of thing. We had three black female singers so we were doing all that kind of stuff; all those chick songs. Then we went in and started doing some instrumentals. We actually started doing that in '63 and then late in '64 we did "Apache" and called it "Apache '65." That came out on Curb's label, his first release on Sidewalk Records. And then Tower picked it up and put it out in January of '65.

Edwin: When you guys were doing the real early demos, has that stuff ever seen the light of day? Do tapes still

Edwin: Did you write a whole lot of material back in the '60s?

Davie: I wrote quite a lot. I didn't always get credit. For instance, I co-wrote "Blues' Theme" with Curb, back in '66. I got my writing credit in 1990. I lost 26 years worth of royalties on that song.

Edwin: Was that out here or back East?

Davie: That was when we came back here.

Edwin: Was there someone who helped you learn how to play?

Davie: Duane Eddy... I learned every lick I could pick out of his records.

Edwin: So, you pretty much did it all on your own, listened to what others did and figured out what they were doing?

Davie: I did have a teacher. I did go for lessons for like, oh, probably less than a year. I got frustrated because I wanted to get to the recording part of it quicker so I quit learning and started recording. There's things I don't know, today, about the damned instrument.

Edwin: So, you started recording. Was that on your own or did you have someone else inter-

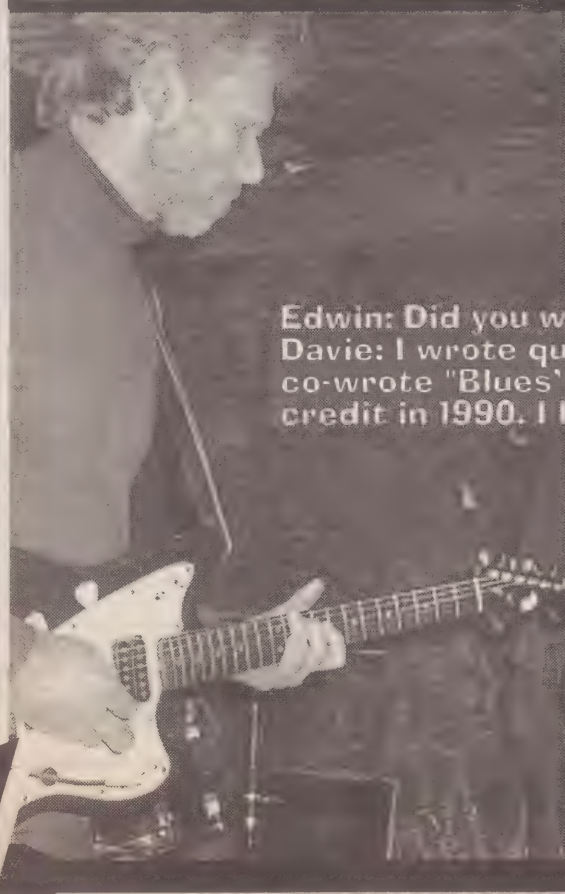
exist?

Davie: I'm sure they do. There are still quite a few things that are... somewhere, in some warehouse somewhere, but they've not come out.

Edwin: Are you still in contact with Mike?

Davie: Actually, he called early in December because we've been working on trying to do a contract to kind of sign off on the '60s. He promises to... I should be saying this with tongue in cheek because he wants to start putting all those things back out there again but the contracts were so bad, and I was cheated so badly that he wants me to sign off on the '60s, for a certain amount of money, and then start putting the stuff back out there. So, he called to get together about that, in December, and I was out of town but this particular contract has been going since late '94. Nothing's happened.

Edwin: That's the new contract with Mike



Curb?

Davie: It would have nothing to do with what I do today; it's just to get the old '60s stuff back out there.

Edwin: Would it be the kind of thing where he'd give you a lump sum and he'd be free to do what ever he could with it and conceivably make millions and millions of dollars while you'd get a nice, tidy sum, but... nowhere near that?

Davie: Right. Correct. Exactly. Now, I'm telling you this but I don't really have a whole lot of faith that it's going to come through.

Edwin: It's a weird gamble. You could say yeah, he'd give you a nice chunk of change, bust his butt and not sell any and you'd be the winner, or he could make himself a wealthy man...

Davie: He doesn't need to do that!

Edwin: What's he doing?

Davie: He's in Nashville. He's like the biggest independent country label on earth. He's got people like LeAnn Rimes, that little fourteen year old girl, Wynona Judd... The list is amazing.

Edwin: Did he do a 180 on you with the Congregation thing? When he went right wing religious nut?

Davie: I always wondered why I was never a part of that. I asked him once and he didn't really have a good answer, except something like, he wanted to keep me separate from all these other things.

Edwin: Was he totally into that? Did he go kind of weird on you or was that always a part of him that sort of surfaced? The whole religious thing?

Davie: I don't know. Once Tower kind of went out of business, like in '68, everything just ended. I did, foolishly, sign with Curb again when he took over MGM in '71. I think he did that in '69 or '70 but I signed and had some records out, on MGM, for a couple years. I kept hoping he might follow through with the initial promises when we first got together. Through the years, I've tried, different times, to do some recording with him and nothing's really happened.

Edwin: After all these years, nothing's panned out the way you'd like things to pan out?

Davie: Right.

Edwin: What about the original line up of the Arrows? Was there a solid Arrows, or was it you and who ever you could find, or who ever was thrown in with you, or what was the situation?

Davie: For the most part, from '63 to, I guess, '67, Larry Brown was the only real steady. He was the drummer. The next one that would be kind of steady would be Drew Bennett, the bass player. He was there from like '65 to '68, maybe. But, other than that, I went through a couple of rhythm guitar players. Recording wise it was crazy; a lot of my recordings were prerecorded tracks from years before that either Curb had owned or somebody else that was in the company. There wasn't even a start to finish album back then. Even "Wild Angels" had some prerecorded tracks. There was even a Hondells track on there. So it was a mess, really. Nobody was sure of what was going on.

Edwin: Do you have any idea of how many records you put out in the '60s or is it just too scattered and nebulous?

Davie: There's only four that were actually considered full Arrows albums even though the "Wild Angels" says Arrows on some songs and says a couple other names, I'm on the whole thing. Then there are two dozen sound tracks where I would do a few tunes and then play background on others - and all these different names. Plus I played on dozens of other Tower and Sidewalk artists' recordings. Did you ever see the magazine that somebody put out on me called "Fuzz"? That really lays it out pretty well. [See the intro for info on obtaining this mag. I hadn't seen it 'til after the interview]

Edwin: Pretty definitive?

Davie: Yeah, it's amazing.

Edwin: Speaking of fuzz, where did you get it? The concept. I mean, who were the people you were checking out that were doing that, or is that something you took a step further? How did you become the King of Fuzz Guitar? That's a label that's been tagged on you fairly recently right?

Davie: I heard it in the mid-'80s actually.

Edwin: Yeah, but relative to the '60s that's pretty recent.

Davie: Right.

Edwin: But back then, I'm sure that was part of your appeal, just nobody used that term... Did you go see Dick Dale... not that he was fuzzy, but...

Davie: Oh, yeah, I did. I mentioned Duane Eddy was my first guitar idol. Nokie Edwards would be second. I did listen

to some Link Wray stuff and I was really intrigued by that distorted sound which I guess was mostly distorted amplifiers as opposed to fuzz tones on his part. The one record I always bring up is this Marty Robins song called "Don't Worry." It had a fuzz solo in it.

Edwin: It was pretty much a country song but it had the fuzz break?

Davie: Right. The first fuzz tone I had was a Gibson Maestro fuzz tone. To this day, I don't know what I did with it. I wish I'd kept it just for old time sake... But between that record and "Scratchy," by Travis Wammack, do you know that one?

Edwin: No, it's called "Scratchy?"

Davie: Yeah... but once I started using the fuzz, which was mostly, the first time was on a little short subject called "Skaterdater," that came out, I think, the same year as we did "Wild Angels," and once I started doing that fuzz tone, BAM! I never wanted to not do it. I've lost track of how many different kinds I've used through the years. Right now I'm using two together; a ProCo Rat pedal and an Ibanez Tube Screamer.

Edwin: Do you use them in tandem?

Davie: Yeah, I use them together and sometimes turn one of them off for different effects. Before that I was lugging around this Roland guitar processor that was insane; all kinds of sounds in it but it was quite a turn off to a lot of fans, seeing this processor up there. I think it still made it sound okay, but they didn't like it.

Edwin: Back in '63 and '64 were you primarily recording or were you guys out on the road with the Ventures, Duane



Eddy, or whoever? Or when you went out were you more like the headliners with other bands backing you up?

Davie: That early, I was mostly just recording and doing the thing I mentioned before with Curb playing, doing the live shows which had nothing to do with the Arrows. '65 is when I started doing the Arrows shows. We would go to Arizona, we'd fly to Colorado, little things like that, nothing big.

Edwin: Did you play with the Astronauts in Colorado?

Davie: Nope. I don't remember who was on that bill... It might have been Freddie Cannon. '67 was the only real tour that the Arrows did. It was a month in August of '67. We went across the United States. And then, for some crazy reason, things just died out. I don't really know what happened, exactly.

Edwin: I think that the whole trend in music kind of went kablooie. I think that's part of it. It was also a weird time; I would imagine there were some pretty tumultuous things going on in your lives as well.

Davie: Oh, yeah. The real positive thing about era was - I was in the studio, I figure, just about daily from about '64 to '68 - somebody called me from the E Channel. They're doing a thing on the Sunset Strip in the '60s and was expecting I'd have some great stories to tell. I had to say, "No, I was in the studio the whole time." [Music drifted in from the other room] Oh, listen, they're playing "Blues Theme." That was a Mosrite fuzz tone, by the way.

Edwin: What was your favorite guitar? Was the Mosrite one of your favorites?

Davie: Yeah, I had a lot of fun with that double neck that I used back then. It had a twelve string on top and a six on bottom. It was so heavy that it caused me back problems which I still have today. Unfortunately, I sold it in 1970. I'm using a '65 Fender Jazzmaster today.

Edwin: How many guitars do you have?

Davie: That's it.

Edwin: Really? You don't even have a second for a back up? How often do you break a string on stage.

Davie: It's dangerous, I know, but... I've probably broken one or two in the last four years.

Edwin: What gauge do you play?

Davie: I'm using Dean Markley. It's their Super Long Play, they call it, and it starts with a ten. Ten to forty six. I think Nokie Edwards was using that so that's why I picked it.

Edwin: I forget. Is he the one who just died recently?

Davie: No, the drummer, Mel Taylor, of the Ventures.

Edwin: They're playing next week end at the House of Blues.

Davie: It would have been nice to do a show with them sometime, but I don't know how to do that.

Edwin: I guess the right person has to make the right phone call.

Davie: We have no management and no agent.

Edwin: You do it all primarily your self then?

Davie: Pretty much, yeah.

Edwin: Was there ever a long stretch of time when you weren't doing anything? You weren't in a studio, you weren't playing, you were either not interested or not hooked up... not in the loop?

Davie: Yeah, I put the Arrows to bed from '68 until... There was a long stretch where I did put out a couple of records, from '71 to '73, on MGM, but, as far as live, I was in a top forty band which had nothing to do with the Arrows. I didn't even say who I was. It was just to pay the bills. Then I did a record in '76. Then there was about a six year period, between '76 and '82 when I did nothing Arrows at all. Then I got together with Chris Ashford, of What? Records, in '82, and we started doing some things. He's still producing us today.

Edwin: Did you get into punk rock? Not necessarily playing, but just kind of into the whole energy of it?

Davie: I haven't really gotten into anything. Ever. [indicating David Winogrand] This is my drummer, David. He's amazed. He'll mention some guitar players or some groups and I'll say, "Huh? Who?"

David: There's all sorts of guitar players I've asked him about that he's never listened to. Especially in the '60s. He was so busy recording that he wasn't checking out a lot of music coming out.

Davie: People will ask if I was inspired by, I guess, Hendrix and... Jeff Beck. I never listened to either one of them. All I know from Hendrix is two songs.

David: "Foxy Lady" and "Purple Haze," that's all he knows.

Davie: Correct.

Edwin: You didn't collect records and that whole thing?

Davie: What I was collecting was Duane Eddy, the Ventures, Elvis and movie sound tracks, mostly Henry Mancini.

David: The guitar players that he was most influenced by, he doesn't sound like. When I first joined I was asking him any particular part of a song was inspired by a Henrix song, "Third Stone from the Sun," and he said he had never even heard of the song.

Davie: I didn't hear the song until Dick Dale did it a couple years ago, and then I didn't even know what it was.

Edwin: Were you a fan of Dick Dale?

Davie: Oh, yeah. He even played on a session of mine in '85. I did an album and had him play a solo in one of my songs.

Edwin: Have you guys done any shows together? I see he's playing around.

Davie: I've asked him so many times for us to be on the same bill and the only time we were was on a benefit for a road manager who had fallen or something. That was down at the Galaxy in Santa Ana or Costa Mesa or where ever that was. That was a couple years ago, I guess. That's the only time we ever did a show with him and I don't really count that as being on the same bill; it was a different kind of thing. I even asked him recently, after a review of a show we did. It was a great line, it said, "If Dick Dale owns the ocean, Davie Allan owns the road," or something. I sent that to him and said, "Let's do a show together." I never heard back. Talk about being in your own little world - he is.

Edwin: Was there an Arrows between the '60s Arrows and the Davie, Dave and David Arrows.

Davie: Actually, in the early '80s, I did a few shows. When Chris put out "Stoked on Surf," I did a few appearances until around '86 or '87 and then quit again until we started it up

again in '94.

[Davie and David discuss the accuracy of these dates]

Edwin: How did you hook up with Dave and David?

Davie: Chris Ashford put them both in touch with me.

David: I've been friends with Chris since 1975. He asked me to show up to the studio to play on a track. I asked him when the rehearsal was and he said, "Just go jam."

Davie: That was in '87. We did one song.

David: I said, "No preparing, no meeting him, no nothing?" He said, "No, just go play." And that was "Missing Link."

Davie: Are you familiar with that?

Edwin: No.

Davie: Oh... they called me from Dionysus. Do you know Lee?

Edwin: Yeah, I know Lee and Aime.

Davie: He hasn't given you, "Loud, Loose and Savage," that CD?

Edwin: I have that. Is that track on there?

Davie: "Missing Link" is the last track. That seven minute thing.

Edwin: OK, I am familiar with that, I just forgot the title. [to David] And that was the first thing you did?

David: Right.

Edwin: And, then, how long before you actually decided to stay together?

Davie: That was a while.

Davie: Yeah, if that was '87 then we really didn't do the new Arrows group until late '94.

David: We tried to do it a little earlier than that, maybe about a year earlier, but then there was the earthquake. He had to recover from that because he was right in the middle of it.

Edwin: Were you living in Northridge then?

Davie: Right. We did start it in August of '94.

David: That's when we officially got started.

Davie: We've been going ever since. We've been through

a few bass players. Lee is working out great.

Edwin: Are you happier with a three piece or with the four piece?

Davie: Well, if I could ever find the right fourth member, it would be nice, but we've had problems with ego things.

Edwin: It just hasn't worked out?

Davie: No, it hasn't.

Edwin: It sounds great as a three piece.

Davie: You haven't seen us live though?

Edwin: Oh, yeah. I saw you guys three or four times with Carmen and I saw you, at Spaceland, with Lee. I thought it was hot. I found that when Carmen was in the band it was fuller, I thought she added a lot to the sound and she definitely held her own as far as her guitar playing and I thought she was, visually, an added attraction. But I certainly don't think there's anything missing; it's not like it sounds thin, it just sounds different.

Davie: It would have been nice to keep it the way we had it but she and I just locked horns and there was no fixing it. It's real weird for me to have something end like that. I mean, David's still here. [to David] Have we ever had a real argument?

Davie: No.

Davie: We may disagree on one little thing and then it's over within seconds but with her, whoa. That's all I need to say about that.

Edwin: So, musical differences?

Davie: Yeah, and personal and everything else.

Edwin: What's the last thing you've recorded with the new band? What's the latest?

Davie: We have a CD coming out...Well Lee has not recorded with us yet. We're doing that Monday. Have you heard of Gearhead magazine?

Edwin: Oh, yeah.

Davie: They do a single in each issue. Well, we're on the next single. [The track was recorded 2/22/99. It is called "Encounter" and I've heard it came out great!]

Edwin: Is it going to be a split single?

Davie: Yeah, we're on one side and Mudhoney's on the other. We're practicing the song tonight.

Edwin: That's one of my favorite magazines.

Davie: Cool. That'll be the next issue, and then we have a CD that's being shipped, this week, from Europe. It's on a label called Gee Dee from Germany.

Edwin: Is it new stuff?

Davie: Yeah, it's a whole new album.

David: It's called "Bykedelics."

Davie: Everything's brand new recordings. We did a couple of remakes. Somewhere on there is "Blues' Theme/Born

Losers Theme" and "Theme from the Unknown," from the '60s. Those are remakes. But, it's all brand new. It's just being shipped right now.

Edwin: Did you write a whole lot of material back in the '60s?

Davie: I wrote quite a lot. I didn't always get credit. For

instance, I co-wrote "Blues' Theme" with Curb, back in '66. I got my writing credit in 1990. I lost 26 years worth of royalties on that song. He made sure that most of his songs were recorded. I've done most of my writing in the last few years, actually. This whole new album, I almost wrote it all in the last couple of years.

Edwin: When you write, do ever have any vocal ideas or is all strictly just themes that come into your head or things that you pluck around with on the guitar?

Davie: Usually, I'll come up with a few chord ideas and then my head brings out a melody to those chords. When you say vocal, I write by humming the melody but I'm not really writing vocal tunes,

although I've got quite a few. I did some vocal things, actually, in the '70s.

Edwin: I was going to ask you about that. You used to watch Elvis; did you go through a phase where you wanted to be a vocalist?

Davie: Oh yeah, definitely.

Edwin: Is that something you did early on?

Davie: I was never that comfortable singing. I'm actually singing on a couple of things on some of the '60s releases.

Edwin: "Granny Goose"?

Davie: No, that was my rhythm guitar player. Did you ever hear the one, "Making Love is Fun"? It's on "Wild Angels Volume 2"?

Edwin: No.

Davie: How about, "Angel with a Devil's Heart"? Did you ever hear that one?

Edwin: No.

Davie: That was actually unreleased 'til just recently.

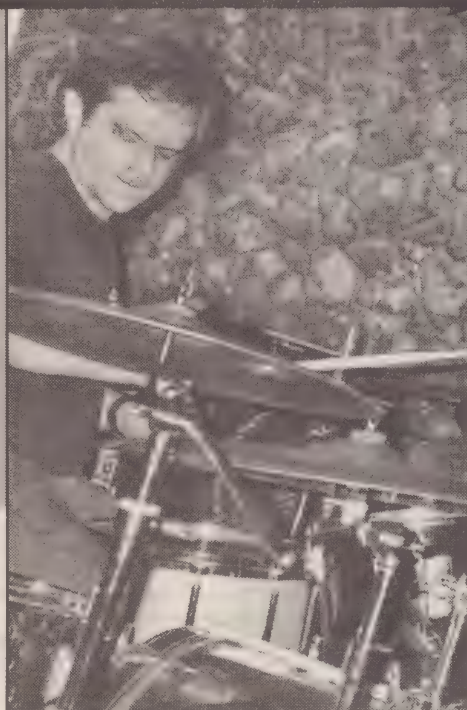
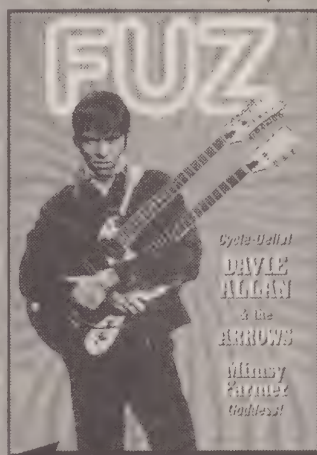
Edwin: Are a lot of the early things being re-released on CD?

Davie: I've re-recorded some things because they're not out; no one's putting them out.

Edwin: I'd get a lot of the stuff if it was available.

David: Do you have "Bullseye"?

Edwin: No, I have one called "King Fuzz," on album.



We were there in '96 for a European tour. It was about two weeks which was our only time there. My only time in Europe. I've only done two tours in my entire career. '67 and '96. Quite a lapse there.





Davie: People will ask if I was inspired by, I guess, Hendrix and... Jeff Beck. I never listened to either one of them. All I know from Hendrix is two songs.

David: "Foxey Lady" and "Purple Haze," that's all he knows.

Davie: Correct.

Davie: The green one. That's a bootleg out of Australia.

Edwin: That one's got some great stuff. It's an overview...

Davie: So's "Bullseye."

Edwin: There's probably a lot of overlap on the boot legs. They probably all throw on "Blues' Theme" and some of the other more obvious ones... Is there enough old material for a vocal album?

Davie: Hmm... I don't know. I'm not sure how many things exist. Somebody was talking to me about doing a '70s retrospective. I've got a lot of things I did in the '70s that were sort of released on MGM. Singles and then some unreleased things. It would be an interesting collection. If I had the money, I would just go ahead and press that up myself... but I don't think it would be a big winner. If you'd like to hear some of the stuff, I could make you a tape.

Edwin: Oh, yeah. That would be wonderful. I'd love to hear that.

David: His vocal stuff is really neat. I like it. I might even have some extra copies of some things.

Edwin: That would be great. If you give me anything I'll use it for the article and give it a plug, but I'll leave that up to you.

Davie: I'll see what I've got.

Edwin: About the one coming out next week, who'll be distributing it?

Davie: Well, he's shipping it right now. I think it's mostly going to be a European release. I don't know how many of them will get over here. The plan is to redo it in about six months and put it out here. I mean, remaster, remix, everything.

Edwin: With a slightly different cover, maybe?

Davie: Probably everything, yeah. It depends on how well he does with it, I guess. Of course, Total Energy, that did "Fuzz Fest" and the 45, they want to do a live in the studio album. Probably next month or so. That's partly what we're playing

tonight; that batch of tunes. We're not sure how we're doing it or where we're doing it. We'd like to go into a small club and have somebody bring in a two or four track machine or something and do it that way. They want it done as a trio with no overdubs.

Edwin: I have a friend who tapes a lot of shows with a DAT. Would you be into something like that?

Davie: Would they be happy going on to a DAT? I don't know. I could bring it up. I don't know where the whole thing stands at the moment.

Edwin: Any plans for a tour?

Davie: It depends on what the European release does. The guy who's putting that out is talking to a booking agent in Amsterdam for a possible European thing in June. We were there in '96 for a European tour. It was about two weeks which was our only time there. My only time in Europe. I've only done two tours in my entire career. '67 and '96. Quite a lapse there.

Edwin: Anything else?

Davie: I wish Lee was here; he could fill in some. He's threatening to stay with us. [laughs] We brought him in as a replacement, at the last minute, for a little west coast thing we did a few months back and he actually might want to stay.

Edwin: Is he thinking about going on tour when you go?

Davie: I think so.

Edwin: How is it working with Lee?

Davie: It's an absolute pleasure. Our best working relationship we've had in the last almost five years... I should give you a copy of this magazine. ["Fuz" #1] You really should see this thing; it's amazing. This fan in New Jersey calls me up a couple years ago and said he wanted to do a six page thing in another magazine. So we got to talking and it got to where I was giving him so much information that he decided he was just going to have to do a whole magazine devoted to me. When you see this thing, you're not going to believe it. The paper that he

used... it's incredible. We sell them for five bucks. I send him the money; I don't take any of the money for them.

Edwin: What about the collaboration with the Phantom Surfers? How did that come about?

Davie: Well, Mel Bergman, who I consider the sort of leader of the Phantom Surfers, he doesn't claim to be, but he's the one I was talking to, he had given me a Mosrite Fuzztone. I still have one from the '60s but, it's no longer working. He gave me one, just as a gift and then said he wanted me to come play on a tune on their next album, which turned into me playing lead on like 90 percent of it. It was really a whole lot of fun. I wish we had recorded it a little differently; we did it all on one track.

Edwin: I think it's a great album.

Davie: Thanks. We recorded it on a two track mix down machine but one of the tracks was broken.

Edwin: It's basically live, then.

Davie: Yeah, basically. Yeah. The only thing we overdubbed were the two vocals. We took those into another studio and sang over the mono track.

Edwin: Who is singing on the "Blues' Theme" vocal?

Davie: Oh, that's the drummer, whose name is Russell... uh... oh geez.

Edwin: Russell Quan.

Davie: Quan, yeah. He's singing that. Isn't that hilarious?

Edwin: Yeah, it's certainly the funniest thing on the album.

Davie: That's totally live. He didn't overdub that.

Edwin: Those lyrics. Did he write those?

Davie: No. Curb actually did write a lyric that was on "The Wild Angels Volume Two" back in '67.

Edwin: And, that was the lyric he wrote?!

Davie: Yeah basically.

Edwin: [laughing] That's very silly stuff.

Davie: I made a couple of little changes because some of his rhymes weren't too wonderful. Not that mine were much better. And then "Murder Can be Fun," that's Mel talking that one and "You Meet the Nicest People on a Harley," that's me.

Edwin: Really?! That's very good.

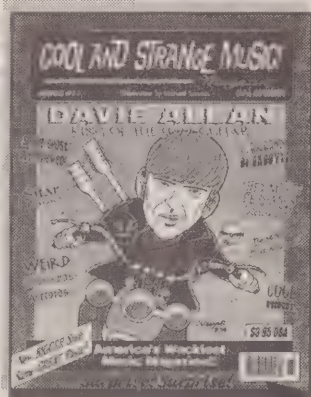
Davie: I wish we had recorded it a little better.

Edwin: I think that's the best vocal thing on that record.

Davie: I've heard so many people like that album but it's not one of my faves.

Edwin: It's fun.

Davie: It was so much fun. I had a ball working with those guys. We did that in like two sessions. Talk about a shoe string budget, whoa! ☺





Shane Williams talks to Mauro Codeluppi

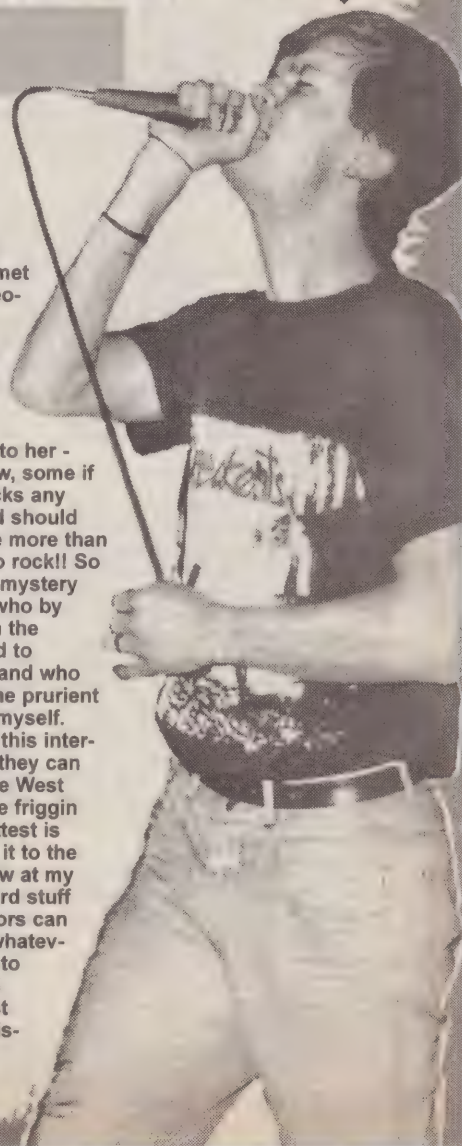
Raw Power is a kickass punk/hard-core punk/punk rock and roll band that all of our readers are probably already aware of because they've been around over 15 years, toured the US five times, and have a bunch of releases out. Their most recent US tour was in summer 1998, which inspired Bill (Sassenburger of Toxic Shock/Westworld) to put out a new CD's worth of music, "Reptile House." Reading that they had not made it to the West Coast, I rightly assumed that no one had interviewed them for Flipside and I assigned myself the gig. The band's vocalist, one of the two Codeluppi brothers, who have been the driving wheels of the band since the beginning, Mauro, does all the question-answering, and a fine job he does even if he did make some comments to Bill about my questions being "weird." In the past I've been known to edit foreigner's English into an approximation of standard (punkass) American - but in this case there is plenty of clarity in Mauro's own English, and what little woppishness remains lends character to some of his uproariously funny sarcastic comments.



The only other thing I'm gonna talk about here instead of at the end of the interview is my theory about the very last "silly" question and its answer. Since this is more personal and anecdotal than all the info overload I plan for the outro it belongs here. In '88 at an Anti-Club gig I met a girl who claimed she was the new Raw Power singer. What is initially so hilarious is that Mauro circularly refers to my running of the photo I had taken of her back then in his answer - bottom line - he knows nothing about her and he has always been the vocalist. Ahh, but examining the band info he so helpfully provided I see that for a brief moment back in 1985, Davide and Maurizio, the two early Raw Power members who came from the band Chelsea Hotel (the Codeluppi Bros. Mauro and Guiseppe, were in Off Limits prior to Raw Power) had a "fake" Raw Power with a different rip-off vocalist. This same Davide, was noted in Chris BCT's contribution to their Westworld printed promo, (in a historical memoir of his connection with them as early fan and label dude, their first line-up was featured on Chris's Bad Compilation Tapes series of releases in the early 80's before their relationship with Toxic Bill began) as being the guy who caused their '84 US tour to be nicknamed the Disease Tour cuz

he was scoring with women in every city. Yet another piece to the puzzle: the band history Mauro composed shows a gap between '86 and '88. It was in early '88 that I met this woman, so my theory is that she met Davide in '87, when perhaps Raw Power's future was up in the air, and that he gave her a line that she could sing to get next to her - because as we all know, some if not all the coolest chicks any punk rocker would and should want to bed want to be more than a witness; they want to rock!! So that is my theory- this mystery woman knew Davide, who by the way is no longer in the band and is not around to shed any light on this and who cares anyways - just the prurient and trivia minded like myself.

Bottom line - enjoy this interview, and help ensure they can come back and tour the West next time by buying the friggin new CD, which I can attest is kickass since Bill sent it to the local college punk show at my request and I have heard stuff off of it. Actual sponsors can contact Bill and offer whatever - be it a gig, a place to stay, actual cash travel advance budget, or just more possibilities of disease with the desiring and desirable.



Shane: The band has been playing as Raw Power since '81 or '82, right? When, if ever, have there been significant hiatuses when there was no Raw Power practicing, recording, or playing live?

Mauro: The band before starting as Raw Power was playing, in 1981 under the name of Off Limits, where they use to play only covers, then in 1982 Raw Power was born and since then there haven't really been any pauses or times off. The band has never ceased to exist, only due to (sometime) lack of the right musicians, the band had to slow down a bit and maybe not play live as much and record at longer intervals, but it never stopped. During all these years the Codeluppi's brothers never worked at anything else than Raw Power.

Shane: Now speak of the inspirations, for starting, continuing, and especially for what you are doing/trying to do right now playing your style of punk rock in 1999.

Mauro: For sure, metal and hard rockin' of the seventies, and of course hardcore at the beginning of the eighties. Regarding the hard rock, some influential bands have been: Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, MC5, Iggy and the Stooges, Velvet Underground, Black Sabbath. Hardcore idols were: Fear, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Adolescents, Stiff Little Fingers, Minor Threat, D.O.A., Angry Samoans, Seven Seconds, Suicidal Tendencies, and a few more.

Shane: Would you say Raw Power's use of lead guitar riffs as part of the overall sound precede any consciousness of the term "metal" - by this I mean in the mid-'80s the NYC hardcore scene and others in American hardcore began consciously creating "crossover" music - for a time there was a perception of hardcore as becoming generic - and for those into playing ultrahard rock the obvious avenue was to incorporate some of the burgeoning speed metal scene. But I get the impression you guys might well have been more influenced by the late '60s/early '70s sound of Stooges/MC5 and what we can call ramalama lead guitar. Basically, this question is not one posed by someone who wants to disparage lead guitar or even metal - far from it - I just want to know what some of the early influences on Raw Power's twin guitar style were, and how the band felt about the growth of crossover in punk rock. And I suppose this is also the question within which to detail any intrapersonal band conflicts about how much "metal" could or should be in Raw Power.

Mauro: The Stooges and MC5 have certainly influenced us in the use of two guitars. Talking about the riffs in our songs, the explanation is that all the lead guitarists have always been heavily influenced by metal (Black Sabbath, Van Halen, Iron Maiden). Here, the reason behind very technical solos, and a lot of rock/metal sound; all this contributing to that sound so typical of Raw Power that has kept them always different from the big majority of bands. Something that has always been a trade mark for Raw Power is the use of the double bass drum, since the beginning. All these influences anyway do not really count that much in the end. All the differences in taste and playing habits are melted together and the songs are typical Raw Power.

Shane: How did you hook up with Chris at Bad Compilation Tapes? I'm sure a lot of readers will not realize that prior to actual American releases there were your appearances on his series of international hardcore tapes. I believe Sepultura first was available in the U.S. similarly though I might be mistaken. I do know he mined South American stuff at the same time or not long after his connection with Italian bands.

Mauro: We sent a cassette to Roberto Sciavo who in turn sent it to Chris from B.C.T., who

when he heard it, went completely mad and organized our first U.S. tour. Unfortunately, I cannot tell you if Chris had at any stage to do anything with Sepultura. He had so much stuff out from all over the world that probably the only one who can answer you is him.

Shane: Then what about how you first got hooked up with Bill at Toxic Shock? I'm a little confused as to whether any of the stuff first released, like, "Screams from the Gutter" was previously released in Italy or on Bad Comp tapes or if these were new recordings made during or after the first American tour.

Mauro: Bill came to see us at one show during the first tour and decided there and then that we should make a record for his label Toxic Shock. The album "Screams from the Gutter" was recorded on tour, in Indianapolis with Paul Mahern of the Zero Boys.

Shane: Why were Raw Power one of the first "international hardcore" bands to start touring America? Was this planned from early on; the idea to be a full-on touring band or was it almost accidental how this came about?

Mauro: No, we never planned anything (we still don't now). It was just a series of lucky coincidences, but of course, to be able to play the US back then was just like a dream come true.

Shane: How do you feel when someone says you are best appreciated live? I mean, do you feel any, all, or most of the recorded releases are just as important as a live show to you or a potential fan? Do you try to get a very live sound on each and every recording or have there been sessions when you did something in the studio you couldn't necessarily reproduce? If so, what record would that be and how did it come about production-wise?

Mauro: This is a kind of music that is much more interesting and fun to hear when played live, it's not just us, of course. Any band rock/metal/punk is much more enjoyable when it's live than when you hear their records in your living room. Therefore it's only natural that the records are recorded playing all together at the same time. We think that this is the only way of doing it - it is not, like the new herd of so-called new musicians of the "perfect sound" think, a shitty thing of doing things. Perfect music, perfect sound, perfect musicians, fuck off!

Shane: What is there about the brand new recording Westworld release we should know about? I know I'm even curious how the name, "Reptile House," came about. I think that title has been used for both a band and a release over the years (but what hasn't?) not any time real recently or anything - but what caused you guys to choose that? Obviously there are probably more important or interesting things about the new record you can and should tell me.

Mauro: I think that the record goes back a lot to our first works, our roots, heavily influenced by our "Screams from the Gutter." It was recorded and mixed in five days without wasting too much time in frilly bits and pieces and, of course, all the songs were recorded all together but for the vocals. First of all, I must admit that I didn't know that the title "Reptile House" had already been used. I had the words for "Reptile House" and I thought that we needed a title that first of all sounded good. We wanted also a cover that reminded of the early albums ("Screams from the Gutter" and "After Your Brain"). Also, although the song is short and the words aren't a lot, I liked the lyrics.

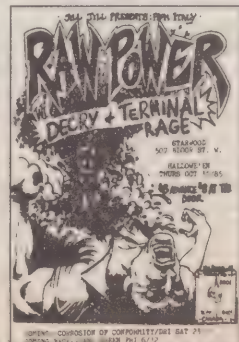
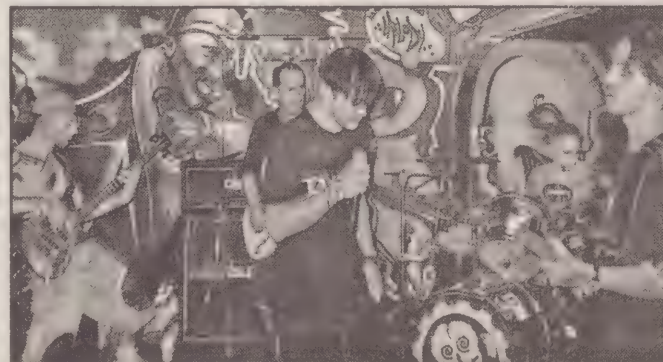
Shane: How did the most recent tour in America compare to others you've done over here? Exactly how many have there been and in what years? And if possible, give a distinguishing characteristic either music-wise or story-wise for each.

Mauro: Apart from the tour in 1984, which will



Raw Power to the people! On the first page a fairly current Raw Power #11 from 1998: (l to r): Ale, Andrea, Mauro, Luca and Giuseppe. The live shot is of Mauro - the voice of this interview (Raw Power #3, 4/14/85).

Above: Vintage Raw Power from 1990: Mauro, Giuseppe, Alessandro, Davide and Helder. Below: Raw Power #12 during their 1988 US Tour: Austin, Texas and New Brunswick, New Jersey. Bottom: Giuseppe and Joey Ramone.



always be for us unforgettable and great, for many reasons - one for all - the fact that we had a chance of playing with bands, that for us were God, and discovering later that lots of them felt the same thing towards us. But all the tours have been good and fun, all of them have always brought something to us and we remember them all, but I think that our last tour (1998) was probably that bit more exciting than the ones in '85, '86 and '94. One reason above all was the surprise of meeting lots of friends met years before but more surprising of all was meeting so many young kids that when we first started playing were only babies, the surprise in hearing how lots of them knew the lyrics to the old songs, so a crowd even warmer than usual if we thought it possible. We must admit that we witnessed some scenes that left us completely speechless and so proud of being there again. That really made all our efforts worthwhile.

Shane: What other countries have you played in and do you have any preferences as far as venues, fans, promoters, ease of travel, availability of drugs or women etc., etc.?

Mauro: As far as fans and women are concerned, the states are the best, but promoters-wise, we have met the best ones in Europe. (I'd leave Italy out 'cause it's a real shit hole). Probably the best place to find drugs at the moment is Italy. **Shane:** Is there a distinguishing characteristic of Italian bands you can describe or put a finger on? Is there much cross-pollination between different genres of punk there? Do hardcore bands play shows with the punk and roll bands and the industrial-metal bands etc., etc.?

Mauro: Here in Italy (but almost everywhere in Europe), punk and hardcore are not fashionable anymore, therefore many points that you make on different kinds of music, crossover, punk, industrial, and that in the US are of a certain value, here in Italy are completely meaningless. There is absolutely no culture in this direction.

Shane: Are there still a lot of squats in Italy - or am I mistaken in thinking there ever were? What big cities had the most of that kind of serious 24/7 punk rock community? Which has the most clubs with bands angling for record deals where they might make a few bucks? or do any bands there earn a living from their music?

Mauro: In Italy we still have several communities of squatters, but they are more into politics rather than music. In fact, they participate very little in whatever has to do with music. There are only few squats (or as we say here Centri Sociali, social centres) that are both into politics as well as music. First among all are the "Leoncavallo" in Milan and the "Maccchia Nera" in Pisa. Anyway, in Italy there isn't a punk group that lives off his music.

Shane: Raw Power has a lot of political/anti-establishment lyrics - whatever happened with the strength of the Red

Brigades? As someone slightly more well-informed than average (as an inveterate reader) I still don't understand how a movement that was portrayed in the press as instilling fear in all officialdom and having a lot of public sympathy has seemed to vanish from media coverage. Did the police and government win that war, and are all the direct action types behind bars? Or did many of them lose interest in that due to cynicism or personal changes in priorities? Were you or any punk bands close enough to those activities where benefit shows were played with money going directly to these groups or their auxiliary supporters? Or am I in the wrong decade? Was all that in the '70s and already gone by the time of hardcore in the '80s? Maybe the growth of political protest music was instead of not in addition to the direct action types? Fill me in - in fact, recommend any books that have come out in English on that whole era that you think have accurate info in them.

Mauro: The Red Brigade in the '70s were a movement that at the beginning many people followed and agreed with, but everything died when they didn't manage to involve the people or when they started shooting at everybody in the crowd. The murder of Aldo Moro was only the last, a useless attempt that they made to re-establish themselves. Yes, the state won, but the Red Brigade died by their own account. All the former militants of the Red Brigade only saw when it was too late, the mistake they made. There are bands unknown in the U.S. or Europe, and little known even in Italy. One of them CSI (formerly CCCP) and 99 Posse. Now the story has changed a bit since they made some money. They are less and less active in what they were doing and preaching before. As a book, I would suggest "L'Affaire Moro" by L. Sciascia, which I'm sure should be translated into English.

Shane: What are the band's politics now? Do you believe that the Euro as a currency and the European community as a nascent political entity will be a good or bad thing and why?

Mauro: The Euro? It's only good for someone with money, therefore has very little to do with us.

Shane: What about your feelings on technology? Many people feel that pursuit of technology is just more of the same human folly, fucking shit up syndrome - personally I feel like it might end up with light at the end of the tunnel - namely artificial intelligence ascending to preeminence with humans becoming second-class citizens - pets so to speak - of AI. I think this would be great, since man has proven himself incapable of managing the planet's resources, or acting out of anything but greed and megalomania - whereas, as pets we could all pursue art, sex, and mental pathways without then influencing who eats when, etc., etc. What about you

guys - do you think biotech/nanotech/AI is gonna work out for the best or what?

Mauro: We feel that technology is very good and useful when used to help mankind, but not as a substitute to it. One example near us, in music, you can use a computer to mix a record, which is fine but you can't have a computer to play instead of people, that's awful! The same goes for internet - all well and good as long as it is used for help, not a substitute. As for AI, we do not know who he is yet... are you sure this is not HAL from "2001 Space Odyssey"?

Shane: What about the other arts in Italy today - are there any comic books, film makers (films), etc. you want to hype and let our readers know they should go out of the way to pick up on?

Mauro: In Italy at the moment there isn't a great quantity of artistic production. The cinema has a great past, but present and future are mediocre. Talking about comics, the best nowadays must be Dylan Dog, but we mustn't forget some great old ones like Tex Willer, Valentina e Soldino. The best movies are the ones of Fellini, Monicelli, Antognoni and Benigni, actors of the '50s/'60s, one among all, Vittorio Gassman ("L'Armata Brancaleone," "Il Sorpasso") or Alberto Sordi ("La Grande Guerra," "I Vitelloni"). They probably don't mean anything in the U.S. but try and ask Dustin Hoffman or De Niro what they think of them and, of course, of ladies like Sophia Loren or Silvana Mangano and I'm sure that they'll recognize them.

Shane: I've been noticing that some of the eastern European countries that have opened up in the '90s are noted for having porn pics in their music zines (Skircore in Slovenia is one I read about and am seeking copies of to check out.). My theory is that the opening up of their societies has led porn to burgeon hand in hand with underground culture - which I happen to think is a good thing. What does Raw Power think about erotic literature/porn? and is there scads of it in Italy or not so much? Was there ever a riot grrl movement there where women in punk rock showed open resentment of men and their concerns? By the other token, would you say there is too much misogyny/machismo in the scene or in your country, period?

Mauro: Well, Giuseppe for sure thinks well of the porno phenomenon as he owns a chain of video stores where 65% of the business comes from rental of pornos. Regarding misogyny in music, we think that it does exist. Have you ever seen after Patty Smith, abnormal looking (ugly) woman who's successful even playing pop-punk music? Well, we haven't, therefore this means that women are still mistreated. Remember that 85% of women from the East that come to Italy end up working on the pavement, so imagine if they feel like getting into the music scene. Of course, we don't

Raw Power History/ Family Tree/ Disco-
graphy in condensed narrative format as researched and culled from 4 sources. The history Mauro faxed and Bill annotated, a promo zine with some writings by Chris BCT and Brian GTA; Bill's Top 100 Zine (detailing the band's '98 tour and Bill's diary story); and my own memory banks. So here is the condensed Shaneshit version... (Well, not quite - this feature didn't arrive at the office all in one piece, and it turns out I had the history part all laid out BEFORE the "condensed" version arrived weeks later. Usually no big deal, but surprise! Shane doubles the length of the story in his attempt to condense it! And we had no more space to real-

ly accommodate it! To compromise, I've swapped out the parts of Shane's "flowing" version (Sorry, Shane, but I think you'll like it.) that merely overlapped. And you readers are lucky, 'cause it was one incredible Italian Alphabet Soup cross-index word puzzle. It would have made a great brain twister game! - All in 1979 in Italy was a band called Chelsea Hotel. (Funny thing is that in '92-'93, the last time I was out, I got a vinyl re-release of their LP which came into Flip. I believe it was put out by Hater Skeller. The Italian label that was shoveling out all kinds of stuff. I have especially fond memories of a ten inch vinyl tribute to Manson with a killer Skull-flower cut on it, but obviously I digress. ha ha - Shane)

By early '91 **Off Limits** was also a band, and for all intents and purposes this is the earliest incarnation of Raw Power since it was helmed by the two Codeluppi bro's on vox and rhythm guitar, with Simone Guiducci on lead guitar, Mauro Oriandini on drums and "Bunny" on bass. (According to other notes, Maurizio Dodi who appears in Raw Power #1 also did a stint on bass in Off Limits). My memory banks tell me that Chris did an entire Raw Power BCT tape release and one that was assorted bands, but I'm assuming all the BCT Raw Power stuff is from one set of live recordings. Before this recording, the first line-up had a DIY vinyl release entitled "You Are The Victim."

By the end of '81 **Raw Power #1** was in effect. Helder Stefanini must have been very young then since Chris BCT recalls him as only 17 when he came over for the '84 tour! Maurizio Dodi is noted as being on bass but Chris BCT's account places him on guitar. Silvio Stefanini switched between bass and lead guitar, and did the lead vox on the recordings for the BCT live release that ended up as the GTA CD years later. This live release was actually culled from a whole multi-fest of Italian HC bands recorded in Dec '83 and that Chris released as "The Last White Xmas" tapes. Chris was given this tape by Antonio of the Chelsea Chrome Motherfuckers only about a week after the show took place in Italy.

In '84 they had "Fuck Authority" on the MaxRocknroll foreign HC comp "Welcome To 1984" whether that was out before their first US tour or not and heightened their name recognition factor and fan base; I can't say for sure. One thing I can say for sure, by the time they came over, American hardcore was often castigated in zines as being generic trash and lots of people seemed to be chomping at the bit to herald college aka alternative rock as the happening thing. But when Raw Power blew through their town with authentic hi-energy rock that was anything but played out they made believers out of plenty and were blowing headlining acts off the stage, for instance the Dead Kennedys

LA's Olympic show, one that Fipside got on video. Unfortunately for Raw Power, so many kids were on stage they couldn't do the jumping around that is their normal live wire performance mode. The other releases with the very first line-up according to Bill are a Raptus compilation on Meccano Records and the tracks Chris BCT put out on his vinyl that was kind of a best of of his usual tape-only releases, called "We Can Do Whatever We Want". Chris mentions a 4 band all-Italian comp titled "X04 per A.A.O. Per Tutti" (whatever that all signified?) - a red vinyl 7" in '84, and an all-Italian comp "Goot From The Boot", and the band's demo tape recorded in '83 at Brown studios

At some point that year a bogus **Raw Power #4** did one show with a singer named Chris Bianco (yet another "brother"?). I'm not even sure if this gig was in Italy or the US, probably the former. Also some live tracks were released on an Enigma comp that year, "Live At The Eastern Front" (the title being kind of an answer title to the old "Western Front" MRR comp); probably those tracks were ones someone had recorded during the first '84 tour that the band (hopefully) OK'd to appear on this '84-'89. This is the year **Raw Power #2** toured America for the first time. Bill Toxic Shock/ Westworld caught them for the first time at the Olympic show mentioned above. While passing

through the midwest, Paul Mahern of the Zero Boys recorded Raw Power at his studio in Indianapolis. He contacted Bill about putting this session out and it became their first Toxic Shock release "Screams From The Gutter". According to Chris BCT the "Wop Hour" EP released the following year was also from the same session, according to Bill they were recorded at the same studio but on the next year's tour. The next year **Raw Power #3** was back for more US touring action. This line-up had a different drummer, Fabiano Bianco. He came from a band called Ratt and went back to playing with them after his stint in Raw Power. This is approximately when "Wop Hour 7" came out

Band/version:	CHelsea HOTEL	OFF LIMITS	RAW POWER #1	RAW POWER #2	RAW POWER #3	RAW "FAKE" POWER #4	RAW POWER #5
Date:	1979	1981	1984	1987	1988	1989	1990
Vocals:	Black Demon	Mauro Codeluppi	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT
Lead guitar:	Daide Devoti	Simone Guiducci	Mauro Codeluppi	Mauro Codeluppi	Mauro Codeluppi	Mauro Codeluppi	Mauro Codeluppi
Rhythm guitar:	Massimo Devoti	Giuseppe Codeluppi	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT
Bass:	Maurizio Dodi	Benny	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT
Drums:	Tony Baccocchi	Mauro Oriandini	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT	Chris BCT
Releases	Mauro: before Raw Power was in Chelsea Hotel and Off Limits						
Tours	none after that. He jams around San Francisco						
and	his home since 1987						
Etc:							

agree in that this is totally wrong but then again we are not in a position of starting any crusades about it or any others in order to change the world.

Shane: Whatever happened to that porn woman who was in the government, Ciccolina? Is she still around? Have other sex workers ever been successful in politics, local or national there? Do they have unions and a lot of political power in general - like prostitution legal or almost legal or what?

Mauro: Ciccolina was never part of the government, she was in the parliament as Deputy. She was put there by Marco Pannella (radical party) that once said: "With all the prostitutes that we already have into power why can't we have Ciccolina as well?" She's now disappeared anyway, has stopped her career as porno actress, and the last time we heard of her was lately when they showed on TV trying to win a legal battle with her former husband for custody of their son. Another porno star was Moana Pozzi (now dead), who was a very beautiful and very clever actress; she founded the Love Party and even tried to get elected in the elections of 1994 but with very poor results.

Shane: What about all the conflicts in neighboring Yugoslavia (and the regions now their own countries)? I assume a lot of refugees have come into Italy. How has that affected the music scene there? Are a lot of these immigrants sticking around and getting in bands?

Mauro: It's horrible how a war has had a chance of carrying on for so long. We have a lot of admiration and love the USA, but every now and then there is something that we don't understand about you. It couldn't be that you came in so late because in the ex-Yugoslavia there's no oil? Anyway, these immigrants don't play music. They are mainly poor people that, if they are lucky, can get a break working in the underworld.

Shane: What exactly is ragga or ragamuffin? That is a musical genre that was/is popular in Italy, right? But what exactly does it sound like?

Mauro: Ragga what? Sorry, if you want to know something about our soccer season I can help, but raggauffin is not our sport. The only thing I can tell you for sure is that we don't like it.

Shane: What kind of music is in the top ten there where a lot of people not in the underground think it is the shit? Mainly American/Brit bands or are there a lot of homegrown music stars? And if the latter, what style do they work in?

Mauro: In the Top 10 we have mostly rock and pop, Americans and English, but we do have a few real big Italian rockstars. Some of them are even known abroad, Ramazzotti, Pausini, Bocelli, Nek, Robert Miles... others are only famous here, like Vasco Rossi, Litfiba and Ligabue. The ones that managed to go abroad play softer sort of music

and dance. There are lots of Italian bands that play rock and roll but sing in Italian.

Shane: I noticed in the account of the recent American tour that Guiseppe lost his Les Paul that he had had for 15 years and all the American tours - assuming who ever stole it would ever get this info, what kind of reward would you be willing to pay to get it back, if any? or what speech would you make to implore it be returned? Does a lot of equipment get stolen in Italy from vans, shows, or practice spaces - or is that rare? And while we are on the subject of crime - what part does the so-called mafia play in the scene there? Are a lot of venues owned and operated by organized crime? Do they control street drug sales? Record companies? Radio airplay? Has any kid of a mafia family ever brought trouble to the scene? Like he wants to join a band and the family threatens people or she wants to run off with a guitarist and again the family is out to punish the source of trouble - the rock and roller?

Mauro: You're not asking me to give a reward to the bastard who stole my precious guitars (they were the two guitars I had on all the American tours)? I hope still as a reward I would happily hang him to a tree by his balls and as a speech I'd say: I hope it hurts a lot! Thanx to the uncontrolled immigration and the enormous number of gypsies, the criminal rate has gone sky high, even up north where once it used to be a very clean (crime wise) area. Lately, even here, we have loads of aggressions, murders and break-ins. I can't really say that I know if the mafia has any influences on the music scene but as they have their hands all over the place I would not be surprised at all. In Italy in all the institutions it's quite normal to be mafia minded, and unfortunately, especially down south or with people from the south, this ideology is something very strong between people; this is a fact. Italy is geographically and economically divided in two very distinct parts. Our politicians turn a blind eye on all this, and by doing so, the nation gets more and more divided. Of course, we don't want to sound racist or that you think that we have anything against people from the south. On the contrary, we know a lot of them and we respect them but there is no hiding the fact that we are different - our culture is, the way we are brought up, the way of thinking - we are just like two separate nations living in one place together.

Shane: While we're on the subject, what kind of drugs are most in use: both in the scene in Italy, the whole country, and the band? Where does the smoke come from there - mainly hash from the mid-east or is it pot being grown indoors or...?

Raw Power: Smoke (hashish, from Morocco and marijuana) must be at the top of the list followed by cocaine, amphetamines and various pills. Then you have heroin addicts which

are a category apart, and they are growing all the time, it's getting to be very serious problem each day. Of course, in the band, nobody takes any drugs. If we forget a couple of puffs that we get offered when we play, not that we are straight edge, not all that. We like everything and are very happy to be that way, but drugs, no thank you, we'd rather have a nice drink, maybe a nice fuck, and of course better still, playing (of course the three of them not necessarily in this order are more than welcome). None of us is a vegetarian either, we love eating meat and everything else that is good or bad for you but tastes nice.

Shane: And one last silly question (though feel free to add final statements or ask yourselves questions I left out). In '88 I was at a nightclub in LA seeing the Lazy Cowgirls - this was around when I first started my column in Flipside, and as I still do, I sought pics of women for adorning my column - perhaps this is how I met this woman - but at any rate, I met a woman who was interested in appearing in the mag (and I'm almost positive I did run her photo though I couldn't tell you how that issue it appeared in!) and she told me she was the new singer for Raw Power! I think she was an American woman with an Italian boyfriend - I really don't remember the details - but does any of this ring a bell? Perhaps an ex-member told her she could front his band and that they could call it that? I mean she didn't seem crazy, just more like the aspiring rock star type.

Mauro: Now all I know about this at the time, a very long time ago I saw a picture in Flipside saying ("Is this Raw Power's new girl singer?") and all we know is we never talked to anybody about a new singer. I should know as I've always been and always will be the singer. So definitely, I don't know why she said this, but the only good thing I can say is that at least she knew our band!

The color pictures are from the top, clockwise: Raw Power #7 (l to r): Sergio, Mauro, Tommaso, Giuseppe and Ale. Raw Power #10 in 1995. Vintage Raw Power #1, Mauro and Giuseppe, on their very first tour in 1984. Raw Power #6 in Holland circa '88/'89. Helder, Amsterdam, March 1986. Giuseppe, 1994. And last, the most current photo of the band here, Raw Power #12 1998/1999 with Allesandro, Niccolo, Emanuele, Guiseppe and Mauro. All photos are courtesy Raw Power and none were individually credited.

on Toxic Shock. Possibly in time to sell on tour, which would mean it did indeed come from the same sessions done the year before.

By '86 back in **Raw Power #5** recorded an LP's worth of stuff that Bill released on Toxic Shock as "After Your Brain". Collector scum note: in '92 an additional 100 copies of vinyl were re-pressed.

Back for the third US tour in 3 years was **Raw Power #6**. Former bass, Maurizio Dodi, ended up living in SF after this from '87 on. While in the US they recorded one track, "We Shall Overcome" for the Bay Area series of comps Rat Music For Rat People, they were on volume three. It was probably released that same year in '88.

To back track, as you'll recall, Davide Devoti was in Chelsea Hotel, so at this point Raw Power was two members from Off Limits (the Codeluppi brothers) two members from Chelsea Hotel, and the very young drummer Davide Devoti. Davide had yet to really push metallic traits in his lead guitar playing, so that to punk purists and by general consensus, the "Screams From The Gutter" LP recorded during that tour is their best release ever, at least until the current CD was released. These recordings were also licensed to the Southern Studios label, who I think put out Rudimentary Peni as well (might have even been on their label?).

The 90's: **Raw Power #8**, after no noted activity in '90, is back in 1991 with a new lead guitar-man, Tommaso Prodi, who stuck around long enough to record "Live Danger" for a TVOR release. **Raw Power #9** recorded "Too Tough To Burn" released on a label called Contempo (of all things!) and was licensed to Cargo US.

In '88 we have **Raw Power #7**. They toured Europe and recorded an LP that was released that year on Southern/Rotten called "Mine To Kill". Perhaps Bill at Toxic Shock passed cuz that record was "too metal," or perhaps that was during turmoil in his life, cuz I think that was around when Toxic Shock moved from Pomona to Tucson.

The 90's: **Raw Power #8**, after no noted activity in '90, is back in 1991 with a new lead guitar-man, Tommaso Prodi, who stuck around long enough to record "Live Danger" for a TVOR release. **Raw Power #9** recorded "Too Tough To Burn" released on a label called Contempo (of all things!) and was licensed to Cargo US.

Raw Power #10 existed briefly in '94 but quickly changed for the '94 US tour: Silvio Stefanini is back after years to do lead guitar duties - which makes **Raw Power #11**, this line-up records on that tour and it gets used as bonus tracks by Westworld on a CD re-release of the "Wop Hour" EP. In '95 this same line-up tours Europe with Gwar, of all bands, and records the "Fight" LP for Godhead. Also released in '95 was the GTA "All For One, One For All" comp with some Raw Power tunes included.

In '96 GTA re-released the old BCT stuff as "Burning The Factory." **Raw Power #12** started in '96, and recorded again for Godhead: "Live From The Gutter."

In '97 **Raw Power #13**, the current (at the time of all the material I'm working with and to the best of my knowledge) line-up forms. They toured Europe, again with Gwar. In '98 they record "Reptile House" on Westworld in the States and on Mad Mob in Europe, and they came and did the East Coast tour in summer '98 that got this Shaneist started.

To reiterate the brief personal notes for Bill Toxic Shock: Westworld's Toxic Tater Tot that chronicled the summer '88 tour in regards to the current personnel: **Guiseeppe Codeluppi** is 42, but known as "Junior" to the rest of the band. He owns a video store in Parma and lives on a farm. **Mauro Codeluppi** is

38, and has spent a decade of those years in London. Currently he works in audio equipment sales in Milan. He also lives on a farm. **Allesandro** is 36. He owns and operates Westlink Recording Studios in Pisa. **Emanuele** is 31. He is a Roberto Benini look-alike with the best fashion sense in the band. He does video production and soundtracking recording in Parma.

Niccolo is 21, a bit student. **Fabrizio** was on the tour with them as roadie/techie who they let play drums on a Black Flag cover at the Memphis gig. He dreams of moving to the US and playing in a blues band.

Raw Power, Via Parma 31, 42028 Poggio, Reggio Emilia, Italy. But I can see on the band history fax that Mauro sent Bill that the place he works is AudioSales and has the fax number 0039 521 696754.

Bill Sassenberger aka Sassy: Westworld Shock at PO Box 2091 Tucson, AZ 85702 (520) 623-2000. Web at: <http://slaughter.net/disclocatortoxic/>. He certainly has a bunch of Raw Power stuff old and new to sell and you can even inquire about the printed source material for much of this "bistro" etc.

Bad Compilation Tapes PO Box is still good (I think) and that Chris would be open to inquiries about all the

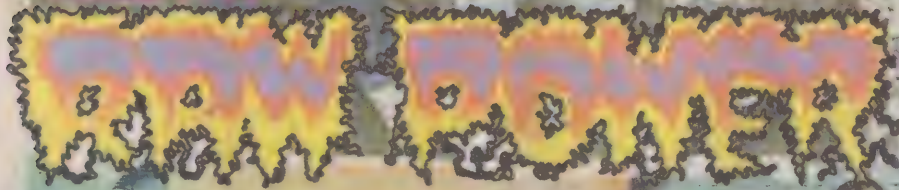
Italian HC and other stuff he released in the 80's. I mean to get back in touch with him soon myself, as we corresponded for years. That contact is PO Box 16205, San Diego, Ca. 92176.

Then there's **Grand Theft Audio** where Brian will be happy to set you CD's and talk about hardcore bands - if you possess old unreleased (on CD yet) hard-core, talk to him. I don't need to go look up his contact address because his ad is in every Flip, as his ties to this fanzine go back to his days doing reviews as Pookie Muschlehead. Nowadays he's a bigtime MRR columnist - or at least was till they went all e-zine only on us. (April Fool) -- Shane

RAW POWER #5B (Line up for 1986 Tour)	RAW POWER #6 1988-1989	RAW POWER #7 1988	RAW POWER #8 1992	RAW POWER #9 1993	RAW POWER #10 1994	RAW POWER #11 1995	RAW POWER #12 1996 - 1998
Mauro Codeluppi Davide Devoti Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Helder Stefanini	Mauro Codeluppi Davide Devoti Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Fabiano Bianco	Mauro Codeluppi Tommaso Prodi Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Sergio "Sergino"	Mauro Codeluppi Tommaso Prodi Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Helder Stefanini	Mauro Codeluppi Tommaso Prodi Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci	Mauro Codeluppi Silvio Stefanini Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci	Mauro Codeluppi Silvio Stefanini Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Emanuele Castagnetti	Mauro Codeluppi Niccolo Bossini Giuseppe Codeluppi Alessandro Paolucci Emanuele Castagnetti
1986 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands	Several shows around Europe "Mine To Kill" LP (Southern/Rotten)	1988 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands	"Too Tough To Burn" LP (Contempo/Cargo, US) he went back as session man	1993 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands	1994 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands	1995 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands	1996 tour w/ Dayglo Abortions "We Shall Overcome" Rat Music V3 (CD Presents) in RP & cover bands



ELIPSIDE #119



the Bellrays

GREAT, DARK STUFF

The best music comes in an explosion that leaves a wet and stinging mess on your face

because you weren't sure how or when, exactly, it blew up, but it did. Often at the most unexpected times, in unwanted places. And it continues to do so in unsuspecting pockets of the world. I'm always happy when LA is home to an explosion. Like a shotgun blast into a gas pump. The Bellrays have often left me feeling headless. Lots of lips flap about "roots" and "cores" and "real." When the well-defined torsos and sports shorts fingers stop wagging, or the costume eye makeup runs, or after the last bits of smashed guitar tinkle to the ground and start soaking up stale beer from the floor and the lead singer has slashed himself - think, are their musical lacerations near your heart, pinned inside your ears, stuck in your head? Is it really different or sameness labeled so heavily as different that you start believing it?

What The Bellrays aren't is almost important as what they are. The Bellrays aren't

processed. Their magic is not in the overdub or a computer program. They are not a fashion pose, not a throw back that can fit in a pine box, not a shoe commercial, not an Iggy Pop puppet band, not fucking the corpses of the dead, pumping furious, pretending its still alive in a hard-to-watch necromantic orgy of sound. They've lived lives with plenty of bumps, and instead of ensconcing themselves in a steel safety cage, padded their asses with the easy cash of major label slavery, they're belting out the rage and threat tempered with sureness, with coolness and confidence that comes with hard-earned assurances. In short, they've got the rock. They've got souls. It would be a grievous mistake to take their talent as a hollow gesture; it's a vital one with every member a crucial link.

Photographs by Jose Parada C.

Interview by Todd and Jeff Porterfield



Bob - Bass • Tony - Guitar • Ray - Drums • Lisa - Vocals



Todd: Where do you guys hide it? Where do you hide the...
 Lisa: Alright, next question. I don't get it. What do you mean, hide it?
 Todd: How come some bands can't rock and The Bellrays

rock so hard. Did you steal the rock?

Bob: Because we get it...

Todd: A little bit of background. Tony, you were in the Grey Spikes and the Black Widows. What else?

Tony: No. Not the Black Widows. I've written a couple of tunes for the Black Widows but I'm not in it.

Jeff: The Sins.

Tony: The Sins.

Jeff: The Dangers.

Tony: No, I wasn't in that.

Jeff: I thought you were in The Dangers.


Tony: I was just in a bunch of bands that nobody ever heard of and nobody ever will.

Lisa: You can tighten your lip tighter.

Tony: Well, ah, you know.

Bob: The Dangers. That was like the highlight of my playing experience. And that's it.




The BellRaays - Let It Blast.

Lisa: You know why things suck now? Because people have tried to isolate them as their own little entities. And all of those come back to rock. All those things take from each other, they share with each other, but when people try to separate them, it's like all the kings and queens trying to marry the same type of people over and over and then you just have a bunch of retards. The gene pool is all messed up.

somebody going out there and busting up equipment or saying "fuck you" over and over again and that's supposed to be the rocking thing to do, instead of sitting in the beat, sitting in the groove, and just going with it, following good songs with good musicians playing it. That's how you rock. That's the recipe for rocking.

Todd: Are you in a jazz group currently?

Lisa: I sing jazz music but I'm not in any jazz group. The only group I'm in now is the Bellllraays.

Todd: Has anybody mistaken the band for, say, The Beltones?

Lisa: They don't mistake us. They just say it wrong, spell it wrong.

Todd: What's the biggest mangling of your name so far?

Bob: The B-e-l-l-r-a-i-s-e.

Todd: Like a Bread cover band?

Tony: Somebody spelled it like that? Jesus Christ.

Todd: In "Let It Blast," there's a definite sense of maturity. By this I mean, it's not something a "new" band could release. I know quite a few people who have been in bands for a long time and there's an overriding sense of bitterness from not being successful financially or getting the recognition they believe they deserve - how would you say you've gone beyond that?

Ray: Don't expect it.

Lisa: That and just fuck everybody else. To me, and this has happened so many times that I really believe it, we go out there and we're playing for the four of us. There have literally been shows when we're the only ones there and we're the ones that work the songs, we're the ones who care if they get done properly. We're playing for us so the rest of the people just really don't matter. I'm glad, finally, that people are coming. They absorb a lot more of the sound when you've got bodies out there. Anybody that's playing for people to like them or do any of that other stuff, you're playing for the wrong reasons.

Bob: Part of that is a percentage of where the rock is. The rock is doing it for yourself. Not posing. Not doing it for somebody else.

Lisa: Not trying to fit a preconceived mold of what somebody says is rock.

Todd: Who would you consider contemporaries of The BellRaays? Who would you say has the rock?

Bob: Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Wayne Kramer. There are a lot of good bands that I think rock.

Lisa: B-Movie Rats.



Ray: This is the only band I've been in.

Lisa: I was in a band called the Rose Thorns with Bob but I guess that must not have been that eventful.

Bob: He moved the microphone. I was getting to them.

Tony: Remember, this is Flipside, they'll write down every single thing you say.

Todd: You bet, especially if you say "Don't print

that." We bold that.

Bob: Flipside sucks.

Lisa: I'm still thinking about that question of why do we rock.

Jeff: Where do you hide it?

Lisa: We don't hide it. That's the whole thing.

People are so used to somebody beating them over the head with what rock is, with these perceptions of rock, that they don't even really do it. You're used to



Bob: We're a testament that everything doesn't have to be happy and that all the good stuff isn't happy. It just seems that everything you see, good is in the light and bad is in the dark and it's not the truth. That's not the way it is and they present it that way. We present it this way - the good stuff is in the dark.

Tony: I think there's more names from the past than the present.

Lisa: Everybody's dead.

Bob: Dead or dying.

Todd: To narrow the question down more, to oversimplify with The Bellrays, it's rock and soul. Would you find any contemporaries there - or people who have failed miserably to pull it off?

Tony: I would say that Public Enemy pulled it off. I mean, this isn't some contrived thing. We didn't

new. I don't see as what we're doing as very progressive. I mean, it's really good, we believe it, we're selling what we do, but I don't even see it as it being that big of a deal.

Todd: The reaction to "Let It Blast" was somewhat delayed. How long ago did it come out?

Bob: Ten months.

Todd: Do you think it's getting more popular as time goes on?

All: Oh yeah.

Todd: What would you attribute to that?

Bob: More people are listening to it.

Todd: Has the makeup of your audience changed at all - besides number of people?

Ray: It's broadened. In the last six months we've been lucky to get this buzz. People have actually taken a listen, even though we've been in LA for ever and ever.

Todd: How long have you guys been a band officially?

Tony: Two years.

Lisa: With this lineup but the band's been around since '90 or '91.

Ray: That's part of it. That's the evolution. It's been around for about ten years. But Tony's been around with the band, evolution-wise, forever as well. So you talk about maturity of the music and musicians, things didn't develop just yesterday.

Jeff: I was there when The Rose Thorns were still playing around and became The Bellrays and they were coming from more of a R and B/soul aspect, but they did mention it occasionally to Tony and me in the Grey Spikes, that they'd like to play harder stuff. And one time I broke my arm and Bob got to sit in on bass for the Spikes and he was pretty thrilled with it at the time. I don't know if you remember, "That's what I want to play," he said, so when the Spikes broke up and Tony joined the group, it seemed like the perfect pairing, that you guys were ready to take off and the joy that came from you guys playing more soul-related stuff, which I wouldn't call light, and the pretty dark stuff that was the Grey Spikes seemed to merge very well. You guys just seem really primed and I'm really pleased to see it working out. Do you recall it being like that? It just seemed like a natural thing, the way it came together.

Lisa: I do remember that. In fact, what we were doing before that, Tony had already started playing guitar - we had the

Bob: Hellbenders.

Tony: We could sit and name a million bands but I don't think that's the answer you're looking for, is it?

Todd: Who would you consider the elite? Your closest peers... OK, if The Bellrays magically went to sleep for a year and your favorite band, fill in the blank, had an opening for you. Who would you join?

Bob: The Blues Explosion comes to mind.

Lisa: I don't even see us that way.

Bob: The same type of level, the same type of exploratory thing that we're trying to do...

Lisa: Nobody's doing what we're doing.

Bob: ...trying to explode the cannon and spread things, just open up and stuff.

Tony: I think Soundgarden was trying to do that.

Todd: Jane's Addiction. [Uncomfortable silence and nobody in attendance agrees with me.]

Bob: And Wayne Kramer. That first album he had. ["The Hard Stuff"] That's one of my favorite albums of all time.

Lisa: There were other bands that were trying to do that. Public Enemy was doing that. There are so many other genres. That's the thing, it's not genre specific. But I don't hear that many people out there trying to challenge anything. Maybe they are and we're just not getting that music, but I don't really hear that a lot.

Bob: There are other bands like the Texas Tornados. Everybody just says Tex Mex, but they're not just that. Doug Sam writes these rock'n'roll tunes and Freddy Fender's right up there playing along with him and that type of stuff.

Ray: Not really the contemporaries, but a lot of people who we talk about in rehearsal are musicians from way back when and we pull them out from country music or jazz or whatever when we try to communicate musically.

say "Let's merge soul and rock and punk and all this." And bands that try to do that, sound like they're trying to do that. Public Enemy they're the American Sex Pistols, to me. Everything they're doing is what punk rock is. You can say, "They're Black." Well, big fucking deal.

Todd: Bad Brains.

Tony: It don't matter what color they are. It doesn't matter what sound the music is. It's the idea, the intent that's important. There's a hundred million bands out there trying to be so punk and so rock and they just look like a bunch of fools. They're just painting by numbers.

Lisa: You just don't believe anything that they're saying. They're so into the look, into the theme of being, the thought of it, that they don't see it right in front of them. We've had this type of question before. It's usually, "How does the rock and soul come together?" All of us have talked about it before. We don't see where it came apart. That's where it came from. That's where Iggy and the Stooges were coming from. That's where the MC5 were coming from. It's corporate rock'n'roll America that sucked that stuff out of there when they wanted to go and re-label and rename every specific point that a rock musician went off in. That's why most of these record companies sign these bands that sound like one song instead of sounding like a whole being, like a spectrum, like they listen to more than just their own songs.

Tony: Dig this, man you listen to bands now and they don't sound like they had a life. They sound like they were created in a test tube yesterday and they just dropped out of the sky and I don't want to listen to that. You don't hear that when you listen to Howlin' Wolf or Public Enemy or Buddy Holly or the Ramones. They don't sound like they just fell out of the sky yesterday.

Lisa: It's not even like we think we're doing something so

two guitars going and then we finally figured that we needed stronger bass. We had been looking for that kind of bass for a long, long, long time. So Bob said, "I'll give up the guitar to play the bass the way we know it should be played." In fact, that "Nights in Venice" [A Saints cover on a split single with Adam West,] is the reason that we did that. It was sheerly accidental that we came to that conclusion.

Ray: It was a wake up call.

Lisa: And that was supposed to be a Grey Spikes...

Tony: ...Recording and there was no more Grey Spikes at that point and I said "Let's send them something else. Have Lisa sing it and you guys play it," and it turned out to be The Bellrays.

Lisa: Have you got a copy of that?

Todd: Jean Luc of Headline Records gave me his last one.

Lisa: That was the very first time we played and recorded as this lineup of The Bellrays.

Ray: That was the second take. We were an hour into learning the song.

Lisa: I'm really proud of that one.

Jeff: It's a great version, a great cover.

Lisa: And I'm not usually that pleased with anything. You know, you usually warm up to it if you like a recording, at least for me, but that one I liked right off the bat.

Ray: That just came together so quickly.

Todd: What has been pawned off into your life as truth lately, and it's no more than poison? [I'm borrowing lyrics from one of their songs.]

Bob: I don't really look at it as truth. I look at it as mostly bullshit, whatever you hear in the media.

Lisa: Believe half of what you see and none of what you hear.

Bob: To me, the media has become so untrustworthy and shallow and it's all looking for the lowest common denominator, entertainment value kind of thing that I just don't pay any attention to it.

Tony: I don't even read newspapers or watch TV. I listen to the radio but I just listen to oldies but goodies stations. I don't read magazines. I just ignore everything. I don't even go to movies.

Lisa: I pay attention but I just don't believe it. I have a hard time believing anything. We sound totally rrrrrggghh [gloomy], but I feel this is the reality of our surroundings and I think our music reflects that. That we know that there's a lot of bullshit out there.

Bob: We're a testament that everything doesn't have to be happy and that all the good stuff isn't happy. It just seems that everything you see, good is in the light and bad is in the dark and it's not the truth. That's not the way it is and they present it that way. We present it this way - the good stuff is in the dark.

Tony: And that's not always bad. My favorite bible story is when Jesus went into the temple and turned over all the money tables. That was a violent act. And that's a great story.

Lisa: Jesus kicking ass.

Tony: More people should do that, you know. If you watch the "700 Club"... I don't know where any of this is going.

Lisa: An excellent version of the good being in the dark, you know what I mean?

Ray: We're not dark. We're all very content.

Lisa: Speak for yourself.

Todd: From the brief liner notes, two things come across. The first one is that the recording is raw and live and it was intended that way. What would happen if instead of no bribe,

I had \$200,000 in my backpack, where would that money go? Would any of that money go to "improving" your sound?

Bob: We'd put out about 300 albums, pretty much.

Todd: I'm curious to know if it would go into production, getting a new car, or what.

Tony: It wouldn't go to getting a new car. Look, the money tables...

Jeff: The "700 Club" or was it the 500 Club?

Tony: The album was recorded that way because we play best live and we didn't have the money to go into a studio and do it, which would have been a more sterile environment and it would have made us nervous on wasting so much money on studio time. We know our way around a studio and can make a slick sounding record if we wanted to and the fact that its recorded live, it captured all the good and bad notes, the mistakes, we put it all on there. After we

put that out, other bands have started putting out live recordings. Before that, there weren't that many live recordings, I mean on the local level.

Bob: They said they were live but the drummer's playing to a click track and everything's done on a computer and, yeah, it's all done live, but then they sawed off the notes and shaped it and formed it.

Tony: Well here's the thing. Everything's processed and everything sounds like shit now. It's too overproduced, so we decided to go the other way.

Todd: If you signed to another label where they tell you "You have to be in a studio," how would you go about that?

Lisa: Nobody's going to tell us what to do. We're going to put out our records the way we like to put them out.

Bob: If somebody came up to us and said, "Here's \$200,000. Record it the way you want to record it," then we'd go down to a store and buy some nice recording gear, get a nice room, and then we'd sit in it, and we'd record it the same way. Sure, we're not phobic on new equipment and that kind of stuff. Whether you're recording on a ghetto blaster or a 32 track recording machine, it's the performance that's selling that record. That's the key to it right there. We recorded it in our practice room so we could literally go in and turn it on when we wanted to turn it on and leave it running as long

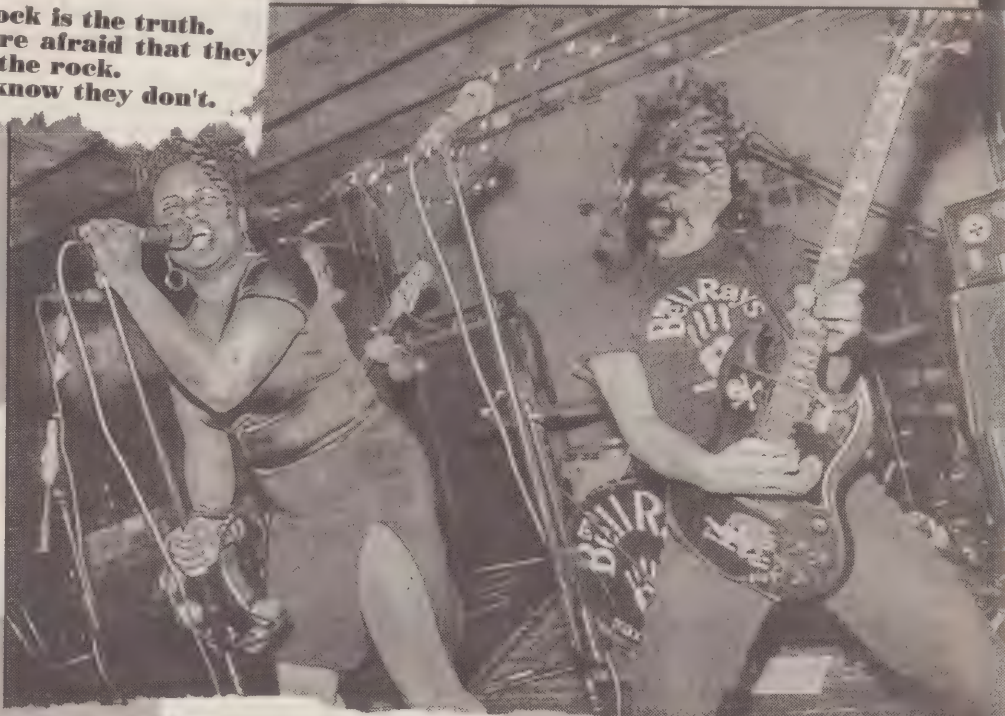
Todd: Do you think a lot of people are afraid of the rock?
Bob: Yeah.

Lisa: People are afraid of the truth.

Jeff: The rock is the truth.

Ray: They're afraid that they don't have the rock.

Jeff: They know they don't.



as we wanted, to leave it running and pull out what we wanted to pull out on it. I keep thinking about those Beatles anthologies things they just released and the one thing I like about that is that it shows that the Beatles didn't just walk into a studio, play the song, and leave. They sat there and did thirty-five takes of "Can't Buy Me Love" before they got one that they'd release. We did a lot of the same stuff. We'd go in and practice the songs and practice the songs and we recorded some of the practices and we stopped playing it for awhile and recorded two weeks later after we started playing it again, and we pulled out whatever worked.

Lisa: And just for the record, as far as we've had a lot of people tell us, "The sound quality wasn't all that great," and "Boy, that was really lo-fi." The lo-fi wasn't intentional. If the sound quality bothers somebody that much, don't listen to it. The bottom line is people have gotten to the point where they think everything is supposed to be crystal clear and you're supposed to hear everything.

Tony: Everything's gotta sound like Boston.

Lisa: That's bullshit. When you go to a club, you cannot tell me that the sound is good. I know a lot of fucked up soundmen who don't know what they're doing. There's a lot of good ones and a lot of bad ones, but it still never stops the

people, if they're ready to feel the music, from feeling the music.

Tony: Those people complaining about that, they're the same fucking people that pay \$45 for some crappy old Stooges bootleg that was recorded on some little piece of shit cassette recorder.

Bob: And they aren't listening to what the band or the artist are doing. All they're listening to is what it sounds like.

Lisa: "It's got crackle and hiss."

Bob: Yeah, and "I think there's two dbs on the right side," and it's like...

Todd: Like people going to look at a piece of art and scrutinizing the frame the whole time.

Lisa: Exactly. But that is what the music industry has channeled people into thinking that they're supposed to listening for. I don't actually know how many record people have our recording, I don't give a shit either, but they're usually the ones that complain about the sound quality. Now, they know they're the ones that have the money to afford to do it any other way, so they're going to sit up here and compare you to that rubric. I mean, that's just insane thinking, but for some reason, that's the reason the music industry's gotten away with things forever and they just kind of think that everyone's supposed to go and put themselves in major debt to try and get that sound and we can't compete, don't want to compete, and we do it the way we want to.

Bob: If you don't like the quality, give us some money and we'll buy something to record it better on.

Tony: When I hear all this shit on the radio, everything sounds too loud. Everything's too overproduced, the guitars are too loud. The drums sound like they were recorded in a giant cavern. Why did they put so much reverb? Why is the snare so fucking loud?

Lisa: Because they can't rock. That is why they have to do that because they physically cannot get those instruments to sound - I mean when we went to see Black Sabbath, the kings of heavy, they knew how to just be heavy, to just know how to lay into the notes, how to attack it, how to do it the right way. People nowadays, in this contrived music scene, they might be good musicians, they might be good technicians, but they don't even know how to feel what they're playing, they don't believe what they're playing, so how the hell are they going to feel it? Miles Davis could make silence sound... just funky. Now how do you do that? That's just an aura you're kicking off.

Todd: What would be your immediate definition of success be as opposed to a long term idea for the band?

Lisa: I want to sell a million records. Immediately. Because that just means that that many people are hearing what we're doing. I don't care if they like it. To me, you don't have to like what we're doing to have an opinion about it. I just

think that our band, when you hear us, you do have to make a decision. We're not middle of the road trying to please a lot of people. We're just doing what we do.

Todd: Do you think a lot of people are afraid of the rock?

Bob: Yeah.

Lisa: People are afraid of the truth.

Jeff: The rock is the truth.

Ray: They're afraid that they don't have the rock.

Jeff: They know they don't.

Todd: Do you think you expose the rock to them and it's painfully obvious that they don't have it?

Lisa: Well we did that before we had this format of The Bellrays and I think people were afraid of it then. People were deathly afraid of the Grey Spikes. It was so beyond categorization. You couldn't just go like, "It's OC punk," or that's like this or that's like that, it was so much - in fact I think the Grey Spikes was a much more progressive band than The Bellrays. I think they tried a whole bunch more stuff than even we're doing, but people are always afraid of something they've got to think about. Always.

Jeff: Thinking hurts.

Lisa: Yeah, it does.

Todd: What was the worst job you had to take to support your music?

Lisa: The list is endless.

Todd: Give me the bottom of the depravity.

Bob: Aluminum fabrication. It just sucked. Unless you're into 750 degree metal.

Lisa: And tell him what shift.

Bob: Graveyard. But that's second to the bottom of the list. Welding flatcars is the worst.

Tony: I had to install fiberglass insulation in attics in the middle of the summer. That's when they do it so it'll be warm in the winter. That is the worst fucking job. Don't nobody ever take that job.

Lisa: Ray was a waiter, a bus boy, and he used to go and eat the food off the plates.

Ray: That wasn't the worst job at all. I liked that job.

Lisa: Ray loves his job. You do.

Ray: Supervisor, actually.

Lisa: I worked for the University of California and those people suck ass, big time. They are the biggest criminals in the world. And, in fact, if you think you're dealing with higher education, you're really dealing with a higher level of morons because they've never held a real job a day in their lives and that goes from the Chancellor all the way to the fucking President. Larry H. Parker [local TV commercial lawyer], if you think he's a shyster, just start dealing with any of those people at the University of California, and I've got an iron-clad retirement fund through them, so they can try to fuck with me if they want to, they can do whatever, but they suuuuck aassssssssss.

Todd: What's the worst advice you've ever received?

Bob: "Sign here."

Tony: Somebody said, "You guys should sign with a big label. And they might mellow out your music and all, but at least your music will get out to more people." And I said to him, "That's totally against everything we're trying to do." And they said, "Trust me, it's the thing to do." [laughter]

Jeff: Was that Mike Ovitz?

Todd: Have any labels expressed interest?

Tony: Alternative Tentacles.

Bob: That's the high point of the scale.

Lisa: I don't say that in a way that supposed major labels haven't come to us, Alternative Tentacles, that's a really cool guy, somebody who really knows what he's doing and is really behind the music. A lot of people that make offers, they don't even know what we're doing.

Ray: They just heard the name.

Lisa: And they're ready to suppress us.

Ray: We're a potential tax write off.

Bob: They saw the cover of Bam and said, "Oh, they must be going places."

Todd: Well, that's why I'm here. Who are you guys again?

Jeff: I was wondering if you guys were worried about imitators. Everything that's great, it seems like a truckload of geeks follows.

Tony: That won't happen because, this may sound like I'm making a joke, but a lot of the bands that play the really heavy, hard punk music, they can't play that well. The guitar players aren't that good. There are very few good players. They can't play the weird chord changes and the strange chords. There are other reasons why most bands will not copy us - you can't find drummers that can do the weird, outside jazz play like Ray plays. That's very hard. The third

thing, beside from the bass playing - you can find bass players that can hold down the bottom end but they can't improvise, and of course, you can't find singers that tie it all together, that's what Lisa does. I kept thinking about that, what if The Bellrays get really popular and there's a lot of clones, like there's Nirvana clones, or there were Red Hot Chili Peppers clones or Stray Cats clones.

Lisa: But you're assuming that they're good.

Jeff: How many people imitated Jackson Pollock and they couldn't throw a splatter to save their lives, you know what I mean? It looks easy.

Bob: I think there will be people that try, but bands that I think about, like Black Sabbath and The Who - try and think of a Who clone band.

Lisa: Even though there were a million bands at the time that were really shitty, the only one I can think of that were trying to sound like them and they were still doing their own thing is Shocking Blue, where you could really tell they were going after that style but they were so cool on their own they didn't need to go that way and their songs didn't go that way.

Todd: What other thing do you know about as much as music?

Bob: Tony paints, draws. He did the artwork for the cover. He's very visual as well as musical. I get visual from his music. I kind of tie it together.

Lisa: Bob takes pornographic pictures.

Tony: And he's good at it.

Lisa: It's not a joke.

Bob: For a long time now.

Lisa: His photos are more well known than his name.

Bob: I swear to god. Old bondage magazines and stuff.

Lisa: Rope Boy.

Todd: How does one get a gig like that?

Bob: I knew someone in high school who got into it and she wanted pictures and it kinda went from there. They'd call me up and say, "Hey, we can set up a modeling shoot?" I made money at it, you know. It's been going on since, god, high school. Twenty years.

Tony: He's going to keep trying 'till he gets it right.

Todd: Have you learned any new knots?

Bob: Yeah. I have an extensive library of knot books.

Lisa: That's a real talent.

Bob: Photography. I'm into that stuff, too.

Todd: What's the most shameful piece of music you have in your collection that you listen to on a regular basis?

Tony: I have "Herman's Hermits Greatest Hits." I listen to them regularly and I like them a lot but don't tell anybody.

Todd: See the red light on the recorder, that means it's off.

Bob: REO Speedwagon is the skeleton in my closet. When I first started playing, all the bands I was in, we all played REO Speedwagon songs. But we also did rocking versions of the "Mickey Mouse Club" theme so we balanced it out.

Tony: And if you have two and a half hours, Ray will tell you his.

Todd: Ray looks perplexed. You can mail in your answer if it's gonna take heavy thinking.

Ray: I have some Harry Connick Jr. stuff, but not on a regular basis any more. I listen to classical music, but I'm not embarrassed about it.

Lisa: I'm not ashamed of listening to anything I'm listening to. I know some of it makes Tony want to vomit.

Jeff: People are always talking about the obvious influences, but who are the no-so-obvious influences or even the obvious influences that they never friggin' mention? It's always the MC5 and Tina Turner.

Bob: When I grew up, my favorite things were the Beatles, Creedence Clearwater Revival, The Who, Sabbath, growing up as a Fontana hessian, you gotta like that stuff, but as soon as I met Tony, there was another guy who had like 10,000 records and I would go to his house and listen to everything. That's where I heard my first entire Ramones album. As I picked it up, I just got into everything. I listen to a lot of country and western. Hank Williams and Willie Nelson.

Tony: They might miss a lot because they just don't hear it.

Lisa: Nobody ever thinks of Lou Rawls. He had a kick ass band that could be subtle and strong at the same time.

Bob: Robert Johnson's two albums are like the definitive blues albums of all time. Nobody would see to throw that in as an influence.

Lisa: Paul Butterfield Blues Band. I think a lot of the zones we're hitting and flushing out, but I don't know we're actively using them. I think so much stuff is influential.

Bob: I spent hours and hours listening to McCartney play bass. I copped every single riff he ever played over and over

and over again. That's a heavy influence. I don't think I play like him at all, but I spend so much time playing what he was playing that it must of had some sort of influence.

Tony: Miles Davis had a group in the mid '60s. He had Tony Williams on drums, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Wayne Shorter, and the way they approached the music is the way we try to approach it, where the music can be very elastic and it doesn't have to be the verse here and then the chorus, and it doesn't have to be such a pop music context and, unfortunately, that's what a lot of bands nowadays are trying to do. They're trying to do a pop music context with music that really isn't pop music. That's why the Smashing Pumpkins, they might sell a lot of records, but I think they're failing at what they're trying to do, what I hear them trying to do, which is branch out of that context. Miles Davis' mid '60s groups, the ones that did "ESP" and "Miles Smiles," those albums before he did the "Bitches Brew" stuff, they had so much depth and variety in the approach to the songs. I think that's what we're trying to do and I know your average punk



rock zine writer is maybe not gonna catch onto that because that's not what they're listening to but that is something that is very important to our direction.

Lisa: Just the way we attack those songs, it allows us, that every time we play that song, even though it's got a certain structure to it, you won't hear the same version twice. We don't actively go out there trying to be different every single time but it's a new canvas every time you go out there to play a song. And I know that there's a lot of bands that they learn a way to play a song, and you'll hear them practicing at R and R [rehearsal studios in Hollywood] the same way again, even though they've played it a million times and you know they're going to hit it the same way, it's the only way they're trying to hit it. They find comfort in those limitations and we don't.

Tony: If their song is F sharp and E, if that's the only two chords in the song, that's the only two chords they're ever going to play. There are things called chord substitutions and it's not some weird some weird, esoteric, jazzy thing that you have to go to GIT to learn. It is not that way and it wasn't that way in the '60s. Those cats could play. The rock bands could play and the jazz guys could play and they had to bridge it together.

Ray: That's the nicest thing about playing in this band. Because when we play that way, we have a context of what we're supposed to be playing, but we're all forcefully trying to express and try to do something different, and when something hits, I just remember those moments, out live, when Bob'll play something - at the Casbah, Bob knows he did something different - so we just smile for a second. And

its those magical moments that come from that explosive-ness.

Bob: We're not afraid to fall on our ass.

Lisa: We have done that, a bunch.

Ray: It's scarier than shit but when the outcome's right, it feels so great.

Tony: It gets back to your first couple of questions. Bands out there are trying to be all rock and everything.

Lisa: Serious.

Tony: What excited you when punk rock first hit? The fact that these bands were exciting and brand new and trying not play the same shit that everybody was trying to play, but now you got all this Epitaph shit that's the same stuff over and over.

Todd: It becomes TM. A trademark process.

Tony: They're not exciting. They're not trying to challenge anybody.

Lisa: They're not exploring at all.

the Bellrays



Tony: If a band takes more than ten minutes to set up or get off stage, I have a theory that that band is going to suck.

Ray: No, they already suck.

Bob: They're

just jumping on the same conveyor belt.

Lisa: In fact, I see most record labels as being anti-exploratory. They are actively looking for bands that fit into a cliché. They had been avoiding us like the plague before "Let It Blast," would not even give us a listen. We've got archives full of rejection letters when we were foolish enough to send our stuff out. But because somebody else is talking about it, now it's OK to look in that direction, that's bullshit. That just shows that people don't think for themselves or they're not used to listening to somebody else who thinks for themselves and they're not capable of making up their own minds about it.

Bob: And here's a tip to some of the other bands who want to do that. Make them buy their own fucking copies. Anybody wants something from us, they buy it.

Lisa: They're gonna sell your soul for \$250,000, you might as well get \$10 for the CD.

Bob: The thing they're promoting is that, "We're a big, major company. We can throw tons of money. We just have all this money." OK, if you have all this money, send us ten bucks. You're ready to blow off a couple hundred thousand on some band you're going to shitcan in a couple of months anyways.

Todd: What band do you love, but you want to slaughter their spawn?

Bob: Nirvana.

Ray: I love Zeppelin a lot. The individuals were playing a lot of stuff. The stuff that came after that was kind of shitty, but everyone talks about them being a big influence. There was a period in my life where I was listening to a lot of them.

Tony: Jimi Hendrix.

Lisa: Aretha Franklin. People always talk about how everything she does now is gold, even if it's shitty because of the way people think about singers.

Bob: Stevie Wonder. All of the R and B singers, they listen to the way he sang when he was cool and they just think, "Oh man, he had that waver in his voice." So all they do now is waver their voices. They can't hit the note.

Tony: It's like modern blues. There's no good blues any more. It's all shit. Modern country. [mock spits]

Bob: Stevie Ray Vaughn is another they're trying to emulate.

Lisa: You know why all those things suck now? Because people have tried to isolate them as their own little entities. And all of those come back to rock. All those things take from each other, they share with each other, but when people try to separate them, it's like all the kings and queens trying to marry the same type of people over and over and then you just have a bunch of retards. The gene pool is all messed up.

Bob: Incest.

Todd: Sickle cell anemia.

Lisa: It's all bad blood. Until everything comes back together...

Ray: ... you're humping your father.

Lisa: They're so busy trying to be purist they don't see that they're missing the boat.

Todd: What's the most creative reason somebody's given for not booking your band?

Lisa: Gilman Street Theater. I sent them a tape about a year and a half ago and I called back and they said, "Yeah, we got the tape. It's good stuff and everything, it's good music, but we're not really into chick vocals unless it's screaming chick vocals. We're not into the bluesy vocals."

Todd: Weird.

Lisa: They got a fucking earful after that. So everybody was sitting around in the safe Gilman Street Theater and I say fuck them.

Tony: You would know for sure. Is Maximum Rock'n'roll really out of business?

Todd: No. It was an April Fools joke, the last print issue.

Tony: That's what I thought.

Jeff: That's a shame.

Tony: That's too bad because that's one of the most worthless rags I've ever seen in my life. It's good for advertising and that's the only good thing. If it was just all ads, it'd be a great magazine. They should think about that.

Todd: On a stop watch, how long should it take a band to set up?

Ray: Two and a half minutes and the longest one is the drummer. Get off stage in five seconds, that's it.

Lisa: And that's the drummer saying that.

Tony: If a band takes more than ten minutes to set up or get off stage, I have a theory that that band is going to suck.

Ray: No, they already suck.

Lisa: That has never failed. We have sat there and watched bands twiddling with this and whatever. I have nothing to say. I'm the singer. I get to just walk up there and do it, but I see you guys out there hustling your butt, getting set up, and we're ready to play, a lot of times, before the sound man is.

Ray: He's out there smoking. "Oh, they're ready?"

Todd: So, Lisa, have you ever gone up to a microphone and said, "Smells like tuna fish"?

Lisa: They smell worse than that. I usually like to bring my own mic.

Ray: Back on that other subject, all of you other bands that are out there, have some respect for everybody else out there that is playing. Fuck about how you look, just get on stage, play, then get off.

Bob: Realize that when you're done, you've got to unplug everything, wrap it up, and get the fuck off the stage.

Ray: Don't go talking with your friends, have some respect.

Bob: We know you're going to pack your shit up and go and not see the next band anyway, so do it. Go smoke your fucking bongload somewhere else.

Lisa: Because you might end up playing before us and you will get - where was I yelling at the drummer - "Get your shit off the stage."

Ray: We played a wedding one time and these fuckers

would not get off the stage. And we just got on stage and started pulling shit off.

Lisa: We almost started a fight. It was a Croatian/Irish wedding.

Todd: A powerkeg already... so Lisa, are you thinking about writing lyrics? On "Let It Blast," I was surprised that you didn't write any of them.

Lisa: I've written lyrics for one song, but it's not like it's even my choice. We have songwriters here and if they need lyrics from me, I'm sure they'll ask.

Todd: Why, exactly, are there "Blues for Godzilla"? I don't quite get that.

Lisa: That's kind of a stupid question.

Todd: No, it's a really stupid question. He seems like a happy guy. Radioactive breath, taking out buildings and trains. I'd be stoked.

Lisa: Anybody can have the blues. Jesus could have the blues.

Tony: Why wouldn't he have the blues?

Bob: He just climbed out of the water and they started shooting at him first.

Todd: But he killed everybody in the end.

Lisa: So what, just because you can kill everybody doesn't mean your feelings can't get hurt.

Tony: And the song isn't about the movie "Godzilla."

Todd: I was waiting for that development... and closing arguments?

Lisa: This goes out to everybody. Support live music, even if it sucks. That means go out there and participate in the live music experience. The only way that the quality of musicianship is going to go up is if more people go out to see sucking bands and tell them that they suck or boo or whatever and if there's a good band out there, the only way they're going to keep going, because musicians have all the reasons in the world to stop because they're surrounded by a bunch of knuckleheads that just don't give a shit, and I'm not saying that they should be out there for that reason, but it is nice to have encouragement when you know that people are paying attention to you doing something good.

Bob: Yeah, if you go out to a club because the guy that you work with is in the band, and they're playing, stick around for the next band or get there early and see the band before them or something. Try to experience a little bit because chances are you've already seen the guy's band twenty times and you don't really like it, you're just there because you want to drink a beer.

Todd: Do you think it's possible that not only bands have been cloned, but audiences?

Lisa: Absolutely. Oh man, I'm so glad that you brought that up because the responsibility of an audience have just been abandoned. People don't know what it is to be part of an audience any more. I attribute that to our generation being the one where we got a lot of school programs cut, a lot of things cut that have that interaction families have.

Todd: It's almost like they're watching TV.

Lisa: Yeah, we're the TV babies.

Jeff: Sit in the back and stare.

Lisa: That's right. And you think that you're supposed to be entertained, just like you see on MTV. Like you're supposed to look at it and not react to it and not respond to it because all of that action is there to please you.

Bob: All that action is supposed to come from that source. They have to edit it 60 times a second so you don't have to do anything. So there's no give and take. It's all coming this way [into your eyes]. It's not going back.

Lisa: People think that any time they go to see a band, that it's supposed to be background music for their conversation and it's not.

Ray: Or one big concert where everyone is cheering every fucking minute, where that's not the case.

Bob: All these big concerts, they should lose the big screen TVs because it's just like watching a video. Why are you paying \$52 to go in some huge stadium to watch a video?

Lisa: We could barely see where we were when we were watching Black Sabbath, but I was looking at the stage, even though it was hard as hell to see...

Bob: We were six miles away and they were this point of light, but you watch the band, you're looking at them. It's a different thing. ☺

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THE LOUDMOUTH

Interview by Shane Williams

Who would've thought I'd be interviewing The Loudmouths? Well, actually; me! Cuz a couple years back when I began reading about 'em/seeing their ints all over the place I was planning on getting in contact with 'em. I just didn't know if they'd want to do it - cuz bassist Beth and I have a history. Well it turns out that "history" is what brought us together. Beth wrote me. She considers me a girl band geek and wanted me to participate in a pseudo-symposium (mass int.) of same she is planning for Girlyhead #4. I don't consider myself a GBG - but whatever... and my answers to her questions will probably never be printed in full - too lengthy, natch. But who cares, cuz once we were in touch Beth said sure they'd do the mail int thing - that it was perfect timing for the cuz their new CD "Get Lit" is out. Before we proceed I'll give ya the short version of how I know Beth. Back in '87 when I was doing a federal bit in Lompoc I listened to a radio show she had on UCSB's station (the same one the FCC reprimanded for another DJ playing Pork Duke's "Bend and Flush" of all things!). Her show was called Pseudo-Graffiti and she and another chick named Jeannie were teamed up and they sounded "hot" and I wrote 'em a "let's get naked" letter. This left a bad impression on Beth to the point where she was in Cockpit and I caught 'em at Raji's in '93 she wouldn't let Arlan snap 'em. Well she is older and wiser (or looser) now - so her and the rest of the bands participation in this int is what I can only dub "enthusiastic." Read on - and don't miss 'em when they play your town - whether you're a GBG or not!

Shane: The usual. Names, full and/or nick, and what you play.

Beth: Beth Loudmouth, BB, Allen, Beth I Hear Ya Callin'. Bass, beer spits, and snarls.

Dulce: Dulcinea Loudmouth, El Dulce, DD Guitar and lead howler.

Pete: Petey Loudmouth, Ox, Hoax, I play the bucket.

Shane: More of the usual. Band timeline with line-up changes, etc.

Beth: 1994 till now. Jay Loudmouth was in the band from the beginning but quit about one and a half years ago due to "personality conflicts." Then we got Adam Can't from the Spites (who moved here to SF from Arizona). Adam was more of a Spite than a Loudmouth; we wanted a full-time Loudmouth. We looked for another guitarist for awhile, then gave up, and now we're a three piece, which has been working out great. Adam's in this great new band with members of The Shifters called Trust Fund Babies.

Dulce: Yeah, it has worked out better this way. It's a very raw, stripped-down version of The Loudmouths that made us all tighter friendship-wise and musicianship-wise.

Shane: What about prior bands and side projects for you guys?

Beth: I was in a buncha party bands in college: Umbilical Chords, Dope Brownie, The Manson Girls, P.M.S. (Pre-



Photos by Todd

LOUTHS



Marital Sex) who later became Cockpit, and a Kiss cover band Knights in Satan's Service. But The Loudmouths were the band I shoulda been in all along. All my old bands were like ex-boyfriends who were bad in bed, and The Loudmouths are like the new boyfriend who is the best fuck I've ever had.

Dulce: Yeah, we're good in bed too, but I was purely a masturbator before The Loudmouths ravished my virginity away. Amen.

Pete: I was in a band called Blank Pile in SF for a couple years, everything else was not much.

Beth: I'm also in Pineapple Princess, an electric ukelele duo that does Hawaiian songs, punk rock covers (Ramones, Black Flag) and our own original tunes (mainly about booze and sex).

Dulce: We are also joining forces with half of The Lewd to do a couple shows locally. It should be awesome. We are huge Lewd fans, and can't wait to rock out with Sats (vocals) and Bob Clic (guitar). Beth and I also have a little side dish action we are itchin' to start up soon called Rotten Ronnie and the Bloody Chainsaws. That'll be fronted by my long-time beau, Rotten Ronnie!

Beth: Yeah, the Bloody Chainsaws are gonna be fueled by our love for scum rock. It's gonna be fuzzed out and mean.

Pete: Nuthin' on the side right now besides the Lewdmouths.

Shane: Any equipment freaks in the band who want to brag on anything?

Beth: Brag about our equipment? Ha! I don't even feel toooooo bad because I saw the Dayglo Abortions years ago and their set-up was about as glamorous as ours. Talking equipment bores the shit out of me anyway.

Dulce: I don't know a band with worse stuff than us.

Pete: My drums are white.

ON RECORD COLLECTING

Pete: I'd love to own an original Misfits 7", but that wouldn't make me any closer to the band than having the music on CD. Some people think like that, but some people are stupid.

Dulce: Pete wishes they were white. His drums are a shitty shade of dirt.

Shane: Give me a little rundown on the clubs you play at in SF.

Beth: The Chameleon (RIP) was SF's coolest club till the owner Karen let things fall apart. It was really sad, and I hope she is doing OK these days. Now my favorite place would be the CW Saloon or Tip Top Inn, both smaller dive bars. Right now SF is really hurting for smaller bars/clubs to play. It sucks.

Dulce: I really like playing CW Saloon. Audra puts on some cool shows. There really aren't that many venues for us. It is hard as fuck for anyone new to get a cabaret license in this town. We can't really get off on the bigger venues like Bottom of the Hill (although they are great to us there). We are a bar band, and that is where we are happy - playing for scummy drunks into rock and roll. El Rio is a great place for shows, with a huge outdoor tropical patio; unfortunately the shows there are far and few between and the booker doesn't book out-of-town bands. I'm beginning to believe other folks our age don't go to shows anymore, and we're not really an all ages sorta band.

Pete: I love the Purple Onion, but Tom's schizoid outbreaks are only funny for awhile. The CW Saloon and Tip Top are right up our alley.

Beth: We used to play the Purple Onion all the time, but burned out on all the craziness that goes down there.

Shane: Now let's some hear some tour stories. Where it was cool, where it's not, etc.

Beth: We had raging shows on both of our U.S. tours in Green Bay Wisconsin at all places. This guy, Time Bomb Tom, puts on all ages shows at the Concert Café. Next door is this cool bar with one dollar pints of Pabsts and a killer jukebox! Lexington, Kentucky fucking rules as well. We played a party there and made totally decent money and had a wild crowd who were really fun! Those people know how to party! Kansas City has always been good. Places I never need to again are St. Paul Minnesota, Missoula, Montana (bunch of Fat Wreck Chords lovin' dude and dudettes), and Memphis (hey, at least we saw Graceland and Sun Studios, even if not one person came to our show so it got canceled). And be warned: never drink tap water

after a tornado has hit town. I did in Lawrence, Kansas and had the worst diarrhea of my life. I almost pulled a GG and shit my pants on stage a night later in Illinois! [Beth, GG didn't wear pants when he'd shit on stage. Ha ha. -Shane]

Dulce: Other highlights - last tour we're hanging out in NYC with Snuka, visiting the Mutter Museum (a rad medical museum that every band on tour should go to) in Philly, gettin' stoned out in NC with the Stunt doubles and sunning on their awesome beaches. Also, we had a rad show at Emo's in Austin with The Boozers and The Motards. That was The Motards last show ever. I'd love to go back to Austin.

Pete: Austin was fun! Both times we played New Orleans I expected it to really go off, but no. Hanging out there is a lot more fun than playing there. I think drunk driving is encouraged there - we went to a drive-thru daiquiri shop! Our van stories are all tow trucks and Pep Boys parking lots - and can't forget; always, always, a cooler full of beer at all times.

Beth: On both U.S. tours we have played with really cool bands that we dig. Shit! I'm also afraid to list 'em 'cause I might forget someone: Motards (RIP), Boozers, Stinkerbell (RIP), 440s, Mud City Manglers, El Gordo's Revenge, Snuka, Candysnatchers, Carbonas (RIP)...

Pete: ...and the Rock'n'roll Terrorists, Chumps...

Beth: ...Long Gones, Valentine Killers, Zillionaires!

Dulce: Namedroppers!

Shane: We'll run the discography and contact address at the end, but let me hear about your dealings with labels.

Beth: This is a heavy question. We could go on and on - but in a few nutshells. New Red Archives are cool folks who've treated us well, but they have shitty distribution - all tied up with Dutch East India who are lame - and we don't really relate to most of the other bands on NRA.

Dulce: Nick does have a heart of gold. He pretty much financed the recording for the "Wound Up" and "Main Squeeze" singles.

Beth: "Wound Up" is run by KFK who fuckin' rules our world! Cool guy. He has given us the best deal we've gotten so far (best percentage, etc.). We are hoping to do another 7" with him in the future.

Pete: KFK is the most excited-about-The Loudmouths person we've ever met. When we first rolled into Kansas City on our first tour he stuck his head in the van and said, "I've got to meet The Loudmouths! What do you need? What?" Then he said he had a label so we were like, "Let's talk."

Dulce: To tell you the truth, none of us enjoy the business side of being in a band. It's a complete fuckin' pain in the ass. We've made some bad decisions that we've suffered for, without a doubt. My favorite label we're on is Wound Up because Keith is such a huge fan of music. His label has a distinctive personality, and he puts our records purely outta the love for it.

Beth: Main Squeeze was a big mistake. We trusted a young kid (Brandon who did Dee Dee's Kids zine). Both him and his friends ended up being total flakes. They are both missing in action - never return our calls or letters. Only 500 were pressed. [Collectors take note - this is obviously gonna be the one to look for, the band is already sold out of the copies they had. -Shane]

Dulce: Yeah, Brandon must have got into punk for a few months and started that zine to be cool. I think he finally got laid and his interest waned. We were just a teenage trend to him, and if I ever see that little fuck, he's dead. Hear that Brandon - you're dead! I bet you're wearing a Marilyn Manson t-shirt right now.

Pete: I'm gonna tell my Uncle Vinnie to pay him a visit.

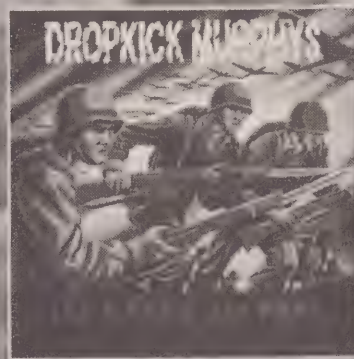
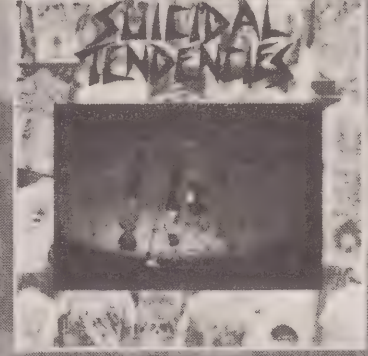
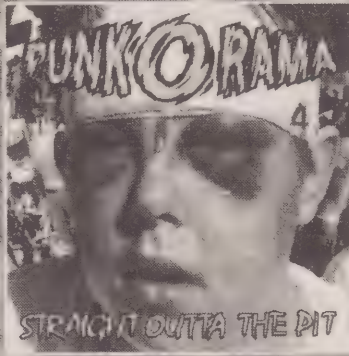
Beth: Yeah, don't fuck with us or Pete, the Italian Stallion's "family" will have to handle it... Out new one, "Lit Up" will be on 702 Records. That is Pete the Sticker Guy's label. Totally cool guy who is totally in touch with the punk scene and what's going on. He is helping us get organized to get to Europe.

Dulce: Yeah, thank God he is taking care of that for us or we'd be fucked. Plus Pete's been really patient; we

STRAIGHT OUTTA THE PIT



STRAIGHT FACED



VANS

WARPED
TOUR '99

SEE ALL THESE BANDS AT
WARPED TOUR '99 AND DON'T
FORGET TO CHECK OUT THE
NEW EPITAPH TENT...
SEE YA IN DA PIT!!!



promised him the records over a year ago.

Pete: He rules. He's really working to help us!

Shane: So I know Dulcinea writes reviews for Maximum Rock and Roll, and that Beth did a ukelele-oriented zine. You both do stuff for Girlyhead. Any other zines you've done or still write for? What about Pete?

Beth: I have always done or written for zines. Way back in '85/'86 I did Wake Up. That was when I was DJing at KCPR at Cal Poly before I transferred to UCSB. [UCPR is the station I can pick up here in SLO I've mentioned in my column. Beth fought to have the first ever punk show there. -Shane] Right now I'm working on a Vanzine called Don't Come Knockin'. Anyone with good van stories, especially sexy ones, send 'em my way.

Dulce: I'm not that into writing for zines unless it is something especially interesting to me, like interviewing Tura Satana for Girlyhead was. I work at a newspaper so the last thing I need is another deadline. The Maximum thing is cool because I get to hear all the new shit I would be looking for anyway. They have a really nice library of records at my disposal. The band comes way first, but I guess one thing just leads to another.

Pete: I've done a few reviews for Thrasher, nothing much. But, zine lovers, I advise you check out Pool Dust. Wez rocks.

Shane: The first Zine Guide (the one Tail Spins puts out) listed you guys at 74 of top 100 most interviewed bands. So in '96-'97 I guess Loudmouths ints appeared in: 10 Things Jesus Wants You to Know, Chicken Is Good Food, Kablooeey!, Noises From The Garage, Motion Sickness, and Spank.

Any others worth mentioning?

Did you make a concerted effort to do a bunch? Do you prefer doing 'em drunk and stupid?

Beth: I was surprised by that "most interviewed" statistic. Shit, how come we don't sell many records then? Are we scaring everyone away?! We were also in Thrasher and Another Fine Mess... and others.

Dulce: Yeah, that freaked me out too... maybe we're most interviewed because we're stupid enough to write back to anyone that asks, jailbirds included, eh? More than anything, I think email has made us real accessible.

Pete: I don't remember doing that many interviews. I think the girls hide them from me and fill in my answers. Shit, for all you know, this is Beth typing this boring answer for you right now!

Beth: We have given up on Pete for some mail and e-mail interviews. We got tired of hounding him. I do remember me and Dulce making up his answers for him once, ha ha.

Dulce: And we made him sound cool, too.

Beth: Furthermore, we do them drunk and smart! I swill ginko between brews.

Shane: Do you don't mind mail interviews then?

Beth: No, but your questions aren't very specific. Or maybe they are too specific, not to mention some of them are loaded. They make me tired when I read them because I can imagine writing a novel answering them. You write questions within questions within questions. [Years of doing this have taught me long nested questions produce the most interesting results. A lot of this is invisible to the eventual reader because I pare out redundancies and unanswered portions - and often split things up after the fact. -Shane]

Dulce: Yeah, this interview sucks because it was like a serious homework project. If this were done live we could be drinking and hanging out - plus you'd have to transcribe it all later!

Pete: By the time I finish reading your questions I forgot how they started.

Shane: You girls seem seriously knowledgeable and opinionated. In the same issue of a recent MRR Dulcinea can be found bagging on the Hellacopters from a position of "I'm so over it," and Beth is in the letter section giving another MRR reviewer shit for his inept comparisons. I thought it was hot when you told him to get out more and listen to more music period. Anyways, what's up with this? Are you record collectin' assholes to boot?

Beth: I don't just play music. I live and breathe the

shit. I have grown up addicted to fanzines, underground radio, record stores, vinyl, and now that I'm a cable whore - VH1 "rockumentaries." Music saved my life, but I'm not a pretentious asshole collector like the Poison Idea title song talks about. I know my shit. I thought it was funny you were bugged that Dulcinea slagged The Hellacopters. Funny thing was, she actually liked them before she saw them. I've bagged on them from the beginning. I was happy all my friends understood where I was coming from after they played here. I don't own their music; in the middle of taping them off a friend I stopped 'cause I was so bored. All slick licks and cool moves but the songs aren't that catchy. They also buy into the hipster shit I'm so tired of. Hot rods. Pin ups. Flames. If I see dice or 8 balls on one more record cover I'm gonna puke! At least Fu Manchu has the right idea - bring back custom vans!

Dulce: I've been a music freak ever since I can remember - from Donny Osmond fan club member in first grade to my first punk show (Shattered Faith at the Rec Center in Fountain Valley) to now with The Loudmouths. It's the one thing that motivates me. I am jaded as fuck now; but if I don't get a slicker for The Hellacopters, don't worry, there's hundreds of little scene fuckers who'll offer their asses up to them and other super-hyped crap. I have strong opinions and respect others who do too, but this is rock and roll so mostly it's all in good fun. Hey, I'm a "loudmouth." I heckle at shows too; some nights I feel reckless, and I can get myself in trouble sometimes, but it sure beats sitting there quietly. I hate anal record collecting. Now that Man's Ruin recalled that

THE LOUDMOUTHS



JIMMY FORSEY OR WATTIE?

Beth: Wattie. I'd spit on him any day.

Dulce: I'd love to give Wattie a bubble bath.

Pete: I'd grab Wattie by the mohawk and say, "Ride this scooter, bitch!"

Glucifer/Hellacopters CD because it was burned in mono by accident, you can just bet some stupid fucks will be looking for this defective version because it's rare. Soon it will be up on a record store wall for a ridiculous price... and so on.

Beth: Even though I collect records and books, I'm totally into loaning shit out. I borrow stuff a lot too. A book hasn't been "read" unless it's a little creased. Uhh... speaking of non-anal practices, let's hear it for beer towels everywhere!

Pete: The Hellacopters have too many moves for me, but the drummer is a madman! Overall there's too many scenesters just lookin' good. When the music becomes just a background it sucks the energy out of the shows. I was never a college DJ like Beth, but that is all I listen to, and how I heard punk in the first place. We all collect records when we have money, but you won't see us at every record swap meet. I'd love to own an original Misfits 7", but that wouldn't make me any closer to the band than having the music on CD. Some people think like that, but some people are stupid.

Shane: What other genres of music do you like? Even the embarrassing ones.

Beth: Hawaiian kitsch ones. Polka, polka, polka! Metal, rockabilly, surf, reggae, classic rock. Tom Petty rules. But punk is where my heart is.

Dulce: All that stuff, plus Tijuana kitsch. Cha, cha cha, '80s hardcore, burlesque music, metal - even some of the glam variety - after all, I did grow up in LA in the hardrocker '80s. Psychobilly. We all have similar tastes, although we occasionally quarrel over the relevance of Ratt.

Beth: And let's not even go into the lack of tolerance for my W.A.S.P. tape if I try to play it when we're on the road driving!

Pete: I don't like commercial MTV shit. Most everything else I can at least respect. I love Cuban music and salsa. Jazz, especially live, is great. African music. Like I said, commercial shit sucks!

Shane: What is up with the two girl/two boy thing? [I obviously asked before I knew they were down to a three piece. The answers are too worthy to trash whole questions. -Shane] Can you believe I heard the music director of KCPR refer to The PeeChees as a been-around-forever riot grl band? Aren't they a two and two line-up as well? Are they similar to you guys in sound/intent? And what about "riot grl" - were Beth or Dulcinea ever comfortable with that term (ever in life).

Beth: We're into the chicks and dicks thing. Fuck separatism. PeeChees are cool, I like them. The first time I saw them I went up and told their singer he'd look even better doing his sultry microphone moves with a big hard-on! I was thinking about it cuz I saw Grous once when their singer Lars had these loose shorts on and halfway through their set

I realized he had a big ol' boner. I thought that was really cool. Oh yeah, Molly is out of the PeeChees and back in Bratmobile now. I never had a thing to do with riot grl! I've always held my own with the boys: DJing, skateboarding, zine writing, playing music, etc!

Dulce: Two boy/two girl just happened with us. It's true that after Jay left we didn't want to replace him with a girl. Beth and I exude all the female energy needed, and we didn't want Pete to end up as "the boy drummer." It's bad enough for him (and Jay when he was with us) that while Beth and I will get let in for free and treated nice a lot because of The Loudmouths, they won't recognize Pete and believe he's in the band. It's lame but it happens. I've never been called a riot grl to my face. It's just another label to fuck with your head. I saw Bikini Kill and I wish Kathleen would've kept most of her feminazi comments to herself and just rocked out. I like

them, thought they had great raw energy and angst; liked the "suck my left one" shit - but I wasn't gonna run my panties up a flag pole over it. We don't address politics as a band - not our thing. PeeChees never really floated my boat - but weren't they three guys/one girl? Bottom line: it takes more than being a girl in a band to get my interest.

Pete: I'm the only riot grl in The Loudmouths. So all you other riot grls out there reading this: let's unite and exchange naked photos.

Shane: Give me reactions on the following things/bands/people - like a word association game except spit back phrases or stories, not just a word. If you do good on the whole quiz, Uncle Shane will score bonus points... Plainfield?

Beth: Too jazzy for me. But main man Smelly Mustapha looks cute in those red ear protector/headphone thingies, and I like it when he sings, "I'm gonna rip your clit out with my teeth." It turns me on.

Dulce: Why does Smelly look more and more like "the average American"? Fuckin' weirdo.

Beth: Maybe he does that to hide his weird insides - ha ha.

Pete: Smelly dances funny.

Shane: Mordam?

Beth: I have a lot of friends who work there. I have a lot of respect for Ruth. I don't remember the details of how they parted company with Flipside.

Pete: Katie of the morning rocks.

Beth: He means Katie Adler who is a morning DJ

on KUSF.

Dulce: I don't give a shit about Mordam dumping Flipside.

Shane: The Fuck-Ups.

Beth: Didn't they have that total Sid look-alike in the band? [The whole band were Sid-alikes. -Shane] Whatever happened to the fuck-ettes?

Dulce: Joe Dirt is with Society Dog. I remember before their last reunion show at CW Saloon I'd heard Bob Noxious was dead. Then he showed up; guess I was victim of an urban legend.

Pete: White Boy [I think this was a song title of theirs. -Shane]

Shane: Ripper zine?

Dulce: Cool zine, but if you wanna talk vintage zines, check out Metal Mania.

Beth: It ruled! Whatever happened to Tim Tonooka anyhow? A friend of mine at UCSB who grew up in San Jose had every issue. Ripper was my introduction to The Lewd. Thus started the chain of events leading to The Lewdmouths. We were covering a song of theirs. Bob Clic found us from our website and it turned out we lived a block away from each other here in SF. They just released a CD of old stuff, and Bob and Sats couldn't get the rest of the old members interested in reforming - so they approached us about doing The Lewdmouths, and now we're learning all the songs and getting ready to play this summer.

Pete: Yeah, right now I'm at our practice space waiting for those guys to show up for our first practice - and they're an hour and a half late. So kids, don't get your hopes up. Ripper was great. San Jose equals Los Olvidados.

Shane: BART (a.k.a. Bay Area Rapid Transit)?

Beth: Never ride it. Don't leave the city much.

Dulce: My funniest BART story is when I first came up here and I was riding it with my two sisters. This big black dude was sitting in front of us with his huge black cock sticking straight out at us. This guy had the biggest fuckin' grin on his face. It was kinda camouflaged by a raincoat so I didn't notice it immediately, but my sister was staring at it. She said she thought it was an umbrella. Once I noticed I laughed until I was crying.

Pete: BART equals my morning nap.

Shane: Leather boys?

Beth: Gotta love those leather pants. Yum. I have a thing for skinny guy legs in tight black leather pants.

Dulce: I love leather boys - all boys should have a leather side to 'em. I dig Tom of Finland's stuff, too.

Pete: It's all about Folsom St./south of Market. If you go down any alley down there at night you can find a line-up. I rent knee pads down there for extra cash. That cement is hard.

Shane: Neurosis?

Beth: When I had dreads, people always mistook me for a Neurosis fan. I know nothing about them. I remember going to see a New Bomb Turks show once and the door guy was a dreaded out Neurosis fan. He's telling me, "Dude! Neurosis are playing tonight!" (elsewhere) and I'm like, "So what. The fucking New Bomb Turks are playing!"

Dulce: I saw 'em live and was bored to death.

Pete: Before Neurosis, some of 'em were in a great hardcore band called Violent Coercion.

Shane: Tim Yo?

Beth: He was fucking cool. He was a stickler for his beliefs, but a very supportive motherfucker. I think it is cool he had achievements to leave behind (the zine, the club, the store...).

Dulce: He was great. He asked me to write reviews. His sense of humor is missed.

Pete: MRR radio turned me on to sooo much music. Thanks Tim.

Shane: Madonna or Courtney Love? Cool/deserves to die?

Beth: Haha. I sort of have an obsession with both. I read anything I can on them. I respect Madonna more because she broke a lot of rules.

Dulce: Ha! Beth and I both got sucked into that Madonna documentary on VH1. How punk is that? I've never been into her type of music but I admire her drive and ambition. As for Courtney, I just saw her on the tour with Marilyn Manson (don't ask why, ha!) and Hole were uninspired and boring to watch. The only thing that kept it going was Courtney's spoiled brat routine and bad mouthing Marilyn Manson. She was teasing the audience like a girl would tease a long time boyfriend. Her outfit was faboo. Whatever. It was like the Jerry Springer Show, all spectacle.

Pete: I'd rather have sex with Madonna.

Shane: Lene Lovich or Cyndi Lauper?

Beth: Cyndi was cool because of the "She Bo" song about female masturbation.

Dulce: No thoughts on either.

Pete: I don't know about Lene but if Cyndi talked dirty to me in that voice I'd really be turned on.

Beth: Pete, that's so gross. Ewww. I can just imagine her high-pitched squeal going, "Fuck me harder baby."

Shane: Pistols or Clash?

Beth: Pistols all the way. I just read Johnny's autobiography. It started out interesting but got boring. After watching "Sid and Nancy" again after reading it I was disturbed by how much of that movie is bullshit.

Dulce: I'm definitely more of a Pistols fan. *12 Days on Tour* is a pretty great read, especially if you're in a band on tour. It has some funny Sid stories. The whole revival of The Clash look and sound seems silly to me. Disco punk, ha!

Pete: Neither, I wouldn't want to touch any of those pasty limeys.

Shane: New York Dolls or Dictators?

Beth: Both. Johnny Thunders was getting pretty pathetic before he croaked though. I've never gotten to see The Dictators yet. They were supposed to come out here and play and we were going to open up for them. I still hope to see them some day soon. I thank my friend Matt for turning me on to them; he actually was Handsome Dick for Halloween this year.

Dulce: I love both those bands. Dolls fans need to check out the *Too Much, Too Soon* book. I'm in the middle of that right now. We went by the hotel where Johnny died when we were in New Orleans. I got to see him live a few times - a junkie with an attitude. I loved him. The Dictators are rad, but I'm sad 'cause now they're supposed to come to SF in May and we'll be in Europe. Dontcha feel sorry for us Shane, ha ha.

Pete: The Dolls of course.

Shane: Jimmy Porsey or Wattie?

Beth: Wattie. I'd spit on him any day.

Dulce: I'd love to give Wattie a bubble bath.

Pete: I'd grab Wattie by the mohawk and say, "Ride this scooter, bitch!"

Shane: Ozzy or Tom Waits?

Beth: What the fuck? Do you even need to ask? Ozzy! It's all about rock and roll. Fuck Tom Waits. I can't stand him.

Dulce: Du! Fuckin' Ozzy rules. He's a way more fun drunk.

Pete: Ozzy is fuckin' Ozzy so he wins.

Beth: So how'd we do Uncle Shane?

Shane: You had a solid A based on only one association quiz question being excised due to excessive tediousness - but I'm afraid the derogatory remarks about Flipside not only canceled any possible bonus points - but now Beth and Dulce both owe me blow jobs. Pete, you can just loan them your rentable knee pads. Shall we continue? What does no one else in the band know about you until you answer this question?

Beth: Considering all the long talks while driving on tour they both know too much.

Dulce: Not much, besides the Loudmouth code of silence kicks in on a question like this.

Pete: I don't think I ever told them I joined the band because I thought we were going to have orgies; but all we ever do is rock.

Beth: I guess Pete doesn't know we've been holding orgies without him.

Dulce: But what about that time we slipped Pete the roofie on tour!

Shane: Any historical period you wish you could have lived in or person you'd like to have been?

Beth: I just thank god I wasn't 18 when disco hit! I'm happy where I am, thank you.

Dulce: I wish I could have fucked Adam Ant while he was still with The Ants. I had such an enormous crush on him. I used to watch that "Jubilee" movie all the time to just see the parts with young Adam. Ha, what a total goof.

Beth: I saw Adam on his Strip tour and even have a friend who was invited to his "girls only" gig party. I always loved him too, be he always seemed so full of himself.

Pete: It would've been cool to be around at the beginning of the bebop jazz era and be with people reacting and partying to that.

Shane: Near future band plans?

Beth: The Euro tour in May, and then who knows? We gotta do some more US touring. More 7" records! We hope to start making it down to SoCal more than once every three

years. This summer we want to go to Long Beach and play a show with all our friends, The Verdicts, hopefully the B-Movie Rats again, too. [Again, in that they played with them April 17 th at Al's Bar prior to the Euro tour. -Shane]

Dulce: Yeah, we've got the "Get Lit" tour, the things with The Lewd guys, and Rotten Ronnie to look forward to. I'm just bummed I tore some ligaments in a bad jump recently - I want it to heal quick so I can jump around some more!

Shane: So was Dan White assassinated or did he really commit suicide?

Beth: The twinkie lover killed his own ass, thank God. I can't believe he got out of jail. Harvey Milk ruled?

Dulce: Let's just be glad the fucker's dead.

Pete: I think the gay militia took him out.

Shane: So do you think Clinton was a piece of shit for all the stuff he was never investigated/tried for like I do? Hulk Hogan in 2000?

Beth: The U.S. is one big soap opera. It makes me sick.

Dulce: It's a fuckin' joke anyway. I'm an escapist.

Pete: Hulk - why not? Jesse the Body did it. Maybe Hulk was a marine.

Shane: So what is up with this girl band geek hatred? And how in Samhain hell could you have mistaken me for one? I admit I did ask Frightwig a question about their panties when I interviewed them with Al in the alley behind Raji's back in '88. But if I was a GBG I'd remember what I asked and what they answered and I don't.

Beth: Shane, Shane, Shane. I don't hate girl band geeks! I love my friend Stuttering Danny D. and get a real kick out of Tracy, the clipboard guy. Maybe you shouldn't have written me that slimy letter years ago. [Beth, sleaze is what it is when a guy goes "let me get into your panties". Slime is what he's trying to get at! -Shane]

Dulce: Without geek boys like you we'd be nothing. You do seem kind of defensive; is this a love/hate thing you've got going with Beth maybe? That's funny you asked Frightwig about underwear, because in our last interview we got asked about ours and I loved that question.

Pete: I'm just jealous cuz Shaneshit is always filled with pics of chicks and I figured I wasn't enough girl to fill your pages.

Shane: So before I list your contact address after the discography, what kind of fan mail do you like getting?

Beth: Don't forget to let everyone know that due to our history of *shitty* distro a lot of our releases are available direct from us. Info is available at our website too on how to email us. But we love to get porno mags, nasty photos, and fire-crackers through the mail.

Dulce: Seriously, send patches, custom van paraphernalia (will you get a mention in Beth's Vanzine too!), taxidermied carcasses (an armadillo or marlin would look swell up on the wall of the practice space); and booze, and old bar and burlesque stuff. ☺

Available from the band:

Self-titled LP/CD originally out on New Red Archives (LP on red vinyl)

"Gotta Live Fast" 7" EP originally out on Wound Up. This is the one with a girl in ball-gag harness.

"Gone Drinkin'" 7"EP (purple vinyl) on New Red Archives

"Spit It Out" 7" (pink vinyl) on 702 Records

Split 7" with Aerobitch - originally out on Punch Records

[Aerobitch - I want pics for the column. -Shane]

Then there's the split 7" with the Sex Offenders on the Main Squeeze label that disappeared. No copies available.

Loudmouths are featured on the Probe Records 7" comp called "This Ain't No Fuckin' Melodic Punk." It's out of print.

They're also on "Smells Like Spring" double LP comp on Intensive Scare and "Put Some Pussy in Your Punk" comp CD available from Renae at On the Rag.

Coming soon is a track on a Probe Records comp called "The Metal Years II." Loudmouths do Twisted Sister's "Tear It Loose" and a Blondie tribute on a Swiss label doing the obscure only-released-on-an-obscure-cassette-only thing "Underground Girl" song.



1538-B Fulton St., SF, CA 94117;
www.sfbay.com/loudmouths

THE LOUDMOUTHS

DANIEL JOHNSTON



**Interview
by Drunk Ted**



A LITTLE CONFIDENCE
Ted: I want to talk about your songwriting for a bit, because I really do think that you are one of the greatest songwriters of all time.
Daniel: I'm trying.

All pictures by Ted. This one is of Daniel and Matt Groening

Daniel Johnston has been writing songs and releasing music since 1981, when he used a piano and a tape recorder to make tapes that he would pass out to people while working at McDonalds. These cassettes are still available through Stress Records (4716 Depew Ave, Austin, TX 78751). There's over a dozen of them and despite having records out on Homestead, Atlantic, and now Tim/Kerr, these very lo-fi cheap cassettes contain some of his best work. They're \$4 a pop, and his manager Jeff is extremely quick in getting them out to customers. You can't go wrong. The quality of the 150+ songs I have heard are so great and so consistent that I have been known to announce in reviews that "Daniel Johnston is one of the greatest songwriters of our time," something that I believe strongly in to this day. Another person I admire greatly, Simpson creator Matt Groening, was at Al's Bar where I interviewed Daniel proclaiming that "Daniel Johnston is the greatest!" while we're just looking at each other with stupid smiles on our faces going "I can't believe this day is happening! We get to see Daniel live!" Daniel Johnston is a pretty influential songwriter, his songs covered by the likes of Sonic Youth, FIREHOSE, Yo La Tengo, and Pearl Jam and he even has a full length tribute album of his songs covered by Kathy McCarty of Glass Eye.

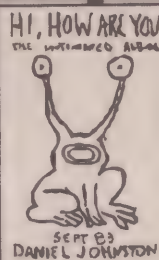
Ted: What do the new songs sound like? Is it recorded in the studio or is it more lo-fi stuff?

Daniel: Yeah, it's a home studio I have in my house. So it was pretty fun to do and we worked on it at a snail's pace.

Ted: That's what I heard you always wanted to do. Have your own studio so you could take as long as you want to record.

Daniel: Yeah, I hope someday if I get rich enough I'll do something like that, but Brian was a really cool producer. He really adds a lot of cool instruments and stuff.

Daniel Johnston is a pretty influential songwriter, his songs covered by the likes of Sonic Youth, FIREHOSE, Yo La Tengo, and Pearl Jam and he even has a full length tribute album of his songs covered by Kathy McCarty of Glass Eye. In addition to his music, Daniel is also an accomplished artist. His art, like his music, is simple yet genius. Completely brilliant. Daniel has had a pretty turbulent life, spending years at a time in "the loony bin" (as he has affectionately referred to the hospitals in other interviews) and it is only now that he has been mentally stable enough to be able to go out on tour. A previous short tour ending in New York resulted in quite a few stories, and out of respect of Daniel's music and his wishes, I decided not to focus on the sensationalist mayhem behind them (plus they've been covered enough by the likes of Spin and other papers), but rather to concentrate on what makes Daniel so great: his music and his songwriting.



[During a loud soundcheck.]

Ted: When did you start playing music?

Daniel: Well when I was a kid I used to pound on the piano, play like spooky music, kind of like you hear right now on the speaker [Daniel's band is soundchecking right now behind us]. Kind of ghost music for horror movies, you know? Just make up music. Then my sister and my brother taught me how to play piano [to] read notes. I did that for a few years and when I was in late high school I started writing songs and picking songs out on the piano. I was heavily into the Beatles and since then I met a girl who inspired me a lot and kept on writing for many years.

Ted: That girl was Laurie?

Daniel: Yeah, yeah.

Ted: I noticed that many of your early songs are about her. Who is she actually?

Daniel: She was a friend of mine...

Ted: A girlfriend?

Daniel: Yeah, she was a girlfriend of mine who by the time I had met her already had a boyfriend who was the undertaker's son and he was going to mortician's school and she called pest control, etc... stuff like that. I don't know. It's all pretty complicated, really. I had talked to her a couple years ago. I planned to send her the new album...

Ted: The "Fun" album?

Daniel: Yeah. We have a new record coming out this year.

Ted: On Tim/Kerr Records?

Daniel: Yeah, I worked together with Brian Beattie of Glass Eye.

Ted: What do the new songs sound like? Is it recorded in the studio or is it more lo-fi stuff?

Daniel: Yeah, it's a home studio I have in my house. So it was pretty fun to do and we worked on it at a snail's pace.

Ted: That's what I heard you always wanted to do. Have your own studio so you could take as long as you want to record.

Daniel: Yeah, I hope someday if I get rich enough I'll do something like that, but Brian was a really cool producer. He really adds a lot of cool instruments and stuff.

Ted: What is Tim/Kerr putting out exactly? A full length album?

Daniel: Yeah, it's a full length album and then we owe him another album. So they're going to get three albums out of us and we already got them planned of what we want them to be.

Ted: Are they going to release any of the older stuff?

Daniel: No, not the older stuff. It will be on the same labels that [they were on before]... We plan to re-release all that stuff. They're talking about it, but it would be on the same labels that it already was.

Ted: Is there any chance of releasing the older tapes on CD? Or are you just going to keep them on cassette?

Daniel: Yeah, it will be on CD. Oh the tapes, well I don't know. We'll have to see about that. There are better quality tapes than what he's [Jeff from Stress Records] got.

Ted: So you used to stand out on street corners and pass out your homemade cassettes?

Daniel: Well not really out on street corners. I would just have them with me when I walked around and if I saw a pretty girl, I'd give her one.

Ted: Did that work?

Daniel: Yeah, it did. It got me a lot of girlfriends.

Ted: I want to talk about your songwriting for a bit, because I really do think that you are one of the greatest songwriters of all time.

Daniel: I'm trying.

Ted: What was the first song that you ever wrote?

Daniel: I don't know... lots of songs... "Dead Dog's Eyeball" is what I called this kind of spooky music. A little bit of that song is on "Hi! How Are You?" [starts humming].

Ted: How long does it take for you to write a song? You've written at least a couple hundred songs.

Daniel: Sometimes I work on a song for a long time and then I don't like it very much. Sometimes it doesn't take too long. You never really know. It's something fun to do while you are goofing around.

Ted: How do you go about writing a song? What comes first? The lyrics? A tune?

Daniel: The whole thing. You never know how it's going to come out. It's just goofing around, trying to get a song going.

Ted: What is more important to you? The lyrics or the melody?

Daniel: The whole thing.

Ted: What are you...

Daniel: Could you hold on for a minute? I think I lost my cigarette.

HIGH LEVEL NEGOTIATIONS

Ted: What are you...

Daniel: Could you hold on for a minute? I think I lost my cigarettes... [leaves for a few minutes]



"The Smokejumper's debut CD 'Flat Tear it Up!' will become a wee-hours FM favorite, blasting from the broken-knob radio in your car, a howl of rockabilly carrying you through the night."

-San Francisco Examiner, Oct. 16 1998

"Their take on Country and Rockabilly go together like sweat and beer."

-The Rocket, May 27, 1998

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rettes... [leaves for a few minutes]

Daniel: You already heard about Tim/Kerr records?

Ted: Yeah...

Daniel: It's already done. It's all mixed and everything and should be released sometime in January.

Ted: How do you think it compares to your other work?

Daniel: It's the best so far, really, I think.

Ted: What are your top three favorite songs that you've written that mean the most to you and why?

Daniel: I guess a song called "Grievances." A song called "Man Obsessed." And let me see... maybe another song called "I Had a Dream." Those were some of the early ones.

Ted: How do you rate yourself in the world of songwriters? Do you listen to a lot of other music?

Daniel: Yeah, I listen to a lot of music. I get albums all the time from difference sources and they always give me a discount at the record store, trading for drawings and stuff. I get all kinds of records that I listen to a lot.

Ted: What are you listening to these days?

Daniel: Elvis Costello, The Beatles, you know. Rolling Stones, Neil Young, Sonic Youth, Butthole Surfers.

Ted: How do you rate yourself in terms of songwriting?

Daniel: I'm not really rating myself with them. I just like to write songs. I'm not really putting anyone down...

Ted: No, no, no. I mean...

Daniel: They're a lot more professional than I am. I want to be professional. So even though I am a lot older than most people do when they first start out, I'm going to try to get a lot more professional and learn a lot more professional music and try to get better. I think we have a good chance.

Ted: I was just wondering if you know how great of a songwriter you are.

Daniel: I like my songs.

Ted: I love them. I think they're amazing. I make tapes for my friends all the time.

Daniel: Like I said, we got better copies of those tapes around so we might re-release the old tapes too. People have tapes of the same songs that I gave them in those eras [circa '81]...

Ted: And tapes wear out... So where do you live right now?

Daniel: Well I live in Texas right now with my parents and I'm getting ready to move to Austin soon. I just hang out and draw pictures and play music. Take it easy and watch television.

Ted: On your earlier tapes, your parents, your mom in particular, was yelling at you on them.

Daniel: She doesn't yell at me as much anymore, but she...

Ted: Does she understand that you are doing what you want and are successful?

Daniel: Yeah, she knows. They even came to a show a few weeks ago. She said they had a good time.

Ted: Did your mom ever hear herself on your tapes?

Daniel: Yeah, she found out about it and she brings it up. She says "You sold that tape to people?! Humiliating me?" [laughter]

Ted: So you signed to Atlantic about 3 or 4 years ago.

Jeff your old manager [from Stress Records]

told me that you had the "deal of the century and then blew it by signing to Atlantic." What was the other label that was after you?

Daniel: It was Elektra. And I was paranoid that Metallica was going to kill me or something.

Ted: They probably would have loved you! They're into music and have some pretty eclectic tastes.

Daniel: Yeah, that's the point. I realize that now. It would've been all right. I could have made the big time a little early, but I was freaked out that they were on the same label. That's what I was thinking. Even though I love Metallica, one day I started thinking "they're going to kill me." So that's why I turned them down. But I'm back working with Jeff now. I have two managers now and so it works out pretty good.

Ted: Now what happened with Atlantic? Why did they drop you?

Daniel: Well to make a long story short, after we did some recordings that sounded really good, I started working independently with some other people and they wanted to record me themselves and we were doing some recording independently and so they just decided to drop us. We had already had a lot of songs recorded and they weren't interested. They wanted to produce it themselves. That's what happened. But it all worked out for the better because I got

a lot of personal attention and the recording sessions came out pretty good. For one thing, Atlantic wanted me to record with Pearl Jam. And I wouldn't have been ready because I was writing pretty fluently back then to record with Pearl Jam. That's another band like too big to consider. At the time they were like #1, you know. So it worked out best working just with my friends who I knew.

Ted: Now they covered one of your songs. Didn't they cover "Walking the Cow"?

Daniel: I don't know...

Ted: I heard that they opened one of their shows with that song.

Daniel: No kidding. That's pretty wild.

Ted: Have you heard any other bands cover your songs?

Daniel: I've heard a lot of covers. It's cool. I wanted to get an album together of other people doing [my] songs, but it's still up in the air.

Ted: It's only a matter of time.

Daniel: We're trying. We're trying to get it started again.

Ted: On the new CD, do you play most of the songs on guitar?

Daniel: What I'm doing is I'm playing either piano or guitar and with a different band member. The people will be listed on the lyric sheet or something, who's playing on what. It's mostly [people from] other bands and overdubs done and stuff like that. I just usually recorded it by myself or small [group of friends] and they added strings and stuff like that.

Ted: And that was all done at your home?

Daniel: Yeah. Because he had a portable studio, Brian Beattie, and he brought it

out and everything worked out quite well.

Ted: I can't wait for that to come out.

Daniel: It's called "Rejected Unknown" and it should be out by the end of January, next year [Jan 1999].

Ted: You've been playing a lot live lately. I know you haven't been able to play live for awhile...

Daniel: Well I've been playing out for a long time. For the past four months, I've really been playing out a lot.

Ted: You went to Europe, didn't you?

Daniel: I went to Switzerland... played out...

Ted: Now who paid for you to get over there?

Daniel: They did. The festival paid for it. Did a show and it went over well.

Ted: How many people did you play to?

Daniel: I don't know. It was a really good crowd. I had an MTV video and I don't know exactly ... [Daniel's backup band is tuning up right now and checking

vocals] Daniel [yelling to the band]: Hey! Sing a song!

Band guy: Whaaaaa! Daniel come up here and do a song.

Daniel: Is it time? [Daniel goes to soundcheck, then comes back with his road manager, Angie]

Daniel: So now we're doing this tour with Brown Hornet, my agent Angie, and everything's going pretty smooth. This is our first show. We came all the way from Texas. And are having lots of fun. Kind of. Pretty much.

Ted: Where's the tour going after this?

Angie: Up the west coast. San Francisco. Portland. And Seattle.

Ted: Was Daniel supposed to play the Viper Room last night? I heard you were, then I heard that it didn't happen.

Daniel: They canceled it.

Angie: It was closed. The roof collapsed or something. Yeah, we went by there last night. We were on Sunset and the club door was open and it was all torn up inside, so they're having problems. Old building.

Ted: About your artwork, Daniel, you're also an accom-

plished artist.

Angie: I'm going to go to the car.

Daniel: Yeah, we've been selling a lot of my artwork.

Ted: Here on tour?

Daniel: No. We got shirts. Tapes.

Ted: Do you have new shirts?

Daniel: New shirts. They're different, so you might be interested.

We got all kinds of shows over in Germany

and Florida and all around...

Ted: Art shows, right?

Daniel: Yeah. Jeff Tartakov takes care of a lot of those shows. I have some other people who take care of other shows. And I sell drawings, you know, in Austin and stuff like that.

Ted: Do you sell drawings on tour or anything like that?

Daniel: No, not individual drawings.

Ted: Draw pictures for people?

Daniel: For an autograph or something, I might draw a picture.

Ted: How much does your art go for?

Daniel: I don't really know. I think it's fairly reasonable prices, but when it gets into a show like a big time show, a lot of the people are pretty crazy. They may pay outrageous sums. You never really know.

Ted: Do you ever watch the Simpsons?

Daniel: I love the Simpsons.

Ted: Matt Groening is a big fan of yours.

Daniel: No kidding?

Ted: When I'm at the ComicCon in San Diego and wearing one of your shirts, Matt always says something about how great you are.

Daniel: I used to love Life In Hell a lot and then he got started and got the Simpsons going. I love the Simpsons.

They're the best.

Ted: He should be here tonight. I wouldn't be surprised.

Daniel: I can't believe it! Would you bring him to me so I could meet him?

Ted: Oh yeah. He asked me at one of the ComicCons if there was any way to get ahold of you.

Daniel: Tell him I'd like to write a song for the show or something crazy.

Ted: Kurt Cobain mentioned you on the liner notes for "Incesticide." Did you ever meet him?

Daniel: What did it say?

Ted: He said one of the biggest thrills he had was getting some pictures that you had sent him.

Daniel: I used to have a picture while he was still alive that Jeff gave me. He was on MTV with the "Hi! How Are You?" t-shirt. I have that on my wall. I thought his music was great. [mentions the music that is playing over the speaker] Is that him now? I always hear stuff that sounds like him. He was a big influence on a lot of people. Maybe it's his ghost. Something like Elvis or something.

Ted: So you never met him or anything like that?

Daniel: No.

Ted: So how did he get ahold of you to get some of your pictures?

Daniel: Jeff must have found it in a magazine.

Ted: I also read in an interview that you left a box of your tapes for Yoko Ono. Did she ever get ahold of them?

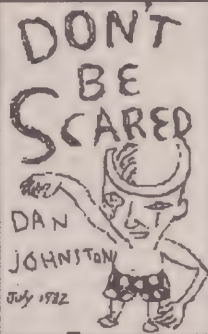
Daniel: There was no response.

Ted: That sucks.

Daniel: But I do enjoy Sean Lennon. Sean, I think he's great. I was writing a song, it's a new song, and then I started singing at the end and I thought that the melody was something I heard before and then I realized that it was close to something that he had sang on his album. And I really like it a lot, so if it's on one of the records, I will have to put his name on it, giving him songwriting credits. I don't know what he'd say about it, but...

Ted: That's about it for me, unless you have anything else you would like to say.

Daniel: I would like to wish everyone well. I hope to come to your home town someday soon. And I hope you like the record when it's released. Thank you very much. ☺



AND A BAD FEELING
Daniel: I was paranoid that Metallica was going to kill me or something.



RECORD REVIEWS



'68 COMEBACK

"Love Always Wins" Ⓢ

Monsieur Jeffrey Evans and company are back in the rockin' saddle again. This is my favorite set yet and feels to me like a return to a more productive and comfortable groove. The three originals are bristling with Jeffrey's unique observations. All fourteen tracks are performed with a passion that is derived from a deep love of music and the urge to add their own skewed influences to some of the grittiest tunes from their heroes. Their distorted guitars, gruff and lazy yet manic vocals and butt simple rhythms are put to good use on tunes by Dale Hawkins, Jimmy Reed, Howlin' Wolf, Ray Charles, Big Mama Thornton, Thomas Wayne, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Little Milton, Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker and Charlie Feathers (who they dedicated the album to). Some of the one note piano work and beyond cheap noise effects add tons of charm. Fans of fucked up blues won't want to pass this up. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

Z BO'S MANIACS

"Bo Saves" 10

Here's another one of those records you can play at parties that will have people scratching their heads trying to figure out which Oblivians album they're listening to. This trashy trio is from Italy but draw most of their influence from all the ultra low fidelity, blues on a budget, American bands like the Gories, Doo Rag, 68 Comeback, etc. but, when all is said and done, this is mostly a glorious tribute to the screechy guitars, screechier ranting and mondo-cheapo jungle drum boogie of Greg, Eric and Jack in their prime. Tim Kerr produced the eight dirty tracks and coaxed about as much caterwaul, feedback, primal thump and down home chord action out of Maxbo, Gizbo and Valerio as he possibly could without going beyond tuneful, enjoyable, or out and out booty shaking fun. Another fine example of the Bo Diddley run through a garbage disposal concept. -P. Edwin Letcher (Hate Circ., NE. Gianicolense 112 00152 Roma, Italy)

25 TA LIFE

"Friendship, Loyalty, Commitment" Ⓢ

Singer 'Rick Ta Life' is probably the hardest working man in hardcore today. He runs his own label (Back Ta Basics), fanzine, booking, as well as fronting two bands and supporting a plethora of other (within and beyond the genre of hardcore) bands. His hard work pays off on this disk. This album plays like a hardcore party extravaganza. It's fun, it's aggressive and doesn't always take itself too seriously. Rick gives himself and his bandmates a chance to explore their creative side and still have a blast in the process. Some heavy hitters of the hardcore scene even volunteer their talents to keep the party going. Morphys Law donates Jimmy Gesto to share some vocal duties with Agnostic Front's Vinnie Stigma on the song "Hardcore Rules." And you know what? With talent like that, *hardcore does rule!* Roger Miret, another heavy hitter from Agnostic Front, helps out Rick on the hardcore commandment/anthem "Friendship, Loyalty, Commitment." This all-star jam is everything hardcore needs to be - crazy ass energetic hard fucking rock! Other notables worth mentioning are Paul Bearer and Jamey Jasta. Talk about unity. Rick brings it all to life here. My tastes lean more towards the street punk/oi type of thing, but this album brought back memories of my youth circa 1985 when bands like Agnostic Front, Cromags, Gang Green and the Crumbsuckers were ruling the road. I love this shit! It's a guaranteed good time for all! -Riotgun Larry (Triple Crown, 331 W. 57 St. #472, NY, NY 10019)

30 LINCOLN

"Avanti" Ⓢ

Good, solid, upbeat rock numbers here with guitars that stand melodic without sounding weak and stupid. Couple that with a rhythm section driven with sax and you got yourself a band, jocko. I'll put it like this - if The Jam were to ever reunite and tour with Elvis Costello (c'mon, Weller, make it happen), then 30 Lincoln would be an excellent choice for an opener. Here's to wishful thinking. -Designated Dale (Johanns Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago IL 60647)

324

"Customized Circle" Ⓢ

Remember Terrorizer's record "World Downfall" on Earache Records back in the '80s? The lead guitarist went on to play for Napalm Death. Well, this sounds like out-takes from those recording sessions. But hey, these guys are Japanese and are a three piece. What gives? These guys have replicated the sound that made Terrorizer famous. Buzz-sounding guitars accented by

those throaty vocals that all who are into grindcore know so well. What is provided here is the 625 Productions 7" that was released here domestically and three additional comp tracks. If you haven't been introduced to grindcore yet, what are you waiting for? -Donothedead (HG Gate, 401 Hongo-Mi, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo 164-0013, Japan)

440's, THE

"Scrubbing Satan's Cadillac" Ⓢ

Rowdy punkrockability with heavy emphasis on the rock. The band is led by Wendy "Sparkle Plenty" Gadzik, who sings like a raspy amalgamation of Cherie Currie, Suzi Quatro and Dinah Cancer. She knows her guitar chops too, and takes the group on a wild ride through 13 excursions into everything from motorized thrills ("Under the Hood" and "Panhead") to sleaze pursuits ("Girly Show" and "Jailbait") to some psycho prom ("Dance on Your Grave" and "Twister"). There are even a few songs dedicated to nothing more than going for it on stage, "Assault and Battery with an Electric Guitar" and "Fuck Me with Rock & Roll." The band is loud, crisp, tight and have been compared to the Avengers because of their driving, nonstop, attitude-laced attitude. -P. Edwin Letcher (Hell Yeah, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

46 SHORT

"Specimen" Ⓢ

Once again Albert of Know Records amazes me with another great band. Do you like Black Flag, Circle Jerks and Suicidal Tendencies? Yes? Then you better grab this debut album from 46 Short. One of the better newer bands I have heard in a long time. I recommend this CD highly. You may have heard the song "Civilized" on the CD comp "Bite the Bullet" also from Know Records - must have been how he found this band 46 Short. -Heather-oh (Know, PO Box 90579 Long Beach, CA 90809)

77

"Revolution Rock" Ⓢ

Shit! I missed the punk revolution! Well, at least I can listen to this and pretend I was there like everyone else... -J-Cyco (Elevator Music)

A PLANET FOR TEXAS

"The Convent" red vinyl Ⓢ

Fast, frenzied and furious, this belligerent band of obscene Ohio orangutans are an auditory roar of neutron bomb blasts. Punk'n'roll rambunctiousness which dug a deep swath of blistering trenches within my ear canals and left me weak-kneed and wasted, aching for more, damnit, more! And, oh my, "Cow Tippin'" is a sizzlin' spicy steak of a song that'll zestfully tear you a new asshole if you're actively seeking a suitable replacement for your old one. Yup, this is a blood-curdling scream of a 7-inch! -Rog (A Planet For Texas, 605 Dennison Ave. #4, Columbus, OH 43215)

ABOMINATOR

"Damnations Prophecy" Ⓢ

"Intro-Filthy Spirit Anti-Christ" has a nice ring to it doesn't it? Well, that's only the beginning of the hate, war and blasphemy that lays the wasted path of a straight-up gem of a black metal outing. Grinding and relentless, the band tears through 10 scorching tracks, musically and lyrically layering another wall on the cornerstone of the European scene that, in the U.S., relies strictly on the indie scene, though that seems to be changing rapidly with the neo-hardcore movement becoming ever increasingly blurred with the genre; maybe the only thing that could shake the mighty kings Slayer from their comfortable roost. -Bart (Necropolis, PO Box 14815, Fremont, CA, 94539-4815; <necrop@aol.com>)

ADZ

"Odz'n'Sodz" Ⓢ

Well, Tony, even if this IS a stall tactic while the Adz feverishly write and record their next studio disc, "American Steel," it's still a helluva release to allow completist freaks to get their sweaty hands on the more difficult-to-find Adz material. Whatcha get here are cuts from comps they've been on ("Jackson," "Get Bent," "Do The Neck," "Communication Unbound," "Stand Alone/Together We Fall," "Flyswatter"). There's the single and split stuff ("Long Tail Sally," "Tetsuo," "Red as

Blood"), unreleased

goods ("Till the End of

the Day," "Jerk Off,"

"Where Were You?," and

the ol' Adolescents sizer,

"Wrecking Crew").

There's the tune, "Adz,"

from the Decline flick (pt.3)

and even one of the most fuck-

ing rocking versions of The

Modern Lovers "Roadrunner" (vinyl

only bonus track from their "Piper at

Gates of Downey" LP) here as well. Even if you

don't own one release from the Adz, you should dig

your nails into this. And even if you DO have every-

thing, you should grab this anyway for convenience

sake, ya lazy rat bastard, OK? OK. - Designated Dale

(Amsterdam, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086-2558;

<www.guavajelly.com>)

AFI

"Black Sails in the Sunset" Ⓢ

I guess everybody has to grow up and continue to challenge themselves as musicians if you are in a band. This is AFI's growing up record and they are trying new things. I was taken aback when I had my first listen of their new release. I had to play it a bunch of times over a number of days to fully appreciate what they were doing. Everybody gets into a mindset of what a band's formula should be and when they stray, people are shocked. That's what happened to me. I had a preconceived idea of what this release was going to sound like and I was dead wrong on 60% of this release. What was shocking to me was a lot of this release reminded me of '80s metal or some old goth stuff that was permeating my high school at the time. Me being me, I did listen to a lot of the metal and goth and anything else that was around at that time. AFI has not gone metal, but has mixed it up with a mixture of their tried and true sound and incorporated other elements to paint a new sound. I'm not sure if many of you can really get into what they are about currently but I truly appreciated this release by being very individualistic and unique amongst a mass of xerox copies. This release has variety and emotion that keeps my attention from beginning to end. In fact, I have actually listened to this over five times today alone. I say, if you liked them before, chances are you will like this if you keep an open mind. -Donothedead (Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave., Ste. F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

AFI

"Black Sails in the Sunset" Ⓢ

While I'm not too convinced about the spooky sea captain motif, it's nice to see that they've picked up some latin and literature classes. Heckall, with titles like "Porphyria Cutanea Tarda," (to go further slowly) "Exsanguination," (to execute, punish) "Maleus Maleficarum," (to chose wrongly) and lines like "Omnipotence, nurturing malevolence," (superiorly feeding off of bad juju) it's hardcore not about pit violence, scene politics, and getting laid but more aligned to the unsuspected coupling of metaphysical poetry the likes of John Donne (lots of references to angels, weightlessness, light in darkness) and the aesthetics of Conrad's doomed excursion in "Heart of Darkness" (which "Apocalypse Now" is loosely based) to a beat you can punch people in the mouth to or have a crew raise a phalanx of fists in unison to. I've got to admit that they've started to blossom from a relatively generic kernel into a unique hybrid of literate hardcore pruned and snipped to produce some dark, thorny fruit with some interesting twists. However, two things bother me. When they really slowed down, I kept on flashing back to highschool memories of Queensryche (Dungeons and Dragons buttrock metal), which is much more frightening than their dark imagery. Two, with such a huge thank you list including Converse tennis shoes and Real Skateboards, it wouldn't hurt one bit to mention a couple of authors that you glean and appropriate for your new-found style. Give props to the century-old fucks while opening the door to the wonderful world of paper cuts and musty pages for your listeners. Perhaps a song about Earl of Rochester or a nice tale of slave revolt from Aphra Behn is in the works, and I personally can't wait 'til they discover Poe and have a brawl ensue to "The Fall of the House of Usher." -Todd (Nitro)

ALL BETS OFF

"Roshambo Deathmatch" Ⓢ

I generally don't like to say anything bad about any band, but I guess there are times when I like to reply with my opinion. Inserted with this record was a form letter from the lead singer that I will quote from,

"Basically, All Bets Off is a band that tries to play hardcore without playing by-the-numbers hardcore or following any momentary trends." I hated to laugh while listening to the record and reading this. That quote just jumped off the page since it contradicted everything that was coming out of my stereo. First off, they sound like so many straight edge bands of today who play basically heavy metal and, on top of that, they are also rapping. Not playing by-the-numbers or following momentary trends? All those football jocks in the mosh pit just go into auto pilot by this stuff. This is the very stuff that Victory is selling high units on. By looking at the thank you list, they do reference a variety of bands with different styles, but their music comes off very predictable and generic even though they could have created something more original that they can call their own. -Donothedead (Cynic Squad, 530 Divisadero #121, SF, CA 94117)

ANGEL ROT

"Unlistenable Hymns of Indulgent Damage" Ⓢ

Metal dirge from Rhode Island featuring dark, sluggish riffing and morbid lyrics with over-the-top guitar solos courtesy of Tom Five, the original White Zombie guitarist. With song titles like "Narcissessional Punishment," "Necrostrangle," and "Callous Caul of Gloom," it's clear what you can expect from this release - a sewer full of hellbound decay to wreck your hearing with. Metal fans take heed. -Mike Ramek (Man's Ruin)

ANTI-FLAG

"A New Kind of Army" Ⓢ

Anti-Flag doesn't mean "Anti-American" it means "Anti-War," or so they say every fucking chance they get. If you ignore their politics and the visual aspects of this package, some of the songs rock for a second or two. Too many "neo-oi" anthems and "punk-rock" poses. "Tearing Everyone Down" does kick ass, though. -J-Cyco (A-F, PO Box 71266 Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

ARMCHAIR MARTIAN

"Hang on, Ted" Ⓢ

If great bands from years gone by like Husker Du and The Mats make you sport a smile, then Armchair Martian is a sure-fire bet to plaster a big, shit-eating grin on yer face once you crank this disc up on your stereo. Fans of All will find these guys right up their alley, and that don't mean that AM is another All sound-alike... they got the goods here - mucho bueno from this trio. Go out of your usual lazy way to get this. -Designated Dale (Headhunter/Cargo Music, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432; <www.cargomusic.com>)

ARMCHAIR MARTIAN

"Hang, On Ted" Ⓢ

Think late Husker Du (melodic rather than "Land Speed Record") with a bit of a country flavor in the vocals. Some of these tunes almost slam, while others are slow and acoustic, but most of this sounds like a pop power trio to me. Excellent songs. -ShitEd (Headhunter)

ARTWORK

"Digital Karma" Ⓢ

A fairly unknown musical project from Germany, Artwork has put out a couple amazing CDs. Their latest offering, "Digital Karma," spans a wide range of musical genres that seem as diverse as the ten musicians that belong to it. The first song, "On My Way to You" starts with a meditative rain storm that shape-shifts into an ethereal piece along the lines of Delirium. They reverse gears and give us a highly charged "Dekadenz" that encompasses fast electronic beats, Gregorian-like chants, and an angst industrial chorus that's almost infectious as a dance piece. "Le Carrousel" with its dueling female and male vocals sounds like a medieval march with its purposely simplistic melody line that later degenerates into something dark and carnival sounding. As might be expected, "Merlin" is a mythical, magical piece that opens with haunting female voices. It is then joined by a masculine, "Please release my pain, I dream of you..." that sometimes sings, sometimes whispers to us, creating a sensual atmosphere. The title song, "Digital Karma," is on the verge of being hymn-like with its straightforward melodies and expertly played classical guitars which are given even further play in "Lana Dolores." Again, they throw the listener another surprising twist in "Wiegendorf der Licherheit" that is almost an industrial track with heavy guitars, keyboards and sampling. The CD closes with the very beautiful, ethereal "Heros of the Night," just as your blood was flowing nicely. The songs on the CD are so diverse you feel like you've been on a fascinating roller coaster ride with the last track playing as the credits roll.

But wait, there's more! The CD is also an interactive CD-ROM masterminded by the group's founder, Jochen Schöberth. The CD-ROM takes you through a three-dimensional visual landscape letting you choose and explore the path you take. The graphics are as superb as the musical offering. Hopefully this group will get the attention here in the US that it deserves even though I like considering it my little jewel of a find. -Blu (Etage Studios, Draisenfeld 2, 95517 Seybothenreuth, Germany; <www.etage-musik.bayreuth-online.de>)

ASIAN MUSHROOM

Self-titled

This isn't even remotely punk rock in any way. Asian Mushroom is a loops, drums and bass, hip-hop kinda thing with a little bit of guitar that bored me to tears. I was expecting The Wives and all I got here was those relatives from the down the block that you never talk about. -Sal Cochino (CBGB, 315 Bowery, NY, NY 10003)

ATOMIC BOMBS

"Bigot"

Reminded me of early Das Klown. Pissed off lyrics over basic punk rock that sneered of venom. I guess you can say that these guys are a little pissed. The middle finger is flying high from these boys. The music makes me laugh and is refreshing to hear a band today not trying to sound like NOFX. These guys are snotty and just talk shit. They aren't trying to educate no one. One other thing that impressed me was there was a variety of styles being played here that kept me from getting bored. I hate when you can't tell one song from the rest on a release. This is their 3rd full length and I have never heard of them before. That doesn't really say much about me, but who cares? Not me. -Donothedead (Solidarity First, 7201 Archibald 4-187, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730)

B-MOVIE RATS/HELLBENDERS

"Distilled" Split

Six cuts each of those motherfuckers from the city of angels, and angels they ain't, my friend... The B-Movie Rats whip out spastic r'n'r firepower with numbers like "Saturday Night Bloodbath" and the chugging "Breakdown." ...think Misfits and AC/DC having a bleeding, violent orgy - r'n'r that's comparable to a dachshund overdoosed on speed clawing your face off... The Hellbenders deliver right on fucking cue with the crowbar-wielding thumper, "Underground" and one of my fave cuts this year, "7/31/5+5" that should be used for opening credits in a motion picture. This song will mule-kick yer unsuspecting ass. The Benders will gain interest of fans into the Hellcopters/Humpers/Pleasure Fuckers vein. All twelve cuts here will make you hit the play button when this disc is over... nab it. -Designated Date (Dead Beat, PO Box 283, LA CA 90078)

BADTOWN BOYS

"Another Fine Day"

I have been listening to punk now for 20 years. This is my 20th anniversary of being a punk. Some days I look back and reminisce of the good times I had when the scene was truly mine. All the violence, heavy drinking, drugs, lost friends and the most important, the shows. I was sure in for a surprise when I heard BTB's song "Take Me Back," which became my favorite cut on this release. It just came too close to heart for me. These guys were there when I was there. The references in the song hit the mark dead on and marks my mood sometimes when I'm looking at the current scene. The opening lines go like this, "Take me back to the good ole days. We used to slam not mosh when my favorite bands played. Godzilla's and the Whisky were my favorite drives. Driving fucked up jalopies, not limo rides. Walking down the street with colored hair. People would stop in shock and stare..." The lyrics go on and read like my diary entry. I know many of us old timers feel the same way, but these guys put it out in the open. As for the rest of the CD, I would say that this is as good or better than the Dead Lazo's Place CD that came out at the end of last year. I use that reference because this is their brother band and a few of them play in both bands. When they are melodic, they play flawlessly and it seems everybody in the band has vocal capabilities when it comes to choruses. When they go for the aggression, they go all out and you can tell they are not imitators. Old school punk rock played the way it's supposed to be played. They should know how because they were there. The appeal here is the variety you get. They don't sound like they play one song over and over. They are seasoned musicians and have been in many bands before. See the family trees in the Dead Lazo's Place Badtown Boys interviews a few issues back. Experience and history has given them the tools to create an absolutely killer release. At this point, my favorite CD that I have right now because it comes so close to home and because they are part of my generation. -Donothedead (New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121)

BADTOWN BOYS

"Another Fine Day"

The back cover photo may offend some, so be warned! "Another Fine Day" has been ready for release since August 1998 and was not released by New Red Archives until May 1999 (after the Colorado high school

shootings). Talk about bad timing, huh? Then again, maybe these guys are clairvoyant?! Badtown Boys feature two members of another old LA punk rock'n'roll band, Dead Lazo's Place. Ike Robison (ex-Electric Ferrets) and Gizz Lazo (ex-For Sale, ex-Bad Samaritans, among others) are the DLP members that turned this band from their Ramones styling to the Ramones out of control on speed. High energy pop punk at times. Fast, ferocious and angry at others. This CD is the best of both worlds! The newest members on this release are Sean Hall (ex-Lethal) and Stephan X (ex-Foreign Object) who have added their signature styles to make this their best album since their first full-length back in 1990. For BTB fans worldwide who have followed the band through its ups and downs, this is a cross between 1992's "Date with Death" and 1994's "Ep-i-dem-ic." If you have the previous four CDs the bands released, then you have to add this to your collection. Produced by the "Satan of Sound" himself, Michael Rozon (Agnostic Front, Brazzaville, Dead Lazo's Place, Shattered Faith). -Sal Cochino (New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121)

BANTAM ROOSTER

"Low Budget Lust"

One of my favorite examples of the less is more school of garage rock. Bantam Rooster consists of T. Jackson Potter on guitar and vocals and Eric Cook on drums. That is all that is necessary to create a wall of loose, shlobbering near chaos with a beat. Mr. Potter is quite manic and high end over the top on the title track and "Shake It," both B.R. bargain basement originals, and "Girl" which they've co-opted from the Keggs. If anything, this is a bit harder, faster and more unrefined than the album they did on Crypt a few years back. -P. Edwin Letcher (Hate Circ. NE, Gianicolense 112 00152 Roma, Italy)

BAF OF PIGS

Self-titled

Whoa, I'm thrown for a loop here. This is the same band that produced the anthem "Everybody's an Asshole," easily one of the best punk tunes of the decade! Presented here are eight songs, not one of them under four minutes, that sound like a punk band who've ODed on that hippie love weed and listened to a little too much Santana. Usually I'm pretty open to a band jamming, especially when it makes me want to mambo, but I couldn't get myself to pay attention to any of the songs prior to track six. They've got a pretty nifty idea here, but the singer sounds incredibly bored on most of the songs and the bare-bones recording actually hinders more than helps. Still, there are a few shining moments here, like "El Barbaro," which Carlos Santana himself might dig. The between-song sound bites were amusing, too. I'm having a hard time with this because I expected to like this and I'm really disappointed that I didn't. Sorry guys, but I'll be sticking with Blues Experiment a little longer. Maybe next time. -Jimmy Alvarado (Lowco, PO Box 207, Peter Stuvessant St., NY, NY 10019)

BEERZONE

"Gazza Gazza"

Could you tell these guys enjoy a beer or two at the pub? Without being obvious of where their brand of music comes from, they play fun, poppy pub punk rock. Three songs in all on this release and it would probably be fun watching them play live while sucking down a couple of pints amongst friends. Head bobbing between sips makes for a fun time. Skip the six pack tonight and buy this instead. You can always buy beer but you can't count on these guys being around forever. -Donothedead (JWR, No Address or contact the band at PO Box 89, Crawley Sussex RH10 7PD, UK)

BELLOLUNA

"Livid and Loving It"

This record was made in the tradition that was prevalent in the 1970s in which the bands had a vast array of musical instruments, including strings, brass and woodwinds. However the band seems to be more rooted along bands like Steely Dan, etc. The musicianship is good and the lyrics are put together well. Love, passion and satire are covered and contemplated in the words. Moreover, as I read and listen on, I can't help to notice that there is a message of love that the lyricist is trying to get across. I really began to like the witty sarcasm, after a while. -Arthur Robert (Daemon, PO Box 1207, Decatur, GA 30031; <www.monsterbit.com/daemon>)

BELTONES, THE

"On Deaf Ears"

Speed-tongued of that's got the interesting quality of being both entirely hummable but without a lot of long-term stick. Explanation: totally dug the sound, the atmosphere they create. I'm a sucker for it. The singer sounds whiskey nicotine backbroken proud. The guitars control the burn and slash, the bass and drum stabilize, scaffold, support, giving the entire effort an undeniable power and broken bottle swagger. But, for me, it's that the entire album's gauged inside the range of one gear (Imagine going cross country in first gear.) which is keeping The Beltones from the level of The Swinging Utters, who I love unabashedly. Shifting would provide another form of tension, more acceleration, a more discernible velocity, and ultimately, a more distinctive tra-

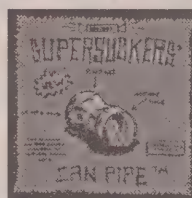
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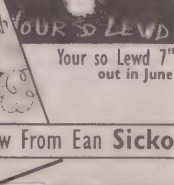
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
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jectory. That said, it's one highly enjoyable disk. It sounds comfortable, nostalgic yet modernized - the album Stiff Little Rockstars (err... Fingers) pray they could make nowadays. -Todd (TKO, 4104 24th. St. #103, SF, CA 94114)


BELTONES, THE

"Naming My Bullets" 
Just when I think the whole vinyl/CD battle's over, I gotta admit that I like the Beltones quite a bit more on my shitty stereo, blasting up high, over the CD. No fucking idea why. They sound better when I ran some carpet lint on the needle. I'm not kidding and I'm liking this more and more now that the songs are becoming more separating from each other with each listen. Your call - the EP, I think, has four songs that are all on the full length, but I pop the 7" on more than the CD. Go figure. -Todd (TKO)

BETTY BLUE

"Men in Belted Sweaters" 
From start to finish this CD consistently offers up the power not unlike someone beating on my spine with a baseball bat while hucking cans of thirty weight motor oil at my head. One of the founding fathers of the DC punk scene, Mr. John Staab, though quiet for awhile, erupts from the shadows of Government Issue with the extremely impressive release of Men in Belted Sweaters. Staab, one of the finest lyricist/writers of the times, goes straight for the jugular in attacking the insidious world of music entertainment and their hollow pawns viewed as "rock stars." "I haven't felt this much pain since my family," a line from the song "Fist," shows he's not afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve and he is willing to give 100% to his life's work, a discipline I feel is becoming seldom seen in these times. From his years with Government Issue, John has let it be known he's got something to say and he's going to get his message across. I only wish the song "Hot Tortured Soul" could be loaded into thousands of low flying blimps and played constantly throughout the day just above our heads to hear what it was. This CD has a life force that should be digested by anyone in its presence. I'm glad to say the band's back in the studio and we can anticipate more from Betty Blue soon. (Thank for the CD, John!) -Southern Fried Keith (Diesel Boy, PO Box 1081 N. College Park, MD, 20741)

BGK

"A Dutch Feast..." 

Relevance? Here is something that I find is relevant in this day and age of punk rock (or hardcore, depending on how a person interprets the music of this band). Punk was an amazing thing in its infancy stage of life through its teen years. Bands had a lot of individuality and did not jump on the bandwagon since there was no bandwagon to jump on. I know you are thinking that this is another old geezer crying about how good it was in the past and how he or she is stuck there. Well, I guess I am since there was so much going on back in that time period. The groundwork was broken and I feel a lot of that is being neglected by the new generation. I am discovering stuff from the late '70s now that I find relevant to this day. If you are reading this to find out what the hell BGK is all about, I'll try my best. This is the complete discography of Bathasar Gerards Kommando. Included on the back cover are the liner notes by one of my favorite writers, Mykel Board. I bought the 2xLP because it has one extra song that the CD does not have. I'm in the collector asshole category; "completeist" might be a better term. I only have their 7" and second album. Why pay collectors prices when the only thing is that is important is the music and I can get all of that here? People today are so lucky, that others are bringing back important music like Brian GTA. People need to hear all the great bands that came out without having to pay a ton of money for it. I first remember hearing BGK on the "Peace" comp and on the MRR comp, "Welcome to 1984." I was absolutely blown away that these guys were from Holland and thrashed as hard as any American punk band that was around during the early to mid '80s. I only had the privilege to see them once in LA at an international show at a big boxing arena. Being young, I soaked in everything at that show and they were absolutely brilliant. Straight ahead, socio/political hardcore that defined them and made them popular around the world. There is more hardcore out there outside of your little scene. The power is pummeling and does not hold back. The songs are short and precise in their attack. Let me get back to thought-provoking bands. Bands back in the '80s had more thought-provoking lyrics and did not dwell on whining love songs. The Descendents were the masters of that and their albums came out erratically. Ask all the old fogies who still listen to punk to see what I'm talking about. Take advantage of your privilege and buy a piece of history instead of an imitator. After that, come and shoot me in a field because I'm stuck in a time warp. -Donofthead (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)


BIS

"Eurodisco" 

An impulse buy that remained in my turntable for one solid week. It took me that long to decipher the riddle that is this record. On one side, you've got your standard humdrum, alterna-band, listener friendly,

emo-ish college "rock." It's subtly slick and sickingly so. The "Eurodisco" side offers the comic relief here with the joke being the provocation of utter disgust through the dance beat, drum machined, pulsating, round about Marc Almond meets Stacey Q in the duel to the death of disco complete with pleas of "If it's a new beginning then I don't want to know..." Pure genius! -Namella J. Kim (Wiiija, 17-19 Alma Rd., London, SW18 1AA, England)

BLACK LABEL SOCIETY

"Sonic Brew" 


Features guitarist Zakk Wylde, formerly of Ozzy Osbourne's heavy metal band. Without Ozzy this fully sucked, dude! -Sal Cochino (Spitfire; <www.spitfirerecords.com>)

BLACK ARMY JACKET

"222" 

This is the best thing since their demo! The releases in between were good, but they were missing the "oomph" of the tape, and they've regained that edge here. The majority of songs go from one to the other with little time in between, creating the feel of a live show. They incorporate more grind and full on thrash than before, making the sound heavier and abrasive. The dual vocals work well together, trading off with ease, sort of like Run DMC. This is effectively demonstrated in the song "I Object." On one song they sound like Brutal Truth, and sometimes the vocals bring to mind Carcass. My favorite song on here is "Primitive Crawl," which has the most kick of the sixteen songs. -M.Avrq (Chainsaw Safety, PO Box 260318, Bellrose, NY 11426-0318)

BLINK 182

"What's My Age Again?" 

This CD is only one song in length (2:32) and you hear it over and over on KROQ and every other radio station all the time. They sound like Green Day meets Eve 6ux. As if you didn't know... I wrote this review in the time it took for the song to play. Cool, done! -Sal Cochino (M.C.A., Inc., A Universal Music Company)

BLOODHAG

"The Dewey Decibel System" 

Literary metal has arrived! Almost all good metal bands took their inspiration from sci-fi and fantasy novels, yet never paid homage to the minds behind the stories. Bloodhag fill the void with seven headbanging compositions dedicated to a few of the masters - Robert E. Howard, Jules Verne, J.R.R. Tolkien, H.P. Lovecraft, Michael Moorcock, Frank Herbert, and John Brunner. Each song (except "Robert E. Howard") is like a short biography of the author. The chorus to "Michael Moorcock" is classic. I just hope these guys do some songs about Phillip K. Dick, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ray Bradbury, and J.G. Ballard. -M.Avrq (\$3 to Spork; 556 Prospect St., Seattle, WA 98109)

BLOODY SODS/STOOL SAMPLE

Split 

Bloody Sods play 4/4 street punk, which seems to be the trend of the moment, with two vocalists. Stool Sample is epitome of what El Duce would be like in a simpton punk band. Crude and silly pornographic lyrics over a punk beat. Didn't blow the covers off my speakers. I would say that it was just OK. -Donofthead (Defecation Nation, No Address)

BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL

Self-titled 

All right, this is buggin' me. I usually cringe whenever I hear poppy (poopy) hardcore anymore, but for some reason this band is an exception. They've got some good hooks anchoring lyrics, heavy on the introspection. Included here are rerecordings of the songs on their two 45s (they put "Dean Dogg" on here!) and a few new ones, all of which are able to get me going in the morning. It just really unnerves me when I draw a conclusion about something and someone comes along and turns my thought process upside down. Yes, most poopcore blows, but Blue Collar Special are one of a rare breed who are able to overcome mediocrity and make the genre fun again. -Jimmy Alvarado (Destroy All Music, 3818 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)

BLUE ONION

"What'd We Break This Time?" 

Musically, this is initially not too shabby. Then their singer opens his mouth. The last song was allegedly recorded in someone's basement, which further leads me to believe that releasing this was a mistake all around. According to the liner notes, they've broken up, so I guess we should all be thankful and send them oodles of cash to stay that way. -Jimmy Alvarado (No! No, 1826 Virmankay Ann, Arbor, MI 48103)



BO BUD GREENE

"Las Oias" 


It's a small, small world. I actually went to a baseball game with Bo Bud Greene in Milwaukee last year, where Chicago Cub Sammy Sosa hit his 64th and 65th home runs. Oddly, these characters missed both while out getting beers or dogs or taking a piss or whatever. From the promising Chicago label 4 Alarm Records comes Austin Texas' Bo Bud Greene and their carnival

antics better known as Las Olas, a 19 song excursion into goofball pranks and silly shenanigans. Very '70s garage, lo-fi surf punk in a stoner-esque way with a singer whose strained vocals you'll grow to adore or loath depending on the color of your mood ring. Unconventional progression and irrefutable hooks throughout, melody that reminds me of the Velvet Underground though much more quirky. At times this record explodes with amazing originality and others simply confuses, nevertheless Bo Bud Greens third full length CD is a nice break from the standard alterna-fare. -Zack Negative (4 Alarm, 660 W. Lake, Chicago, IL 60661)


BOBBY CONN THE NECESSARY EVILS

Split  
Bobby Conn has a nervous tension running through his song that's interesting, and makes the song work well. He sounds like he could sing for either Devo or Pere Ubu. The real gem is from the Necessary Evils. They have a definite Cramps sound, only heavier and noisier. Comes with Multiball #16. -M.Avg (\$4.50ppd to Multiball, PO Box 40005, PDX, OR 97240)


BOBBY BEAUSOLEIL

"Running with the White Wolf" 
Imagine yourself locked away behind bars for 30 years in the bowels of hell. Imagine the music that might come from the daily frustrations, the desolation, and the rage that might come from such an experience and from living with the possibility that the only way you might leave the lower levels of hell might be in a pine box. The music you've just imagined is the exact opposite of what Bobby Beausoleil has conjured on this fascinating album. The music on "Running with the White Wolf" is made by a man who is absolutely, unquestionably free. It must confound the guards to no end that a prisoner, such as Mr. Beausoleil, could live in such soul-breaking conditions, and make music that is so breathtakingly full of power and joy. Certainly, he is not at leisure to make the sort of music which would question "the System" with words, and to make music that would be considered "angry," but the fact is, Bobby Beausoleil is a few lifetimes ahead of "the System"; that much is obvious - and yet, there is a mournful quality to this music, which proves that Bobby Beausoleil is quite aware of his surroundings. In the midst of the most repulsive circumstances, Bobby Beausoleil has done what music is so very capable of doing; he has transcended, transformed, and manipulated the horror of the human condition into something that is entirely delightful. -Karin (White Wolf Music/Beausoleil, PO Box 1033, Grover Beach, CA 93483; <<http://www.beausoleil.net/whitewolf.html>>)


BOMBSHELL ROCKS

"Underground Radio" 
Classic, first wave-style punk, with some heavy Clash/Still Little Fingers influences. Harmonic vocals, sing-alongs, and excellent jarring guitar solos combine to evoke the heart-pounding energy and immediacy of early British punk rock. With a style that is polished but by no means sluggish, these guys achieve a singular, vital sound often attempted, but almost never fully realized. An excellent release by a band that should prove to be a major force to be reckoned with in the future. -Mike Ramek (DSS, #606-233 Abott St. Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, Canada)

BONECRUSHER


"Working for Nothing" 
It's good to see these guys are still belting out tunes after all these years. This is a long departure from their more metal influenced material from their days stuck at Lethal. Hell, I would have to say this is probably the best album I've heard this year. Straight up street punk with undertones of some good old fashion oil! What more can I say? It's tough, energetic and really gets your blood flowing. Imagine, if you will, five hard working, angry, blue-collar thugs channeling their collective energy into a bombastic blast of musical fury. Thus, you get Bonecrusher. Songs like the "Price You Pay" and the "Right to Work" are timeless classics bursting out so much energy and emotion that you just can't help rocking out to these songs, be it in your car, living room or your headphones at school. The overall theme is one of dissatisfaction with the mundane life many a suburbanite is forced to live. "Working for Nothing" (track 11) tells all asking where it all goes at the end of the day. Don't get the wrong idea about these guys. They're not complaining, they're just questioning it all and bringing these issues out in the open, much in the way bands like the Business and the Exploited did in England. It's a serious disk, yet it's completely fun and worth listening to. Hell! I drank about 7 Black and Tans listening to this one! -Riotgun Larry (Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

BONGZILLA


"Slash" 
Musically, this band didn't do much for me, but then again when I was high as hell, this wasn't too bad! A harder Black Sabbath mixed with that hardcore sound, screaming vocals and samples. If Black Sabbath had come out in the '90s, they would have been called Bongzilla! The artwork is killer, bro, green leafy, beauti-

ful herbs everywhere! If you love to get high (as I do) and love metal, hardcore, grind, ambient and experimental stuff, (as I don't) well this is for you... dude. Pass the bong... man! When is someone gonna have the Save the Weed Tour? All the bands that smoke weed, all on one bill. Rollapoleloser 2000! -Sal Cochino (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)


BOUNDER

"All Out" 
Sounds like something that was rejected by Fat Records; nineties Cali-sound from Michigan. I'll give 'em a big E for effort though; I can't help admiring their free spirited lyrics that reflect their youth. But that's what it's all about isn't it, being young and in a punk band, fuckin' it up in your folks' garage. I bet these guys get all the little girls in Kalamazoo. I'd also be willing to bet they'd sound a whole lot better if they stopped listening to Green Day. Good stuff regardless. -Southern Fried Keith (Negative Progression, PO Box 15507, Boston, MA 02215)


BOUNDER

"All Out" 
Crap, crap, crap. Blink 182 is the only band that comes to mind because Bounder copied every single fucking thing on that band's last couple of CD's. Lyrical matter is focus generally on the problems with being middle class and the possible side effects of being gay. None of this interests me. I hate this band. -J.Cyco (Negative Progression)


BRICKBATS, THE

"Creepy Crawly" 
Direct from the underground scene in New York, the second CD release from The Brickbats, lovingly subtitled "The Unauthorized Autobiography of Undead Rock and Roll Music," stands up to all my expectations. Having heard this band on other compilations - namely the "Black Out A.D." CD from Neue Aesthetik, I expected a dramatic witches brew of two-parts The Munsters, one part Billy Holiday rock and roll, with a dash of spooky goth thrown in for good measure. I got that and more. Besides being extremely entertaining with their outrageous monster-theme music and costumes (see their web page <www.brickbats.com>), they're actually wonderful musicians that are doing something quite unique. They have a rockabilly beat that's driven by catchy bass lines and sometimes drifts into an old punk sound. The enthusiasm they put into their performance translates so well on the CD you come away knowing they'd simply rock your socks off live. The lyrics are angry and twisted and full of Halloween fun at first listen, but if you study a little more carefully, you'll find their souls seeping out between the lines. The playful-sounding "Too Many Vampires" translates into a song about the worst kind of heartbreak. "Run for Your Life" echoes more sentiments about tragic relationships - "Tried so hard to sing a love song, this is as close as I can get. Still my guitar's complaining, slightly out of tune. So look at me and tell me the best..." "Undead Rock and Roll Music" has got to go down in history as one of the best Halloween party songs ever, next to "The Monster Mash," featuring an addictive bass line by bassist Paul Morden. Corey Gorey's vocals go from angry punk to melodic seduction through out the CD and DW Friend drives them along with solid drumming. My favorite track is the last one, "Hysterical," which I haven't been able to get out of my head for over a week now. There's something wickedly wonderful here - a mixture of childhood fantasy, true-life horror and tragedy, the cultism of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show," and the decidedly intelligent creative genius of Poe. There's not much I wouldn't do to see these guys play live. - Blu (Dismal Abyssal, PO Box 149, NY, NY 10002-9998; <www.brickbats.com>)

BRIDES, THE

"Bad Attitude" 
Snot-nosed louts raised on Iggy and the Dead Boys. It would be easy enough to figure out his delinquent roots without the singer's incessant chant of "I've got a bad attitude" but, just in case you still don't get it, the guitars' classic poor man's Dolls on Night Train lead action will eliminate any lingering confusion. The second song, "Waiting for You," continues in the same bad boy direction with even more snarl and out front guitar. The band has broken up but look for one or more of these rowdys, along with Greg Lowery, of Supercharger, Rip Offs and Infections fame, as the Zodiac Killers coming to a record store and/or sweaty venue near you real soon. Make sure you buy them a beer. -P.Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

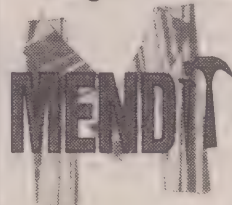
BULEMICS, THE

"...Too Young to Care" 
Advice to photographer - the flash button is not your enemy. Punk rock Lolita sucking on swirly lollipop desperately needs some exposure here! Nice nipples by the way. The magnificent Mr. Mariconda produced this band of young stalwarts from Austin. Chalk up another winner for the magic of Mariconda. A gaggle of punk rock'n'roll angst via five young men who seem to know the score. It's a little too juvenile for my taste but the production is tighter than an ugly nun's cunt and captures the intensity of this band's wares, meaning it's gonna fly off the shelves before you can say "Epitaph

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sucks." Junk Records is doing a job of keeping up with the punk rock Joneses, let's see what else they can conjure up to satisfy our ears (Candy Snatchers in the future, perhaps?) Advice to middle of the road punk rock bands - get Mariconda's number. -Namella J. Kim (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90603)

BUSDRIVER

"Busdriver" **REB**
Did you ever buy a record because your friends all had it and they all said it was great? Then you brought it home and listened to it like fifty times trying to like it, trying to hear why they liked it but you couldn't like it, no matter how many times you listened to it? That's what this "Busdriver" CD reminds me of except I don't have any friends who would buy this. It sounds like the instruments were recorded a second or two behind the vocals on the tape and that really throws me off; however, it does all come together on what I believe is soon to be their hit song "Point Reyes." They're probably just one of those bands that sound better live. Yeah, that's it. -Southern Fried Keith (10 GeV, PO Box 1263 Palo Alto, CA 94302)

BUZZBOMB

"Dogpile the Meter Maid" **B**
Humorous and heavy songs about bums, meter maids, dancing minors etc. Sounds like NOFX with Les Claypool singing. -J-Cyco (<www.buzzbomb.net>)

CALAVERA

"Day of the Dead" **B**
This disk is a collection of punk rockabilly style mayhem (or rockabilly punk for you late comers). If I had to make a comparison, I would have to say the Rev. Horton Heat meets Motorhead at CBGB's to play some Ramones and Devil Dog tunes. This is full spectrum rock'n'roll, baby! Lead Singer "El Cajas," (formerly known as Cesar from political punk giants Dogma Mundista, and south of the border '80s hardcore punkers Solucian Mortal) wails and growls in Spanish (español) and English, combining his multicultural roots to bring about a refreshing mixture old school punk and modern and '50s influence rock'n'roll. Examples of the latter can be witnessed in "Tijuana Rain," an uptempo ride through Spanish/spanish sung lyrics about ah... well, my Spanish sucks, so just take my word for it. It rocks. I was really impressed with the upright bass playing of bass player J. P. Roffredo. The opening instrumental track, "Somba," catches our mild mannered bass player slapping the hell out of his bass with such precision, speed and stamina, that it was hard for me to believe that such a task was even humanly possible. My advice to all the Butterheads out there, throw away all your sissy rockabilly records. Pick up this disk, take some Spanish lessons and learn to rock "Calavera" style. -Riotgun Larry (La Piedra Del Rock)

CALICOES, THE

"Psychos in Love" **B**
Scorching rockabilly that could've been recorded in some redneck bayou back in the '50s with awesome, clean-cut, mid-tempo guitar thwak-thwak action, bass thwompin', and crooned southern-fried vocals. The lyrics have a sinister feel to them, as exhibited on the three wicked cuts featured on this release: "Psychos in Love," "Joyride," and "I Don't Wanna." Reminds me of some old Stray Cats recordings. Anyone into rockabilly/psychobilly had better pick this one up. -Mike Ramek (Velvet Blue Music, 9121 Atlanta Ave. Ste.#237, Huntington Beach, CA 92646-6309)

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE/ THE REAL PEOPLE

"Cigarette Sandy" b/w "Waiting for the World" **B**
Comes on a clearish yellow vinyl cut in the shape of a saw blade, which is neat and makes an attractive wall hanging. Captain Sensible floats on the wings of a dove through a ballad that's kinda creepy in the way The Carpenters were. While a lot of fucked up shit goes into innocuous pop songs, this was too dreamy and ephemerally pretty and floated right by me. The Real People seem so preoccupied and busy guzzling Oasis' cocks that it's distracting and hard to come up with anything other than that. Attractive package. -Todd (Musical Tragedies, Erlangerstr. 7, 90765 Furth, Germany)

CARNAGE ASADA

"Permanent Trails" **B**
3/4 of an hour of a surreal blend of almost every sort of (anti)popular music imaginable: jazz, punk, metal, sludge, lounge, psychedellic, hardcore, industrial, blues, roots, you name it, it's probably in here. The weirdest track may be the one where hardcore jazz has a banjo for a lead instrument! Or is it the track that has what sounds like a machine farting? Beats me. The song "Thirty Second Hardcore" is more like 50 seconds long. Of course! Why not? Ha ha. Some of these songs groove, some rock, and many spin off into space chittering to themselves; but almost everything has a psychotic undertone to it. The vocals are like hardcore beatnik, as though Roger of Agnostic Front had turned into a coffeehouse poet from hell. This stuff is beyond avant garde, it's more like acid damage for sophisticated musicians. Do I like it? What's to like! It's just too strange to get

snuggled up against! I know some of these guys and they've been doing music for so long that normal stuff bores the hell out of them. In general, this is post-SST music of the sort pioneered by Frank Zappa, and filtered through Saccharine Trust, DC3, Minutemen, Vida, etc. Two of these guys are punk scene vets from way back: Dave Markey (Sin 34) and Dez Cadena (Black Flag). Boy have they ever moved on! Be sure to be blazing when you listen to this. -ShitEd (Travisty, PO Box 480407, Hollywood, CA 90048, www.travisty.com)

CARTER PEACE MISSION

"Disco Stu Likes Disco Music" **B**
I hate to rag, but this release sounds like shit. The recording or mastering process went wrong somewhere because it sounds like it was recorded on a boom-box. I looked on the credit sheet and saw that they recorded in a real studio. Everything sounds tinny and thin and the bass is non-existent. All I hear is the cymbals, some tapping noise in the background for drums, and that annoying twang of a non-amplified guitar. I thought my speakers and my subwoofer died and I had to go out and spend more money that I didn't need to spend. I put on a Sick of it All CD to check if everything was alright. I was glad it was not on my end. Their songs aren't half bad, but due to the recording quality, it makes it hard for me to listen. Maybe I got a defective copy? -Donothedead (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

CASUALTIES, THE

"Underground Army" **B**
Fucking punk rock from New Jersey! GBH, Exploited, and Discharge came to mind when I first heard this disc. Colorful spiked haired, Docs and bondage pants wearing punks who play some fast-paced, energy-enriched, honestly angry punk rock. If Total Chaos played like this, I wouldn't have to call them Total Cacas! They're even better than Dehumanized. These guys probably do better in small towns across the US and have a more loyal following in Europe and Japan. Chanting back-up vocals that wail "Kill a Nazi! Kill a Bonehead... Nazis Out / Out of Punk." Well written punk rock tunes that kept me coming back to the CD player pushing play... again and again. Recommended to the legions of hardcore punks around the world! -Sal Cochino (Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829 & Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

CATARACT

"Self-titled" **B**
If you think Hatebreed is hardcore, this will float your boat. -J.Cyco (Infinite, Rolandstrasse 8, CH-8004 Zurich Switzerland)

CATHETERS, THE

"The Kids Know How to Rock" **B**
Snort formed into sonic blasts with fireballed dirt vocals, fast guitar ache with the musical aesthetics of a sloppy, accurate, terminally drunk bartender a step away from letting out someone else's total destruction or just passing out. If garage rock was medicine, this'd be a bitter, effective pill to stave off a nasty emo infection, filled with something that makes yesterday a haze. -Todd (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.empty-records.com>)

CATHODE/MOVABLE

"Split" **B**
Each band contributes a song to this, and guess what? Both are equally atrocious. Who needs Sominex when you can pop this on late at night and bore yourself to sleep? -Jimmy Alvarado (Potterchrist, no address)

CCASM

"Self-titled" **B**
Oh man, why do I have to suffer? I pop in the tape with some hope, and look what happens. Some crappy Crass-wannabe thing. It sounds like a bunch of kids just trying to play some oi/Crass-brit punk stuff. They can't even make their changes and they are easy ones to make, for christ sake. The vocals have some hope, they are loud, oi, and drunken. The music just isn't together, and the guitar is more metal than anything - and the drums are just horrible. Can't even keep time. "...they are trying to hard," says the young man with me, listening to the painful record. The pain... god, the pain... -Miss Sarah A. Stierch. (Gruntled; PO Box 544, Lansdowne PA 19050)

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED

"Split" **B**
Reminds me of the good ol' days sitting around pounding 40oz in Katz and Donothedead's living room being subjected to some the most brutal, manic, mind-blowing, cranial imploding, ears fell off landed on the floor, oh no-ing, breakneck, spine-shattering, one of a kind, mind splattering music mankind has to offer. If there are any sober readers out there who miss the delightful feeling of dilapidating their brain cells, put on some headphones and crank this till you feel the warm gray matter come oozing down the side of your cheek. Believe me, it'll work. -Southern Fried Keith (No address)

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED

Split CD
I read Todd's review of this release in the last issue and just made me want to go out and buy it. How about you? -Donothedead (I don't know who put this out.)

CHARLES BRONSON

Demo CD
Did you miss the boat on these guys before they broke up? I sure did and boy did they create a legacy in such a short period of time. Their last release was a small pressing and was fetching up to a \$100 or more in a recent auction. That alone should make you want to see why people will make themselves go bankrupt to own a piece of punk history. I hear that there is a discography CD is in the pipeline and this demo release is to tide you over. Raw four track or live recording of their demo was recorded back in 1994. You hear what the boys sounded like when they first started out. I'm not sure if you should wait for the discography, but it's a good representation of what they are about. -Donothedead (Privileged Cracker, 241 West Moreland, Wilmette, IL 60091)

CHARLIE HARPER

"The Best of Charlie Harper and the Urban Dogs" CD
Wanna know what I'll be doing in those final four minutes before the bombs hit? Sitting with a drink in my hand listening to this CD. Holyfippin-Flipside this thing is great! Charlie Harper you old geezer, I fuckin' love you man. Eighteen classics spanning back over twenty-five fuckin' years, what a comp! Captain Oil always seems to say it best so here's a few inserts from the bio. "...Charlie has never hidden away in dressing rooms or given it 'the big 'un'. Quite the opposite in fact, as he has always had time to talk to fans..." Including letting me sing a whole drunken set with him in San Francisco some years back. "...Check out support bands and has gone out of his way on numerous occasions to get people into gigs or give up 'n' coming bands the chance of a break. If ever there was a Punk Rock election Charlie would surely be Prime Minister!" "This CD rounds up the best of his non UK Subs recordings, all of which have his trade-mark vocals. As 'Punk Lives' once commented: 'Charlie is in love with his music and he always will be. You can just imagine when he's in a wheelchair on stage, grabbing the mic and shouting '123, 456, I've got a song and it goes like this'. Respect." "New Barbarians, Speed Kills, War Babies," and of course, "War Head," are a few numbers that would sell this alone, but I think it's the word "respect," that really drives it home. Thanx Charlie! -Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oil, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England; <www.tcom.co.uk/captainoil>)

CHILDREN OF BODOM

"Hatebreeder" CD
Let me grab onto something while I'm getting pummeled by these guys. Black metal is the theme here with wicked vocals over super fast power chords and an ominous organ in the background. The drums are double kicking like there is no tomorrow. Underground metal has never disappeared. -Donothedead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

CHISEL DRILL HAMMER

Self-titled CD
Chicago transplants by way of Iowa City, Chisel Drill Hammer offers up an exceptional eight song, all instrumental post-rock debut. A composition that plays like the soundtrack to a pre-dawn frolic, winding and intertwining in a sleepy tangle, more than a collection of individual songs. In fact, when not paying attention it's easy to miss when one song ends and the next begins. Borrowing from the likes of Heroic Doses, Joan Of Arc, or Tortoise CDH have their own spin on the voiceless concoctions that stir and swirl. Bass lines that rarely match the guitar, yet somehow work a witches brew of math-esque melody. -Zack Negative

CHURCH KEYS

"Work With It" CD
Stuck in the '50s, loses a little oomph somewhere in the time gap of authenticity and affectation, still, this disc is better than I expected and they do kick up some noise though I don't know if it's genuine rockin'. They be revivin' the truest punk of all - that of black r & b screamers and a wacky West Virginian one man band who did crazy stuff like hollerin' about chicken. Thusly, the Keys emulate and pay tribute to an all but forgotten spirit of greasy ranting and raving about girls, cars and liquor. Drummer Bill has been a fixture on the NYC trash rock/garage scene for so long that he looks exactly like the guy pictured on the sleeve of Tex Rubinowitz's excellent 1979 rockabilly 45, "Hot Rod Man." I think Bill even drives the same car so... wait! That must've been him to begin with! I heard he was also shown on VH1 recently as a ground-worshipping fan of his hometown girls, neo garage band The Prists. To its merit, I found that this disc had some bits of the mold it was culled from, that is, a certain house-rockin' feel. However, it's also neither skillful or soulful enough to keep my feet moving and instead makes me cringe, laugh and sigh at the same time. At least if you don't know the original gravy that

this is brewed from you will be turned on to it the same way The Cramps clued folks in on wild rockabilly, BUT if you are a veteran black rock'n'roller or follower thereof, you will be able to identify, testify and proclaim "How did a buncha old white folks like y'all win Andre Williams approval?" -Squeaky (Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station NY, NY 10276)

CHURCH OF CONFIDENCE

"...Get Down on Your Knees and Pray" CD
I think this is one or more members of Die Toten Hosen, the German punk band. This is fucking brilliant punk rock'n'roll stuff here. Very energetic songs with great harmonies and even better guitar melodies. I loved every minute of this. The only thing that I didn't like about this release is that it didn't last long enough. They only gave us a 4-song EP? Schiezel! I still recommend getting this though. You will not be disappointed! -Sal Cochino (Cargo/Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany)

CHURCH OF CONFIDENCE

"Get Down on your Knees and Pray" CD
They're on the punk/rock tip and they're kinda catchy. I was positive I was going to hate this, so I'm pretty surprised. The guy on the cover looks pretty gay, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Knock Out)

CIGAR

"Speed is Relative" CD
As soon as the first song blared through the speakers, two thoughts came to mind. They sound like Pulley and the bass guitar was mixed too loud. To complain a little bit, I thought my vision was slipping because the lyrics are almost unreadable and I hate reading lyric sheets on a CD anyway. Back to praising, I'm assuming this is their first release and is a damn good one in fact. Good So. Cal melodicore that plays well and not a bad song in the bunch. Looking to see how they progress. -Donothedead (Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

CITIZEN FISH

"Habit" CD
Citizen Fish helped put the wheels on then pull along the now-abandoned ska bandwagon and they're roughly in the same path they've cleared for seven years. It's tough not to make comparisons to the Subhumans (UK) since it's Dick singing, but the Subhumans' fury is swapped out for jumpiness and, somewhat oddly, a Tijuana Brass section. The overall effect is OK but it lacks in tension and drive in that it seems like they can play this stuff in their sleep and sometimes it just sounds like they are. -Todd (Lookout, PO Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

CLAN OF XYMOX

"Creatures" CD
The much-anticipated release of "Creatures" from Clan of Xymox was met with cautious scrutiny in the goth community. Did they indeed pull off their intended return to old-school goth sound? The masses listened, and agreed "yes." The first track, "Jasmine and Rose" is fast becoming a standard at goth clubs and a favorite request echoing with its deep, masculine vocal is reminiscent of Sisters of Mercy and its danceable beat. The emotional and Peter Murphy-ish "Crucified" is next followed by bass-driven "Taste of Medicine" with its dark guitar riffs drifting somewhere between Bauhaus and Joy Division. The next 7 songs are darker, moodier and slower with the title track, "Creature," as my favorite whose lyrics are equally as twisted and painful. They leave us with a faster, angst-filled "Doubts" proving that yes, indeed, Clan of Xymox can stand up to the old standards while creating a new legend for themselves. This should be a standard in every goth's collection. -Blu (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Philadelphia, PA 19105; <www.clanofxymox.cybercomm.nl>)

CLAWFINGER

Self-titled CD
White boy funk mixed with hip hop and a metal edge. Sweden's answer to Korn but not as interesting. -Donothedead (The Music Cartel, 106 W. 32nd St., 3rd Fl., NY, NY 10001)

CLEE-SHAYS, THE

"The Dynamic Guitar Sounds of" CD
For instrumental fanatics, such as myself, this is pretty nifty. The Clee-Shays were a studio band that comprised members of the Challengers and several other surf-oriented groups from the Southern California area back in the mid '60s. Mover and shaker Richard Delvy put together the projects as instant product for the hungry Japanese market that thrived long after the Americans and Europeans were swept up in various other rock genres. Being the work of an eclectic assortment of musicians, there is a good bit of variety though most of the tunes fall within a general spy theme and are drenched in that classic early '60s go-go sound. "Get Smart," "Theme from the Man from U.N.C.L.E." and "Our Man Flint" are representative but there are plenty of original work outs too. Devotees of Ventures style obscurities will be happy these rare guitar grooves are within grasp again. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sundazed, PO Box 85, Cossackie, NY 12051)

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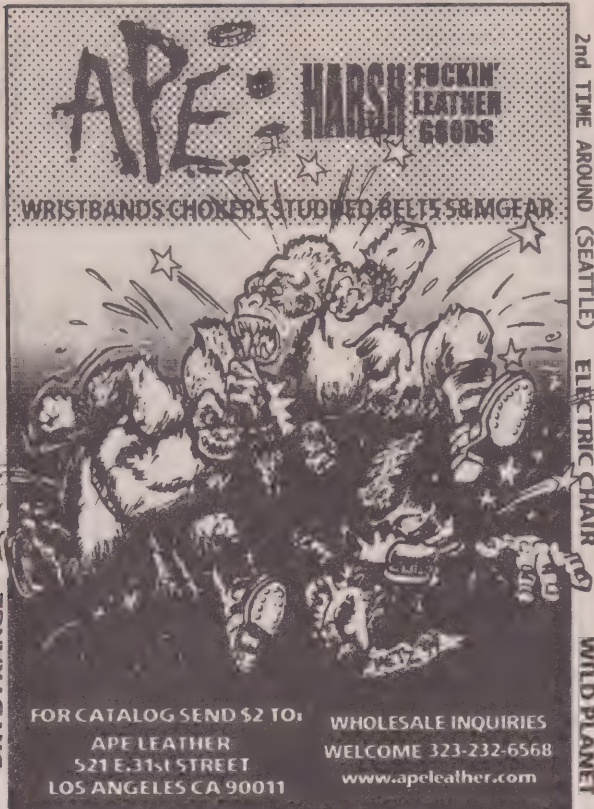
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CLEEN

"Second Path" Ⓢ

There's a very fine line between mellow/enlightening and boring/dull. Cleen have crossed it. But that's just the same really. In "Restore," they make a much-needed stab at the electro-goth scene - "Think twice before you give access to this worldwide crap or you glue to this web of voyeurs. Don't shake your ass to this rhythm, shake off your chains." The trouble is, and as much as a time elapsed version of the deterioration of Megadeth, they offer up nothing new and can be taken as nothing more than the same as they hate. -Bart (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Phil., PA 19105)

COASTERSRIDE

Self-titled Ⓢ

Two garage-y punk numbers from this Japanese four piece. Great fuzzy guitar work and snotty vocals with back-ups makes this a must find. From start to finish, these boys know how to rock hard and play fast (not super fast), even though the band pictures show them dressing mod in their sweaters. Energetic! -Donothedead (Savage, Margaretav. 26 G, 187 74 Taby, Sweden)

COCKNEY REJECTS

"Greatest Cockney Ripoff" Ⓢ

Unfortunately, just because this is a Cockney Rejects CD it doesn't necessarily mean it's gold. Though the Rejects aren't strangers to bad reviews, I just never thought it would be me who was the one giving it to them. Actually, it's probably the label who deserves any bad words because they put this comp together. The Rejects never wrote a bad song just several I didn't care for and this collection contains most of them. "This CD includes the band's first ever EP, "Flares 'N' Slippers" Which is superb, some of the best stuff ever, classic Rejects. "...As well as rarities that were later re-recorded and appeared on later EMI albums..." This is where the consumer should beware. Most of these songs are on other albums and are not "the Rejects best stuff..." As well as the original recording of "The Greatest Cockney Rip Off," a hilarious live mob-mayhem version of "Bad Man" was lifted from the "Live and Loud" album recorded at a "home" gig at the Bridge House in Canning Town, and shows the power of the band on stage." All that to tell you there's a lot of live recordings thrown in for good measure, some pretty tricky wording to hype you in to buying this. Don't get me wrong, the Cockney Rejects are one of my favorite bands so I hope it's clear that I'm not trashing them, Lord knows, I would hate to have a vendetta with Stinky. I think it's important to know what you will be spending your hard earned cash on. If you've got extra, check this out, but I'd recommend checking out "Greatest Hits Vol. 1, 2, and Three." -Southern Fried Keith (The Harry May Record Co.)

COFFIN BREAK

"Sometimes" Ⓢ

Wonderful three piece from Germany who play catchy '77 style punk rock. The songs are infectious with pop simplicity; it had a mixture of what Tom Petty would sound like if he were German and in an old school European punk band. It is a weird analogy but that was the first thing I thought of when I first heard the vocalist sing. I'm sure there are better examples out there. But on the spur of the moment I went with my instincts and spontaneity to give you a personal view. Four songs from a band that I will keep an eye out for. -Donothedead (New Lifeshark, PO Box 700320, D-448883 Bochum, Germany)

COMMON RIDER

"Last Wave Rockers" Ⓢ

After years without a peep, Jesse Michaels, lead vocalist and primary songwriter for Operation Ivy is back on the music radar. Don't be expecting "Energy" part two nor a puffed-up cash in. This progenitor of skapunk has taken the loose spiral, completely skipping the second wave of The Selecter and The Specials, back and down to the roots, and sidled closely to the originals of the ska/reggae/dubsters like the Skatalites, Desmond Dekker, and the Wailers - earthy, mellow, sure beats that aren't in a hurry to rush a melody or a line. And although a bit of me wish he'd roll up the comforting carpet of sound, chuck it through a window, and set the place on fire for a song or two - I admire his confidence of exploring a new direction and the restraint not to do any vapid pick-it-up tangents. That said, I think this project would strengthen - in tandem with the tradition of early ska and reggae - with a large, extensive band and exploration with new instrumentation. I understand that's a lot of ask and probably not what he's going for, but some of the most dynamic ska happens when you feel the band surrounds you, not the other way around, and I think that Jesse's got the mind of a conductor to make it swell and recede in the right directions. With each spin, it's growing on me and slowly winning me over - making me accept it on its own terms, not my expectations. -Todd (Panic Button, PO Box 14810, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS

"Bluff City" Ⓢ

Dirty, hard driving rock and blues. The three members come off sounding a lot fuller in the studio because the

two front men, Greg Cartwright and Jack Yarber, double up on guitar, bass and/or organ and Jack even throws some sax in on some numbers. The vocals are sometimes treated, always gruff and occasionally pass over the line into strangled screams. The band is one of the earlier examples of all the distorted blues rediscovery mutants that include the Bassholes, Doo Rag, Oblivians, et al. There is a dark edge to their subject matter as suggested by titles such as "Pepper Spray Boogie," "Trouble" and "My Love is a Monster." There is a softer side here too, though, and for a few songs, the vocalists take turns getting sentimental. Of course, they jump right back into the cauldron of demons before things get maudlin. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

CONNIE DUNGS, THE

"Earthbound for the Holiday" Ⓢ

Holy shit. This is all in the plus column. Brandon Dung has somehow aged and distilled the snot and bile of youthful confusion pop punk into something simultaneously intoxicating and sophisticated while discovering a new ways to punch and slide lines together. Like schnapps, the songs sound deceptively sweet, but when the words are stripped and the hooks are exposed and gulped down, it makes the careful listener feel like they've swallowed the ever-heavier cement of loneliness, self-doubt, confusion, and paralysis. Yet ultimately - and trickily - the sounds versus the lyrics made me feel both buried six feet under and floating above the ground. Like razors, the lyrics go in easy and deep. Unlike the Beach Boys, the Dungs aren't dead and are going to make more songs. Unlike most pop punk bands, they don't suck or suck up to a band will never emerge from the shadow from. Unlike a retard, the drummer is either new or has learned a couple new beats. All of this is more impressive due to the fact that this is all done inside the body bag that most people have placed pop punk's corpse. For a band to not only be powerful, weighted, slashing, and sweet is nothing short of a small resurrection. -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

COWSLINGERS, THE

"Gotta Kill My Baby!" limited edition red vinyl Ⓢ

The cowslingers unleash an uncontrollable sonic onslaught of cowpunk chaos, a two-steppin' hellfire hoe-down in the infernal environs of Hades where bad is good, decadence is righteous, and evil is acceptable. If Jesus died for the sins of The Cowslingers, I'm sure He's regretful and disappointed. This is a robustly rousing barroom-brawl of a release, and I'm maniacally mesmerized! Yeeeee-haw, motherfuckers! -Rog (Drink & Drive, PO Box 771101, Lakewood, Ohio 44107)

COYOTE MEN, THE

"Two Sides of the Coyote Men" Ⓢ

Those crazed Brits in the Mexican Wrestling masks who sing like Freddie Blässie are back with another blast of raw rock and belligerent boogie. This must have been planned as a vinyl release; my CD only seems to play on one side (har, har, har). Most of the songs are about being wild and zany. I guess they figure there are more than enough ballads about good and/or bad relationships (and you certainly won't get any argument from me on that score!) so they've opted for high energy, irreverent, retro-ravens like, "Damn Right!," "Sure Can Move," "I Swing" and "Born to Bruise." Except for the strained vocal, flying leg lock hoo haw, I'd peg these guys as purveyors of the same updated spin on '60s excitement as label mates, the Makers. I caught them live, recently, and they are just as manic on stage. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus. PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

COYOTE MEN, THE

"Headin' for Trouble" Ⓢ

Third times a charm. This is basically the same album that came out on Vendetta Records, out of Hampshire England, and as a CD, along with bonus tracks, on Estrus. The packaging has been changed to protect the innocent and give the taco happy blokes a chance to show off their nifty Hawaiian shirts. The Mexican Wrestlers with the british Accents deliver the goods, again, with some down and dirty, no holds barred garage rock action and half Nelson from hell, gravel throated delivery. They've thrown in a couple crowd pleasers, "Mexican Divorce" and "Loopey Lopez," from their Vendetta, "Primitive Urge" EP to keep the unwary off guard. Listen up you turkey necks! -P. Edwin Letcher (Mad Driver C/O Goti Luca, Via Broni 4, 10126 Torino, Italy)

CRIMINAL

"Dead Soul" Ⓢ

This is, well, "American black metal." Think Decide. Slayer, and Morbid Angel, but slower, a little heavier on the bass, and with shades of Biohazard. Growling vocals and typical Satanic lyrics. Done well, but not terribly interesting. -Kirin (Metal Blade, 4025 E. Chandler Blvd. Ste. 70-D7, Phoenix, AZ 85044)

CRUSHSTORY

Self-titled Ⓢ

All I have to say is they sound like Elvis Costello or No Fun at All to me. -Donothedead (702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

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CUSTOM MADE SCARE

"The Greatest Show on Dirt" ☼

Supersuckers must have been a large influence and I would guess that they also listened to the Ditch Bank Okies. I don't think they are as good as either but they do decent job at the sound they are trying for. I would recommend this CD for those peeps who like the styles mentioned above. -Heather-oh (Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Ste. 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

CUT RATE BOX

"Blue Ice Black" ☼

This five-song offering from Louisiana's Cut Rate Box is a nifty little CD that is somewhat of a tease. Hovering somewhere between dance, industrial and electronica, the music is infectious and attention-getting from the start. Sometimes a CD takes two or three spins to grow on me but I liked this one from first listen. The first track, "Heart Break Cinema," features a strange synthesized vocal that all at once sounds innocent and evil at the same time, backed by a good, steady industrial beat. Makes me wanna dance! The next track, "Pill," slows down a bit and features more menacing vocals. Industrial fans will gravitate towards "Disease," which is a straightforward, old-formula industrial song good for getting your aggressions out. "Gravity" and "Pressing the Little" feature some creative sampling and mixing which will make them my favorites because of the curious noise addition I have. Overall, this is an impressive first release by a band whose music I expect will make the club rounds on a regular basis. As I stated in the beginning, this is a bit of tease - I definitely want to hear more. -Blu (Cut Rate Box, PO Box 15840, New Orleans, LA 70175-5840; <www.cutratebox.com>)

CYNICAL

"Rejection Letters" ☼

Hey, not bad! Twice as good as their first CD. Mark's vocals no longer make my hair twitch of its own free will, great improvement. The songs are cool, the guitar-work very nice and the overall feel of this stuff quite listenable. It's gently snotty, bouncy and fun punk rock. It's not the nuke, but I like it. -ShitEd (Kill Yourself, 3740 State St., Santa Barbara, CA 93105)

CYNICAL

"Rejection Letters" ☼

A few years ago there was this great band called the Living End (no, not that lame KROQ band from Australia). They were great because they had great songs, great guitar playing and a great singer. Well, sometime ago everything went sour and they disbanded. From their ashes emerged two bands, one called Damnation, the other called Cynical. Damnation is a good band but they lack the songwriting style of Living End. Cynical, on the other hand, is the songwriting style plus some. You see, guitarist/singer Mark Riech (Now going by Mark C. Nical) was backed up by drummer extraordinaire Dale Drazen (possibly the best drummer in the Southland) and ex-Guttermouth founding member Clint Wienrich on bass. This album is a mishmash of styles yet staying true to the punk rock'n'roll ethic that is the foundation of Cynical. If you had to compare them to somebody else (which is a hard task), I would say that their sound is reminiscent to the likes of Stiff Little Fingers, Big Drill Car, old school Social Distortion (when they actually cared about the music, not the money) and the more progressive sounds of Mission of Burma (remember them?). They are hard, yet melodic as hell. If you're into that melodiccore yuppy generic punk type stuff being force fed to kids (see Blink 182, MxPx) nowadays, this isn't your bag. But if you want something original, inspiring and, at the same time very raucous and reckless, consider this your ticket. Posers beware! -Riotgun Larry (Kill Yourself)

DAGGERS, THE

Self-titled 7

By-the-books melodic punk with some intricate guitar work, crisp vocals, and good production. Neither the A or B side especially grabbed my attention though, as the tunes seemed downright generic and watered down. Still, it's a decent listen. Take it or leave it. -Mike Ramek (Sloth, #1A-1304 4th St. SW, Calgary, AB T2R 0X8, Canada)

DANG

"Spilling Drinks on the Host" ☼

Dang! These guys hail from San Diego, CA and they play very mellow pop with a tiny bit of an edge. Dang reminded me of Shelter, Smashing Pumpkins, and the Bosstones - they even have that tinge of ska/swing thing and some funk mixed in... which I thought sucked! Overall, this band isn't bad but it does get boring real quick. Oh well, it's only the first release for the Dirty Old Man. I give this one finger, you guess which one. -Sal Cochino (Dirty Old Man, PO Box 371226, San Diego, CA 92137)

DAS KLOWN

"Antidote" ☼

Tough-guy hardcore punk from one of the last of the local maniacs remaining from the old scene. A very fun live band. They played a show I put on at Mr. T's Bowl a few years ago that was heavily attended by yuppy-puppies who had come to see Mike Watt. You

should have seen those refugees from 90210 flee in terror when this bald, shirtless, heavily tattooed, powerfully built madman in clown makeup and red rubber nose took his microphone down onto the dance floor with them. I was taking pictures and looked up to find that there were only two people left on the dance floor: me and AJ Klown. The band is based in Long Beach, and they have that LB attitude and approach: half Hollywood and half Huntington Beach. AJ's vocals are distinct from anyone else's, there is no mistaking his obnoxious, snotty voice. The music is definitely the LA approach to hardcore: lots of little noodles and guitar flavorings (as opposed to the more generic guitar of NYC hardcore) mixed into the harsh, violent aggression, so think Wasted Youth's "Get Out of My Yard" for a rough comparison. 15 songs, one of which is a cover of Fear's "Dustward." -ShitEd (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA 90803)

DAVID E. WILLIAMS

"Hello Columbus" ☼

The most beautiful voice in "rock and roll" returns to splendour with this overwhelmingly beautiful three song EP. For those who remain uninitiated to the pleasures of David E. Williams' work, this EP would be a fine place to begin. Williams is part Richard Butler (formerly of the Psychedelic Furs), part demented humourist, part tender balladeer, and part something that is purely original and beyond compare. There is no one in this world, and probably quite a few others, like David E. Williams. Buy this EP. I command you. -Kirin (Ospedale, PO Box 2422, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

DAWN OF ORION

"On Broken Wings" ☼

What is it about the south that breeds so much contempt to have a large population of death metal bands? Well this is a Georgia 5 piece that reminds me of the band Entombed mixed with some early Slayer. Earache Records would have jumped on these guys in the boom of grindcore/death metal uprising. Dual guitar attack with hundred miles a minute strumming with those oh so lovely double kick drums. Vocals are growled or screamed in the traditional metal sense. Fuck all this rap metal out there and listen to the evil of death metal/grindcore! -Donofthead (Undecided, 15551 71st Place N., Loxahatchee, FL 33470)

DAYLIGHT LOVERS, THE

"Casa De Rock and Roll" ☼

Sloppy rough'n'tumble rock'n'roll... loud, lewd, and deliciously deviant! This is the sick and sordid sound of bootlegged NYC-era Sid Vicious and a drug-addled booze-soaked Johnny Thunders musically mud-wrestling in a sweat-drenched swamp of Hell. Raw and primitive rock... undiluted, pure, and near-derhatic like the uproarious rumblings of all things in life - revolting, unrefined, and anger-inspired. Man, The Daylight Lovers are rockin' my ears like a turbulent tornado on a rampage in Hades... excuse me while I piss all over myself with ecstatic aural glee! -Rog (Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901 or The Daylight Lovers, 5136 N.D.G. Ave., Montreal, QC, H4A 1K3, Canada)

DEADLY SNAKES, THE

"Love Undone" ☼

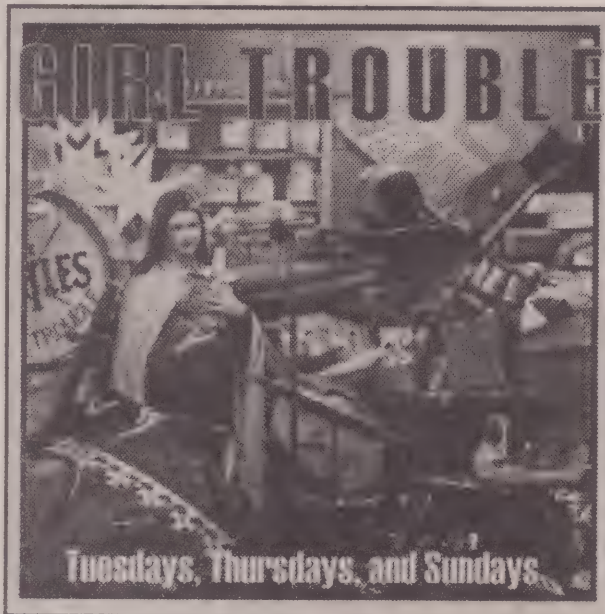
If the disappearance of Jack O'Fire and/or the Oblivians has you singing the blues, take solace in the fact that there are plenty of bands out there that pillaged the same proverbial musical thrift stores and are presenting their own exciting spins on fucked up roots rhythm boogie. This six piece is from Toronto and has all the hand clapping, horn honkin', organ grindin', harmonica blowin' and growlin' you could ask for. Some of the material is done in the mode of gospel glory stompers in the throes of twisted visions. It's all done in the loose enough to be real yet tight enough to move yer feet style that has made this stuff so popular with the kids. Greg Oblivian added guitar to 4 tracks and helped with the recording which went down pretty much live. This is very similar to the excellent Oblivians/Quintron release. Raw, rockin' blues with lots of soul. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

DEATH BY STEREO

"If Looks Could Kill, I'd Watch You Die" ☼

I'm torn, like a corner off a full sheet of paper. I recommend with a small reservation. More than five sixths of this is great: aggro, swampy new hardcore that spazzes in multiple directions yet seems unified, like fifteen fists landing at the same time into your ears. I like it that the lead singer sounds like he's getting bit by a just-aggravated nest of wasps and the guitars sound like they're directing a tornado through a chunky riff factory (with a couple borrowed on loan from Sick of It All's warehouse). One sixth of me remains undecided and perplexed due to - and I don't know if this is a new trend - but of hints of Queensryche in the slower parts (ala the new AFI). Very, very odd and chilling. I can't divorce myself from the horror I experienced in the wake of the 'Ryche the decade before and that's a hurdle I don't feel comfortable clearing. That notwithstanding, Death By Stereo kicks pretty hard when at full maelstrom. If you listen closely, for bulk and diversity,

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there's piano tinkle and middle-eastern rhythms to fill it out around the fist-pumping, high-jumping edges. Not bad. -Todd (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; <www.indecisionrecords.com>)

DEATH BY STEREO

"If Looks Could Kill, I'd Watch You Die" ☼
 I spoke with Efrém Schulz (the vocalist) outside of the Whisky when Leatherface played here in Hollywood. Efrém asked if I would be kind enough to review his bands CD in Flipside, because he knew no one in LA county. I said, "Yes, of course. Anything for Leatherface fan!" And I'm glad I did. This band rocks! The band is from Fullerton and rock hard. Their style is hard, heavy, fast and at times kinda hyper-speed funky (not RHCP funky) with samples everywhere (like Dead Lazzlo's Place) and the harmonies are very well done. They reminded me of old bands like T.S.O.L., Slap of Reality, and Faith No More, for some reason, but harder and faster. If you have a chance to pick up this release or see them live... I recommend it! If they play this tight live then you're in for a treat of a show! Well done, lads. -Sal Cochino (Indecision)

DECAY

"Destiny" ☼
 Heavy as fuck, metal edged, New York style hardcore from these manic Japanese punksters. Sounds like they are heavily influenced by Sick of it All. They also reminded me of Misconduct from Sweden. Solid musicianship with no slip-ups. Above average song writing and they sing in English. In fact, the English lyrics are pretty good. Sometimes the translation verbatim does not make sense. When the Japanese take something and add their touch, they make it as good or better. This would compete with many that is current now from the New York scene. Released for you domestically, so get out your cash and catch this. -Donothedead (Suburban Home, 1750 30th St. #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

DEHUMANIZED

"Problems First" ☼
 Very first song sounds like Das Klown. I have never heard a band that reminded me so much of A.J. and the Klown crew. The rest of the CD is good, not very distinctive, but all in all a good CD. I can tell that they have a lot of older band influences. It's evident in most of their songs. I would go see them when they come to town. I even hear some DK similarities in some of the tracks. Track five is a good one - stays in your head. -Heather-oh (New Red Archives, PO Box 21051, SF, CA 94121)

DEHUMANIZED

"Problems First" ☼
 This is the first time I have heard this four piece from New Jersey. The opening track, "Classified," explodes like the Battalion of Saints used to do it back in the '80s. I must have listened to the opening track over 10 times to finally figure out who it reminded me of. The rest of this release is cool old school punk rock that has me thinking this is what punk should sound like if you are going for that sound. I could picture these guys on a 10 band bill on dollar night at the Cathay de Grande (in Hollywood) on a Tuesday night back in the '80s, the place where you could get to see the up and coming and still have money for beer. This release is rocking and definitely not recommended for you mall punks who are told what to listen to. -Donothedead (New Red Archives)

DEMON PRIEST

"Chaos Rider" ☼
 Another Japanese release that I got my hands on. Demon Priest play a more hardcore, Gism-styled madness; weird vocal stylings over a steady hardcore backdrop. This was recorded way back in 1991 but only has seen the light of day on these shores up until recently. Other than that, that is all I can tell you about this band. No insert or lyrics to be found. I will keep my eyes out if there are future releases though. I thank Tim Ojhen of Vacuum Records for making it possible for us to have access to Japanese punk here in America. -Donothedead (Heater Skelter, no address)

DESCENDENTS

"Gotta # b/w 'Grand Theme'" ☼
 The Descendents could go emo polka and I'd follow them smiling into that abyss. With a ska tinge to "Gotta #," for which I'd chastise lesser bands, they've got the nuggets and fortitude to pull it off, chalking in another shade to develop the complete shape of quite possibly the finest pop punk band on the planet. There's something about Milo's voice that simultaneously conveys knowledge and wonder, anger and resolve. Consider me an unabashed fan. "Grand Theme" centers right smack dab in the middle of the Descendents/All separation line because it has no vocals - thus all the instrumentation is the same, so it may be a little of a cheat since Descendents records outsell All's, but who the fuck cares? Not me. Solid. -Todd (Sessions, 15-Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

DESPISE YOU

"West Side Horizons" ☼
 62 tracks of brutal, breakneck thrash metal noise. The average song clocks in way under a minute. These guys sure are pissed off, but with the combination of incredibly loud, chaotic guitar noise, machine gun percussion, and indecipherable vocal spewage, I really have no idea what these guys are screaming about. Oh well. -Mike Ramek (Pesslimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

DICKEL BROTHERS, THE

"Volume One" ☼
 Old time string band music done with as much attention to detail as possible. This is the music that hill folk made when records spun at 78 rpms and is of a variety known as Southern dance music, a term I've never even heard of before. The instrumentation, guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin and stand up bass, is augmented by the feller's hickified vocals and is not too far removed from what R. Crumb and his Cheap Suit Serenaders used to do, though this is a bit more narrow in its focus on a sub genre of early Americana. The songs are tales of hardship and woe based on life in a harsh environment in tough times. Many of the tales center around tragedy and bad love, because those are the kinds of things that made for interesting breaks in the monotony of trying to make a go of it with next to nothing. That same monotony makes up the theme for the remainder of tunes. Most of the 12 tracks are listed as "traditional." The two originals, "When I Die" and "The Sinners Have Come" fit in seamlessly. Very well done. -P. Edwin Letcher (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

DIESEL BOY

"Sofa King Cool" ☼
 You have to be somewhat of an established band to have the privilege to have something released on Honest Don's. From what I hear, all the bands love being on Fat/Honest Don's because they are supportive and do things right. I don't understand how people can slag on them because they treat bands how they should be treated. As always, on Fz/Honest Don's you get a big production sound. Everything sounds big and well mixed. In return you can hear everything clearly. Diesel Boy play infectious pop punk with a hook. Makes you want to smile because it is so poppy and fun. Great tunes and fine musicianship. Also, a great Dead Milkmen cover of "Punk Rock Girl" and I love the inclusion of the hate letter on the inner cover. -Donothedead (Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119)

DILLINGER 4

"Midwestern Songs of the Americas" ☼
 This is really good. I enjoyed it. I now wish I had hung out with Todd and gone to see them live. The music is melodic, but in this case that does not mean wimpy. Strong, ferocious and frantic are words that come to mind when listening to D4. They are punk in the way Apocalypse Hoboken, The Conservatives (Cleveland, OH), and FYP are punk: balls to the wall, unrestrained and unapologetic. Fuck yeah. Recommended. -ShitEd (Hopeless)

DILLWEED

Self-titled ☼
 Some nice, happy punk rock from a collection of young men from Cali. They use neat keyboards and hand clapping too! Yeah! Opening with "Miscellaneous," a just plain delightful tune - the song features just random lyrics about various items. Basically miscellaneous items. They even put the little "tm" sign by every item mentioned, from Pringles to Nintendo, on the lyrics sheet. A good driving song - with the hand claps and keyboards - this band gives themselves a sound of their own on the first track. Impressive. With a pop-punk feel, fans of Toyboat will totally dig this. "Who Turned up the Suck Knob," is just a plain funny song. The vocals are so great on this song - really queer background vocals - and just happy shit. Vocals remind me of Ham a tad, and it's a quite fun song. The bass line is So-Caleque. I'm not a big fan, usually of this style of "punk," but the humor in the song - makes it very appealing. We travel through a number of pop-punk tunes. This record is chock full of songs a Queers fans would totally dig. Surf-esque drums, and just plain amazing vocals. They did excellent recording - the stereo is awesome. And their instruments of choice are totally great. Banjos, vibraphones, distortion, clapping, piano, and more. This is just a fun band, and I'm not really into the whole "pop punk thing" these days, but this band really impressed me with their witty humor and nutty ways. I was really disappointed in the bassy, unraw talents today (ala' NOFX, No Use For Name) - but the silliness and artistic talent of these young men make me miss my early days of Lookout! The lyrics are hilarious at that. They sing "you're an arrogant ho" and make it sound cute - as featured on "I Forgot." How sweet. "Alien Ant Farm" is a silly, yet smart song - about burns and money - and these poor old men's philosophies. A fast song, with a story to tell. Here they write in full sentences, as pulled off by Blake of Jawbreaker/Jets To Brazil fame. I'm always impressed by people who can write full thoughts in songs - being a rock'n'roller myself, I have problems writing full thoughts... so that's pleasant to see... Lots of

little blippy songs - featuring "Snews," a country-blues song with samples - then breaking into a fast pit beat - then back to your little country-blues beat. Quite clever. These boys don't care what anyone thinks of their music - which adds to the fun of it. "Who You Know?" features lovely helium-induced starting vocals - then back to their adorable little smart voices. Dillweed makes an excellent use of sampling and effects - from movie clips and distorted vocals. Peddles unite on "Last Ten Years" with spacey sounds - on a sad little song - a keyboard too. Yes! This song is great! Reminding me of Toyboat - without the vocals, a tad. They have horns and everything. I think a new genre has been invented: "noise-pop-punk." The overlay is pure pop - then just behind the happy bass, guitar, and drums - is a layer of bizarre instruments and sweet vocals. This song is definitely one of the most outstanding songs I've heard in a while. Quite rare. They cover the Beatles "I've Just Seen a Face," with a gentle acoustic start - then into a fast poppy version. We see the famous punk arguments of what fast food place is better - when we hear "Indigestion," the love for Taco Bell is shown - and strong. Great background vocals make it a good violent song! This is the only fast food song - that I know - can incite any form of violence. Pit-o-rama without your Burger King hats my ass, George Tabl! "I Hate Ska"; hoorah for anti-ska songs! They fuck up the little ska-tabs, and break into a fun beat. It's funny though. The lyrics barely have anything to do with ska - but they make horrible fun of the music. Horns, obnoxious "hep hep vocals," and it's just super funny. Get drunk. Listen to this record. NOW! But wait. One moment. The last song, "John Paul II Backs Theory of Evolution." Is this band Christian? Their webpage told me nothing. The liner notes don't tell me anything. The lyrics to "John Paul..." seem quite denying! I think they aren't! Not that I care - but hey, some people do. Why not mention it. The final song makes me quite clueless. A drunken car drama. The last song features dramatic vocals and the final song "Oh Dear Lord..." has an amazing indie-feel - then is full of punk drama. Totally Toyboat - totally awesome. Overall, this record is super. It's finally nice to get a good record in the mail. Sheesh. They even have some phone pranks. Amazing stuff - hilarious. How cute! -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Ryans Friends Recs., 3460 Garfield St., Carlsbad, CA 92008)

DIMMU BORGIR

"Spiritual Black Dimensions" ☼
Dimmu Borgir; the band black metallers love to hate. People say Dimmu are a sort of parody band or a satire of black metal. I disagree. Yeah, so they use theatrical vocals here and there, and more often than not, you can understand what they're saying. Big deal. Oh, and how scandalous, they use lots of synths. So? Not everyone needs to sound like Graveland. Dimmu do what they do exceptionally well, and the splendor they pack into one song alone, is dizzying. "Spiritual Black Dimensions" sounds a lot like "Godless Savage Garden," only the new stuff is even more full and layered sounding; there's more of a Limbonic Art type symphonic and opulent atmosphere on "Spiritual" than there was on "Godless." I don't care what anyone says, Dimmu kick ass, and I like it. Oh yeah, it's pronounced "dim oo bor gr," and it means "Black Castle." Now you know. -Kirin (Nuclear Blast America, PO Box 43618, Philadelphia, PA 19106)

DINO, DESI & BILLY

"The Best of" ☼
When I was a kid, I had their "I'm a Fool" album. Thanks to the CD retrospective concept, I can recapture the magic of a few of the tracks from that relic and discover a bunch of other tunes from their three subsequent long players and several 45 releases. In the early to mid '60s, these three instant celebrities put the teeny bopper and had moderate success with a happy go lucky blend of soft pop rock styles that bring to mind such contemporaries as the Mamas and Papas, the Turtles and subsequent kiddie groups like the Partridge Family. Being the offspring of Dean Martin, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz and a well heeled business family, the lads, 12, 13 and 14 when their first LP came out, were able to sign with Reprise, tour with the Beach Boys and other heavies of their day, and enjoy all the other perks of stardom while most kids could only dream of such things. The music is fairly good, mostly because they had some great studio musicians and song writers working for them. To their credit, they could play and did a number of tours, wrote their own material toward the end of their career, and provided all the vocals. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sundazed, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)

DISCOUT

"Love, Billy" ☼☼
I'm not going to lie to you. I've never listened to Billy Brag, at least not intentionally or consciously, and I own two Discount full-lengths and a slew of singles, so keep that in mind. Discount covers five Bragg songs and it's great. Sonic, punchy, clear, and due to ignorance on my part, I can't even pretend to have a reference point of the originals. Just as The Dickies introduced me to Led Zeppelin and The Moody Blues, it makes some sort of sense that I come in the side door to more established artists. Listening to Discount's like following someone around the produce section who knows what to look for:

always picking the freshest fruit, and no matter what the source, it splatters sweet; hard-edged pop with a pure DIY core. This time out, Allison's voice is gaining confidence, edge, and caterwaul. Bill's drumming is snapping more, Ryan's guitar seems to lock tighter and push the melodies into sharper hooks, and James, although no longer in the band, spreads the bubble and thud. They seem to be getting louder, more distinctive, and although I've liked them from the getgo, better. -Todd (Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604; <www.dyve.com/fbr>)

DOGPISS

"Eine Klein Punk Music" ☼
Attention Snuff and Guns 'n Wankers fans - the aforementioned bands have done another side project and are trying to sneak a quick one and play some more melodic gems without people noticing. If not by chance of seeing the promo material attached to this disc and the mentioning of the aforementioned bands in the advertisements for this release no one would have noticed. The inclusion of a lyric sheet would have also thrown off many a loyal fan. Why would they try and not live off their punk rock royalty and fame and expose their identities? Enough of being oblivious, this release reminds me of the three 7" set Guns 'n Wankers put out awhile ago, "Hardcore," "Metal" and "Pop." I spent some big bucks on that set like a selfish collector scum on crack who needs his fix on an auction recently. This is in caliber with what you have come to expect from the band we call Snuff or Guns 'n Wankers, or now, Dogpiss. Mixtures of heavy guitars in the metal sense and great pop sensibilities. Do I have to really describe how great this release and their previous releases are? I hope not, because it is a repetition of what I have said in the past and of many others who truly are enamored by these bands. A high recommendation is in order and should not be taken as an oversight when shopping at the local record store. What other band would go from a speed metal intro into a Beatles-esq segment and pound it out with a punk ending? These guys. -Donofthead (Honest Dons, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027)

DOS MINUTOS

"Los Clasicos de Rock en Espanol" ☼
This reminds me of another problem I have with most American punk rockers: Here we have a totally rockin' band from Argentina and I'll bet my mother's right arm that not one of you reading this has ever heard of them, even though they've got a few albums out. Part Ramones, part street punk and part hardcore, these guys are hard, infectious and concerned with everything from pollution to factory life. The "rock en espanol" tag is a misnomer, believe me. This is all punk rock filled with hooks and attitude. Find anything you can by these guys. take it home, have your Spanish teacher translate it for you, and worship often. -Jimmy Alvarado (Polygram. I found it at Ritmo Latino in the City of Commerce, but I imagine you can special order it.)

DOUBLE, THE

Self-titled ☼
Side one: tense, disjointed art damage with a fuzz-free guitar. Side two: slow, moody and not nearly as interesting as side one. While not something I'd listen to regularly, this was a nice change of pace. I'd be interested in hearing more before I formulate any lasting opinion. -Jimmy Alvarado (Speculation, 4 Vetter Crt., New Brunswick, NJ 08902)

DOWNWAY

"Kacknacker" ☼
Some feeble-minded folks would probably predictably label this as pretty boy punk... well, bein' the complete bastard I am, I'll bombastically belch in your face while begging to differ! Ya see, even though Downway blast a barrage of harried harmonies rich with textured layers of supersmooth swirling melodies, it doesn't necessarily mean they don't "rock." broham. Actually, they flail and wig out in full-force fury, all the while retaining intricate structures of virginal sound as melodious and pure as Ally McBeal's pussy a-purrin'! Ooops, and now a brief interlude of unabashed bitchiness: tacky track #10, "Apple Cobbler," is too scarily ska-tinged of a shit, so I'll forever flush it out of my ear canals like a bubbly bowel movement gone awry... ahhh, there, I feel so much better! Anyway and other than that, Downway is downright delicious to the ears... get down with 'em, dammit! -Rog (206, 8314 Greenwood Ave. N., Ste. 102, Seattle, WA 98103 or Hourglass, Box #223, 440-10816 MacLeod Trail S., Calgary, Alberta, T2J SN8, Canada)

DR. FRANK

"Show Business Is My Life" ☼
Mr. T Experience, MTX, Dr. Frank... any way you slice it, it's still California cheese. Just kidding. Dr. Frank's solo jaunt is somehow exactly related to that Mr. T sound - acoustic guitar ballads to his classic garage-rockin' gems. Nothing new but he has his moments here and there. -Sal Cochino (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

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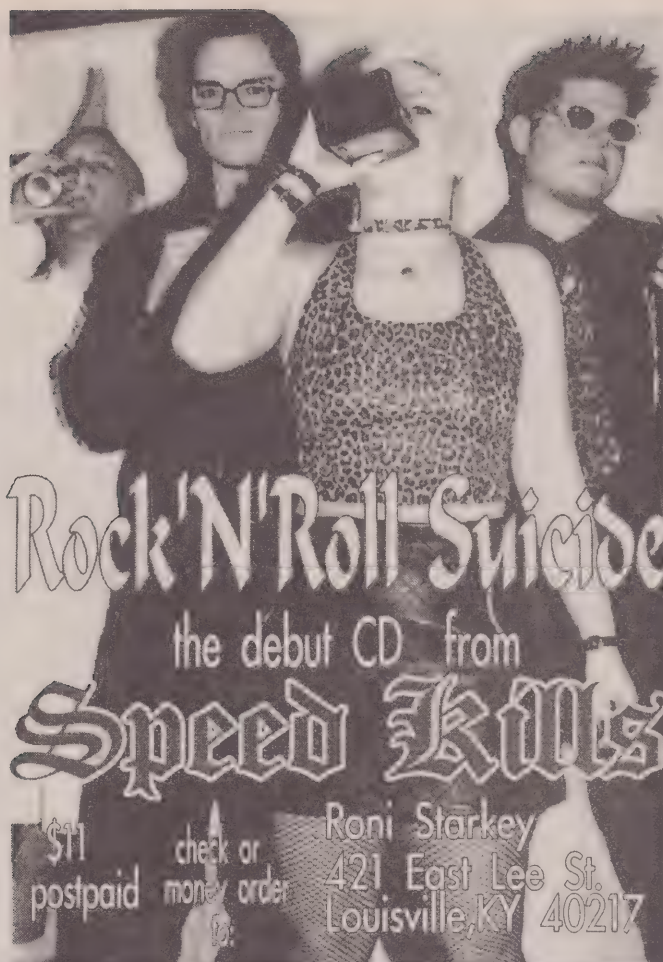
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bit of an edge, some with heavy folk overtones and some with mega-rations of angst. Most of the peppier tunes feature one or more of his friends on drums, bass, backup vocals, lead guitar and/or horns, but there are at least a few that are of the one dude and his guitar variety. The Hi Fives provide the backing for one, "I'm in Love with What's Her Name." If a poor man's, indie version of Jonathan Richman strikes your fancy, this happy/sad bopper/balladeer might appeal to you. - P. Edwin Letcher (Lookout)

DRAGSTRIP 77

"Sin City Hotrods" ☼

Good, tight rockabilly out of Las Vegas. The core of the group is Jorge Harada on guitar and vocals, Andy Lopez on vocals and guitar and bassist Roger Casanova. They have a new drummer, David Luna, but the drums here were provided by a couple others. Roger plays an upright bass and Andy and Jorge play hollow body guitars and all three know every lick and slap in the 'billy boogie bag. Most of the songs are originals but are written in the same classic style as all their '50s heroes' tunes. The boys are usually all fired up and ready to strut their bad cat stuff but are right at home on country blues too, as evidenced on "Bad News Blues" and "Lonely Hotel Room." The closest comparison, that comes to my mind, is the Stray Cats on a few tunes. - P. Edwin Letcher (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

DRONES, THE

"Series" ☼

What comes to mind when listening to The Drones is - "Why the Sex Pistols?" The Drones have more talent in their bass drum than all the Pistols put together, so how come it was the Sex Pistols who supposedly broke British punk into the mainstream? One listen to this release and you'd almost wish you could go back in time and spend all your money on Drones paraphernalia instead of every "holy" thing the Sex Pistols merchandised. I know this might be hard for some of you Sid Vicious locket wearing cronies to swallow, but these guys were around first and rock with intensity still unmatched some twenty-five years later. Each song on this CD outdoes the next with guitars so thick you'll have to roll across the floor just to breathe, and the raspy vocals of a connoisseur of fine pints with nicotine-stained teeth. Two covers are worth mentioning because the are done better than the originals are: "American Pie," which is unfucking believable, and "I Heard It Through the Grape Vine" finally made listenable. For what it's worth, The Drones played a big part in shaping punk music and this CD still blows away half the stuff coming out today, hands down. So worth buying it's not even fucking funny. - Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oil, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England; <www.tcom.co.uk/captainoil>)

DROPKICK MURPHYS

"The Gang's All Here" ☼

Boston Irish street punk. The Dropkick Murphys aren't as good with ex-Bruisers frontman Al Barr at the helm. But as Paddy Riley puts it in the classic ballad "The Town I Loved So Well": What's won is won, what's done is done, but what's lost is lost and gone forever. Al isn't Mike. Get over it. Dropkick Murphys still shred, the kids worship the band, and the new songs sound awesome with several dozen skally-cap wearing skinheads serving as a chorus. The first half of the album is half as good as the more soulfully sentimental second half. Predictably, the Dropkicks version of "Amazing Grace" is incredible, even though "Amazing Grace" is to bagpipes what "Ironman" is to bass guitar. One more thing: the intro to "Homeward Bound" is a shameless rip-off of the intro to the Swinging Utters classic "Five Lessons Learned." - Money (Epitaph)

DRYWATER

Self-titled ☼

Infectious punk rock ballads from this New York trio whose style bears a marked resemblance to that of Black Train Jack. A hard-edged pop sound resonates through both tracks on this release, providing plenty of hooks on both sing-along numbers. Incredible vocal harmonies and excellent melody combine to produce a thoroughly enjoyable listen. - Mike Ramek (Swell Entertainment, PO Box 7004, NY, NY 10128-0004)

DUCKY BOYS

"Dark Days" ☼

You know the feeling you get when you hear a record that you know is going to be one of the best you've heard in a while? You know it's got potential to be a classic. That's what I get from listening to the Ducky Boys. There's a lot of street punk bands out there, and the Ducky Boys are up there at the front of the pack with the best of them. In fact, these guys are better than most of the best. The lyrics are well written, the music rocks, and the vocals are great. Seriously, the most original vocals I've heard in the past 10 years. Imagine the guy from Black Oak Arkansas singing in a punk band. They're growly, but intelligible, and kind of smooth. The lyrics have an overall positive message, but not in a utopian manner. This description may sound trite, but hell I'm too busy listening to this to really bother writing about it. It's great, so get it. - M. Avrg (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

DUCKY BOYS

"Live: from the Banks of the River Charles" ☼

The only thing better than a new Ducky Boys LP is a live recording of some of their best songs (including a cover of "The Wander"). This performance was recorded at WMBR, and the quality is pretty good. The band sounds as tight as a studio recording, and obviously more energetic. The songs race at a cool pace, and the vocals on "I'll Rise Up" are insane when the singer goes at a rapid rate. His unique style makes the words sound like they're coming from a rabid dog. Great stuff, so get it! - M. Avrg (Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809; <www.outsiderrecords.com>)

EARTHWORM

"Dragon Dance" ☼

One day I will return to earth... but for now I will tell you that this CD would be the perfect addition to the Bodhi Tree and Alexandria 2 - instrumental mood music with guitars, keyboards, synthesizer and light percussion. I felt like I was in a tropical rain forest eating some Ben&Jerry's ice cream. However, after a few tasty bites of the ice cream I noticed that the music started sounding like I was in India and I began to crave some tandoori chicken and curry sauce. Somehow I snapped out of it. The next song reminded me of the soundtrack to the movie "Heat" with Robert Deniro and Val Kilmer, in which both men are trying to sneak up on Al Pacino and put a hurting on him. Most of the songs are long instrumentals; in fact, no lyrics. However, it's mastered well and if you're into environmental sounds, then check it out. - Arthur Robert (Perimeter Sound Arts; <perim01@sprynet.comhttp://home.sprynet.com/sprynet/perim01>)

ECODALIA

"Time Has Told" ☼

This is the most recent work of the Spanish band Ecodalia. The album is titled "Time Has Told," and without a doubt, it's one of the best albums I've heard in years. "Time Has Told" was edited by Twilight Records. This is the first release by this new label from Argentina, and truly... it would have been impossible to start in a better way, because "Time Has Told" is an album which has made history in the gothic scene. All kinds of "dark" influences are felt all along the ten tracks that make up this CD, but still, Ecodalia's sound is a mix of gothic rock, industrial and ethereal ambients. Ecodalia's lineup has been changed several times since the band was formed. The only original member that's still in the group is Cristina Muneta, the leader of the band, who's in charge of the keyboards, programming and the vocals. The other member of Ecodalia on this record is Paolo Greco, who's in charge of the guitars and programming. All the lyrics are in English, except in "Su faz palida," which is in Spanish. In a few words, an excellent album, which teaches us that gothic can still live, without imitating the '80s bands forever. - Comma (Twilight <http://members.xoom.com/twilightrec> or contact Ecodalia; <ecodalia@retemail.es>)

EL DIABLO

"Texas Rockers" ☼

A torrential onslaught of Texas-size tunes with balls as big, bouncy, and thunderous as a brahma bull's! This is the seedy sonic semblance of AC/DC and Motorhead in a punk-pulverizing meat grinder of musical madness... the sick and twisted sound of sweat'n' blood and piss'n' napalm on a Saturday night deep in the bowels of barroom purgatory in the dark and dank underbelly of life. Titties, tattoos, and Texas... ah, the ballistic howlings of El Diablo! - Rog (Sin City, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707 or El Diablo, 10214 Kilanney, Dallas, TX 75218)

ELECTRIC WIZARD

"Come My Fanatics..." ☼

The first word that popped into my head while listening to this double CD set was "burly." The second word was "psychedelic." So, of course, the third and fourth words I thought of were "Black Sabbath." Needless to say, Electric Wizard pays homage to the band that invented hard rock. They also do a pretty good job at it. "Come My Fanatics..." is the type of album that you'll want to play in the background on the nights when you're staring at you fluorescent Sabbath poster trying to figure out how to play Dungeons and Dragons by yourself. - Liz O (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd St., 3rd Fl., NY, NY 10001)

ELECTRIC SUMMER

"Love Me Destroyer" ☼

Crazy sounding Japanese punk band that veers wildly as it swings between blistering thrash and more melodic stuff. The lyrics are obviously inane, almost Tourette Syndrome in quality, but that only adds to their utter charm. I love this kind of music. This band just made it onto my short list of fave Japanese bands right next to Romantic Gorilla. How bands like this manage to be simultaneously silly, insane and ferocious blows me away. - ShitEd (Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306)

ELVIS DISCIPLES/ HATE MAIL

"Double Penetration" Split ☼ ☼

A joint effort by two local bands (hey, they're local to me), each of whom contribute three songs. Elvis

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Disciples are the tighter of the two, with up tempo rhythms and snotty delivery. Hate Mail, although just as obnoxious, are slower and their songs are augmented by keyboards. All in all, a pretty good effort. -Jimmy Alvarado (Church Bingo Terrorism. No address, but you can contact Hate Mail at PO Box 5160, Whittier, CA 90607)

ESTRELLA 20/20

"Brown Queenie Yeh Yeh" Ⓞ

Another contender for "the king of fucked up blues" crown. This three piece is from Japan but spout off in their screechy, strangled English throughout. Some of their influences would have to include the Oblivians, Jon Spencer, Cows and the Lord High Fixers. The cheap but solid rhythms and disgruntled guitar work are in evidence on the rave up A-side and on two others, "Hey Annie" and "Red/Green." The latter features some extra "stick" guitar work by Tim Kerr who also twiddled the knobs for the recording session. Feedback, distortion and contorted hollerin' put to a "Hip Shake" beat. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

EUPHONE

"The Calendar of Unlucky Days" Ⓢ

A new language is being created, transforming the musical kit from the standard fare into something new. Borrowing from sounds of the past and melding them into an alien hybrid, Euphone create soundscapes that are familiar and at the same time foreign. Jazz is at the base, and propels them forward into territory that is fluid-like with brief encounters of friction to offset the smoothness. Bass and drum is at the heart of sound, while they incorporate keyboards, horns, and guitars to flesh out the ambient tone. The new jazz is here. -M.Avg (Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810; <http://www.jadetre.com>)

EUPHONE

"The Calendar of Unlucky Days" Ⓞ

I was waiting for this record to come out. I saw Euphone live: two gentlemen one on bass (and plenty of pedals) and one on drums. Really great instrumental music, which live, reminded me of Don Caballero. The album sounds more like Tortoise. Fine stuff, really great. They give it a style of their own, though, with the drums (Sometimes Tortoise stuff seems more sampled or produced. This album seems more raw though the guitar seems more produced. It's good though. A relaxing and dreamy album. Really good stuff. (Wow, that was short :) -Miss Sarah A Stierch. (Jade Tree)

EX-CATHEDRA

"Anesthetized" Ⓢ Ⓢ

Excellent, excellent record, er um, I mean disc. Ex-Cathedra successfully combine ska with punk - no easy feat, as proved by the million bands who have tried. They do it with such precision that if they were to drop one influence (ska or punk) they would still be a strong band in the other genre. The punk influence is strong, aggressive and driving - similar to what was going on in the early to mid '80s. They use the ska style with appropriateness - catchy rhythms that keep the tempos moving at a sanely rapid pace, and at times leans close to actual reggae. I like the use of the saxophone as well. It works much the same way it did for the X-Ray Spex. A nice catalyst that gives the band extra character, and sets the tone for the song. Musically and lyrically my favorite songs on this four songer are "Truth in Flight" and "Betrayed." As I said earlier, an excellent, excellent release. -M.Avg (Ex-Cathedra, 8 Allison St., Glasgow G42 8NN, Scotland)

EXCLAIM

"Out of Suit" Ⓞ Ⓢ

Imagine if Godzilla had a honey and they developed some cuddle language between the two of them then Godzilla came home and found his radioactive lizard lady getting all fluttery with Mothra. This would be the conversation: words so fast and clipped it's almost static, lots of pounding, a vocal style that sounds like teeth being swallowed or being removed with tongs, drums that sound like a train derailling, add a lot of hot, volcanic, grinding lava guitars to the backdrop of someone getting their ass nuclearly kicked and that pretty much sums it up. Every time I play this, I imagine a Teletubbie dying somewhere from Exclaim's sheer brutality. That in itself makes me smile. I think they're Japanese but there's no need for any sort of translation. -Todd (Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742 Covington, KY 41017)

EXPULSED, THE

"A Punk Rock Collection" Ⓢ

For anyone who has ever been into The Expelled or is down to check out some classic punk rock, this CD is a must have for your collection. The first half of this release contains a compilation of A'n'B sides from various 7's including "No Life No Future," "Dreaming," and "What Justice," to name a few, all sung by original vocalist Joanne "Jo" Ball. Her angelic voice out in front of that 1980, riotous punk beat is as a permanent fixture as baked beans on toast. I can just imagine Joanne, "Jo" catching up with "Ginger Spice" in a dark ally, beating her senseless and leaving her hanging

naked from a fire escape with a sign saying "come get some" pinned to her ass cheek. As stated in the eight-page booklet and bio of the band, beautifully narrated by Shane Baldwin of Vice Squad, the second half of the CD is previously unreleased. Around the end of 1982, "Jo" left to be married and the band experimented with some other female vocalists but opted for the male voice of the multi-talented guitar player, Mecca. They recorded a few songs for a single but that was scrapped in order to use the songs on an upcoming EP but this was scrapped as well. However, these tapes have been dug up from Lord knows where and now are all available on this superb punk rock collection. Highly energetic, early English street punk with political overtones and, of course, a drunkard's theme song. -Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oil, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England; <www.tcom.co.uk/captainoil>)

EYELINERS, THE

"Rock'n'roll, Baby!" Ⓞ

This rampagin' rockin'-and-rollin' trio of ferocious females surely must be the sweet, sultry, and sassy sisters of Satan, gorgeously gigin' at a smokin' sock-hop in Hell. Snarl'n' sneers across their faces, lascivious black leather draping their bodacious bods, and all-out amped attitude indestructively intact, The Eyeliners gave my ears a much-needed swift kick in the ass with this two-song sizzler. It insurgently inspired me to joyously jump around like a hedonistic half-wit vividly laced with napalm surging through my veins, until my spine snapped in half from an over-worked frenzy of twistin' and turnin' with foot-stompin' delight! Five words of admonishing advice: get this, or get lost... -Rog (Sympathy)

F**BOMB

"White Noise" Ⓞ

Back-to-basics punk rock full of youthful jubilation and an addictive zeal for life's fast-paced fury! This is the audial equivalent of amplified bees blissfully buzzin' through the nut-numbing, nectar-soaked springtime air, seductively seeking virginal blossoms to deviantly defrock. A bad-ass barrage of melodious mayhem, this splendid 7-inch swirl of bittersweet punkiness kicked my Converse into frenzied overdrive causing me to pogo 'til the soles of my feet were bled dry. Hot doo-doo damn, I'm so idiotically impressed with F**Bomb, my tongue's wagging furiously like the twitching tail of a rabidly horny hound in heat! -Rog (Jackie Hunt, 87 Euclid Ave., Columbus, OH 43201)

FAIR DINKUM/CLEATUS

Split Ⓞ Ⓢ

Two English hardcore bands with poppy leanings sing about the things in life that are most important: alienation at the pub, stinky people, manufactured teen heartthrob bands and being stuck in your pants (which, I believe, is the first time I've ever heard this terror addressed in a song). This is an entertaining effort and both bands are worthy of your attention, although I personally think Cleatus wins this match by a very narrow margin. -Jimmy Alvarado (Incoming! 39 Morely Grove, Harlow Essex CM20 1EB, UK)

FANG / OPPRESSED LOGIC

Split Ⓢ

Fang have definitely changed their sound. Hmm... They sound like U.S. Bombs doing oi. It's alright, but nothing to distinguish itself from the hordes of bands playing this style today. Oppressed Logic were/are one of those bands you sat through waiting for the next band to come on. The only way they came to attention is when one of them said something on a pirate radio station in the Bay Area that someone found upsetting. I have no idea what was said - being that it's the Bay Area, it could be anything! Anyway, Oppressed Logic like to boast about being offensive. Whatever. It really doesn't mean anything anyway. And the music isn't interesting either. -M.Avg (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

FANG

"American Nightmare" Ⓢ

Fang rule hard! Buy all that they have put out. At first, I thought I'd just leave it at those two opening statements, but as I listen to these guys, I feel I must show you how crucial they are to punks. You know how most reviewers make comparisons to bands that resemble a certain band's sound? I'm not going to do that. I'll just generalize it. If you truly love the raw, angst-ridden, sometimes humorous, truthful, obnoxious, political urgency of what this form of rock is all about then you will thank me for coaxing you into buying this and all albums of Fang. Here's a few highlights of this release: "Eat a Vegan" - "Got a human skull and a new mink stole/ If you don't watch out/ I'll eat you too!" There's poetry: "America's Most Hated" - "I threw some cum at a fat chick/ and said, 'bitch finally got laid!'" It's not all so pretty though. There are sounds of depression and self loathing - "State raised/ Stone crazed/ Watch out/ World ablaze/ If you can't fuck it/ Burn it to the ground." Another thing that comes to mind about these guys is that when I see a show and I remember everything that happened, you can count on the fact that the band must've sucked 'cause the simple truth is I'm always in the pit. Now, I've seen Fang live. I remember smiling



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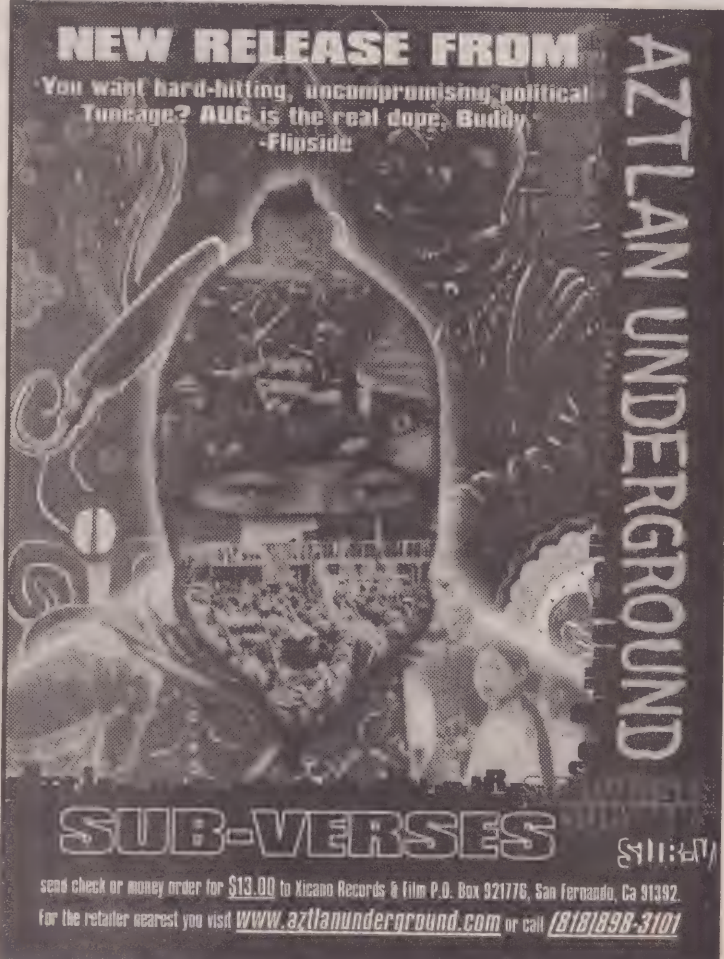
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big when Sammy said, "This one's called, 'I Want to Be on TV.'" The rest was a blur of total fulfillment. I've been around for a little while and seen/heard many bands. Fang is one of the truest, baddest, fucked up punk bands that I personally admire. Oh, the cover art is Joe Coleman. Yet another reason to buy it. - Sick Boy (Wingnut, 14424 Walnut St. Suite #59, Berkeley, CA 94709)

FARSIDE

"The Monroe Doctrine" ☼

This doesn't sound like Farside to me. Their previous disc rocked and didn't have many poppy moments. This is hell-a-chock-full of radio goodness. The "grindcore" song sounds like Earth Crisis the first time you hear 'em, "Teach Me How to Die" kicks ass (rocks) more than you would expect, in fact I'm keeping the CD just because that song is on it. Fair comparisons are Gameface, Death By Stereo, etc. -J-Cyco (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; <www.RevHQ.com>)

FEATURE 7

"...Busted Up?" ☼

Self-released 4-track attic recording from this band that calls Hattiesburg, MS home. This is apparently a three-piece punk outfit (with a new guitarist to be named on the next record) that rocked until the little Mickey Mouse ska formula began. Then they lost me. These guys sounded at times like early Jughead's Revenge and early Face To Face except for the ska shite that remind me of Falling Sickness. -Sal Cochino (Feature 7, PO Box 18192, Hattiesburg, MS 39404-8192; <feature7@hotmail.com>)

FIFTEEN

"Lucky" ☼

Man, that Jeff Ott muthafucka can write some damn good songs. Love that fuckin' first song, "Family Values," like it was going out of fuckin' style, homes. "Lately, I've been working in a factory in an industry yeah." Hear that shit with the fuckin' music and it doesn't want to come out of the peanut-sized noggin. These mofos go heavy metal ballad-shit on the next cut. Sorry, had to skip that shit because I lost attention and had to either go play with my mofa cat or continue to do this review. Back to reality and the rest of this shit. That Jeff Ott muthafucka sure crams a lot of big thoughts and a lot of words into their personal slice of melodicore. "My Congressman" is a rally cry for promoting distribution of clean syringes to the people. Man, he's got lots of opinions. Loved this whole fuckin' release, minus the little track, like it was my prized shit settled on the bottom of the toilet after a jumbo burrito with a couple of beers. Jeff Ott thinks too damn much. -Donofthead (Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

FIXTURES, THE

"One Crisis Short of Chaos" ☼

In my universe, The Fixtures could simultaneously live off their music, fill stadiums, have blimps in shapes of Kevin and Heidi floating around the venue when they play. Since Toddland hasn't been invented outside this skull, they play some of the most fucked up places imaginable. Places that smell like a fish is stuffed up your nose, places that have day-glo palm trees illuminated by black lights, places that sold old computer parts and served bad coffee simultaneously while people swung chains over their heads. To say The Fixtures haven't got their due after a decade is as obvious, to me, as it's not a good idea to play Skrewdriver in a synagogue. Drummer, lead vocalist, and human dynamo, Kevin, beats with unbelievable precision and abandon that I keep on looking at him when he plays, looking for the wires, or waiting for a patch of skin to fall off and reveal a cluster of robots fueled by a nuclear reactor underneath. Bassist Heidi plays good cop, keeping the funkiness and flourishes from getting arty on your ass, laying down thick layers of solid, rhythmic spine, and guitarist number 25 or so, Jan, does more than hold his own, with a control burn guitar that doesn't get too fancy. On to the business at hand; this album's a definite departure from the getting-drug-behind-a-car-without-brakes neck-snap speed of "The Devil's Playground" and it reminds me of, at times, Sunday morning cartoons come to life, with bullet tongues and a political litany of all's that fucked in the world. There's slow parts. There's dirges. There's operatic interludes. Know what? It's pretty fucking good; stretching their distance from the Dead Kennedys, and instead of slowing like a truck without oil or snapping back into a stagnation, have found their own stride, and pound to the sound of a different drummer. The topics are serious but the delivery is done with a smile and while you can stick a dilated asshole in the wind and anyone can whine, The Fixtures add adept poetry, personal conviction, and a real-liescope to shine where so many miserably and laughably fail - from topics encompassing the alarming rate that prisons are being made to the perversion of the American power structure to folks that mistake shows for fights, it's great. Long live The Fixtures. See them at a taco stand or traffic median soon. -Todd (Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809; <knowrecords.com>: The Fixtures, PO Box 16283, Encino, CA 914416-6283)

FIXTURES, THE

"One Crisis Short of Chaos" ☼

Great CD. Once again, The Fixtures have pleased me with greatness. This CD sounds like no other band out there. The Fixtures really deserve more recognition that they have gotten over the years. This CD is a must in any good collection. The theatrical, operatic affects that this band has is very clear on this CD. The music is so different that you should just go buy it and see for yourself. Kevin's voice is very distinctive. I think the latest CD might be the best yet. -Heather-oh (Know)

FLASHING ASTONISHERS, THE

"Everything is Gonna Stop" ☼

My boredom stopped when I took this out of my CD player. Boring alternative rock that sounded like the Cure or Love and Rockets on their bad days. -Donofthead (Koala, PO Box 70, Syracuse, NY 13210)

FRANTICS, THE

"Downer" ☼

Wow!, from start ("Plague of Madness") to finish ("Strawberry in My Cheerios") this CD rocked. Vocals are very snotty and the songs go from fast to slow to fast again. The CD has not left my CD player since I got it over a week ago. I look forward to them coming to town in June. They remind me a bit of Bickley, Sam The Butcher and a little NOFX especially on track 11, similar to NOFX's "S&M Airlines" era. -Heather-oh (Spider Club Music, Whittier, CA)

FUGAZI

"Instrument Soundtrack" ☼

Figures. If I was ever going to listen to an album filled with jazz-inclined, ambient music and piano-based songs, Fugazi would be the one who led me to it. Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's no Minor Threat. Get over it. Go hug your sweaty buddies in a circle when Mike Muir or Mike Ness play. If your definition of punk is in a raised fist, a razed slogan, and a time-locked reference point that reinforces itself from leaving your signature as a knuckled bruise on someone else, look elsewhere. If your definition comes from rare hearts, smart minds, exploratory musicians, and re-definition, here's the reasonably priced ticket. This is, as the title suggests, the soundtrack to the video they released (see last issue's video section for review) - it's much more than a remix album or scraping cracked tape off the floor and recombined in a sloppy splice effort, it's an alternate, dubbier universe of Fugazi, a culmination and collection point of their long career, stripped of pretension, filled with tension and sonic unraveling. It takes balls the size of monster truck tires to become the best case, long-term scenario for straight edge; a universe of your own creation with an open invitation to all who respect themselves and others to join in, if only to listen and enjoy the ride. -Todd (\$10 ppd., Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington DC 20007)

FUTURE PILOT AKA VS. A GALAXY OF SOUND

Conceptually brilliant and packaged beautifully, what is art does not necessarily make music. The challenge, put together by Sushil K Dade, was to bring together a group of artists with expertise ranging from animation to writers to musicians to film makers, and ask each individually to contribute a track with Dade collaborating (loose interpretation). Most, unfortunately end up being loopy, atmospheric, and ethereal - then again not a bad effort from mainly non-musicians. A 2 CD set, notable contributors include Alan Vega, Cornershop, and the Pastels. Worth having for the double CD digipack alone, the art and design is phenomenal. -Zack Negative (Via Satellite Recordings/ Sulfur)

GBH/BILLYCLUB

"Punk as Fuck!!!" Split ☼

GBH cover a Rezillos tune "No" (never forget!) and both bands shred. Three tunes from each and these bands are both punk rock monsters who do that smashface Brit hardcore. Get this CD, it rocks harder than all 400 of the Lookout CDs in your collection combined! Ha ha! -ShitEd (Idol Recs., Texas)

GIMMICKS, THE

"Dirty Inside" ☼

'60s/'70s style guitar band with over the top, snotty, squeaky vocals and more than a passing resemblance to "TV Eye" era Iggy. The title is taken from both sides, "Swarm Inside" and "Dirty Little Lies," the lyrics of which are virtually impossible to suss out due to the incessant rant coupled with an abundance of feedback. These guys exude a mix of the cocky, macho attitude of circa '66 punks and the guitar as sonic weapon ethos of the early '70s. Not my bag, mostly because I can't quite get a handle on the extreme vocals. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

GITANE DEMONE

"Life in Death '85-89" ☼

This CD is a compilation of sorts chronicling Gitane's musical career from her days in Christian Death. If you liked Christian Death, this is a nice collection of works that feature her vocals including such songs as "Tales of Innocence," "Golden Age (Live)," and

my personal favorite "Gloomy Sunday" which is a cover of Billie Holiday's tragic song. -Blu (Hollows Hill, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086-2258)

GITANE DEMONE

"Life in Death '85-'89"

This is a loose comp. made up of mostly Christian Death songs with Gitane on vocal duty. It's what happens when you're an artist trying to break in the U.S. after spending years abroad and then a label throws some coin your way for one of these "best of's" that the kids adore. There is a lot going on here behind the music and part impartial to the confusing and largely untold story of Christian Death. What matters here are disappointing small mistakes in Gitane's own liner notes as well as her own guilty conscious over the recent suicide (April Fool's Day '90 on the day of his lord-Scorpio rising-1334) of Rozz Williams, going on about how she never wanted to be in Christian Death post, yet, Rozz has no trouble for again releasing the material and only going public after his death; which leads us to other issues. The material is of the absolute highest caliber and really is worth owning in its original flow through the albums they're taken from. For the Christian Death collectors, you are missing nothing. No additional pictures really if you have the releases/singles already and all cuts are as they are on the records you already have. I just loved Gitane for her strong independent woman image that she projected before this release, and not the insecurity that second guessing the self brings. Here I should also add that Gitane has actually only written a few of the 15 tracks included, not that that's unheard of, I mean I love Barry Mannilow just as much as the next guy. -Bart (Hollows Hill)

GLUECIFER

"Head to Head Boredom"

Punk'n'roll enriched with metallic (yet not lame) goodness served piping hot in your lap thus scalding your non-rocking, sorry ass self with house specialty songs such as "Under My Hood," "Stuck to the Floor," and "God's Chosen Dealer." Gluecifer would have been the ideal opening band in the late '70s/early '80's back when the Paul Dianno version of Iron Maiden was pimp slapping the world over. Gluecifer is a bit more stripped down but in the same guitar/power sense. This disc is actually their "Dick Disguised As Pussy" EP and their "God's Chosen Dealer" 7 inch along with 3 live tracks thrown on. This Norwegian 5 piece let it burn. Jump in the fire, fucker. -Designated Dale (Devil Doll, PO Box 30727 Long Beach, CA 90853; <www.8day.com/gluecifer>)

GOAT THROWER

"Cult of the Germanic Horde"

Black metal's very own Spinal Tap. Nice artwork. (Action Black, PO Box 425623, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142)

GOB

This is the latest release from the Canadian punk rock outfit, Gob. New school punk rock - they have that snotty vocal style - and a nice tone that all those cleaned-up skater punx will enjoy. Opening up with "236 E. Broadway," a SoCal style tune with a fast paced tune, then skipping to a slower rock and roll song, "On These Days..." a boring song with an emotional overlay. Not that that's bad, but here, I'm not so sure. This record features all the things you need for a new school record. Heavy bass lines, scratchy guitar with matching drums. "Self-Appointed Leader" gives the other singer a chance - with a rough, scratchy voice that I dig, reminding me of the vocals from Electric Frankenstein - the music is OK, a repetitive guitar track, and a different sound from the rest of the record, so far. "What To Do" is a Queens-sounding confused boy song. God knows what he's getting at, but I think it might be love, then again, that's just from the vague lyrics. The guitar solo is Queens-esque, and it's slow and backed with some fun tribalish drums. "The Mend" is one of my favorite songs on this record, featuring an abstract guitar, at times - giving it a sudden break - then just a fast, steady beat. It's a good song relating to happiness and friendship. Nice to hear a peppy song for a change... (as opposed to many punk bands, anymore.) "Reign on Parade" opens with a metal-like guitar deal then breaks into a fast pit song. A really rockin' tune - a dramatic song and the music reflects the lyrics quite well. I like the bass, then the guitar feedback, which leads it to become a kickass song. It stands out definitely from the entire album. Another song that is different from the more common others is "Naked" - a mediocre song - that would be a super radio song. Good musicianship and it shows how well this band is set and plays together - they are a really tight band on this recording. Most of the instruments are off doing their own thing, but they all match up in unity at the chorus. A super song. "License from a Cereal Box" is a cute song with a fast pit sound and a fun set of samples reflecting a shitty car, motorcycles, and a day out on the town. It is a humorous song discussing bad drivers, and how "a bozo is at the wheel... your license came from a cereal box." However, it cuts to "Stand and Deliver," and the opening sounds really closely to the last song - this is another radio song. "OK" has a kick ass bass solo at the beginning, and another neat guitar feedback intro. It's a kick ass song reminding me a tad of a Wizo song.

Another classic new school tune. Clean and simple, this is a record I'd give to those Lagwagon kids and tell them, "Look, one punk band can have many GOOD sounds!" They'd be happy, I think. I've heard about the amounts of money this Canuck group spend on recording - it's obvious in their sound of this record - tight and clean recordings. This is better than their previous release, not my cup of tea, but they are masters of their genre. -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

GOD HATES COMPUTERS

"Don't Give up the Ship"

Hey now, someone's getting really good, really quick. At best, they tread the thin, delicate-skinned ice between the punk and garage rinks that few venture to skate across besides Scared of Chaka, while creating a thin, missing line between The Drags' full huff/scatter/fuzz and the Buzzcocks seemingly easy pulling off of clanky, ringing pop with razors, no matter what side lands up; wow. My favorite songs can be listened to in three different ways or levels, and that's great stuff, how it all falls together, apart, and expands. At worst, at times, it gets a tad predictable and plodding, but this is in small degrees. Although I'm not too sure of their name, it made me think that computers have no god and that God would like computers because they're incapable of sin, well, at least until artificial intelligence comes around in full effect. -Todd (Red Alert Works, PO Box 11752, Portland, OR 97211)

GOOBER PATROL

"The Unbearable Lightness of Being Drunk"

As defined by the title of the record (or CD to be correct here), the high arousal point here is the defining point of alcohol. Me being quite drunk trying to write this damn review, I totally connect with these guys. I find that being drunk sometimes is not unbearable but quite enjoyable. The lightness is a point I think we all go for when downing one too many. In regards to the music, music good, so go buy music. -Donothedead (Fat, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119)

GOOD RIDDANCE

"Operation Phoenix"

From the first time I purchased one of their first 7"s, I was definitely hooked. Every time I saw something by them I purchased it. Always anxious for a new release by GR, the gracious folks at Fat have blessed me with another release by one of my favorite '90s bands. I just can't seem to get this stupid grin off my face. The production on the new release is far superior than their last release, "Ballads from the Revolution." Rougher around the edges and in turn comes off more powerful than polished. The All/Descendants guys at the Blasting Room sure know how to record a band. The band deserves credit too. They are tight and know how to write a god damn good record. They are one of the few bands that I actually like to listen to from beginning to end. I put this new release on scale with my favorite record that GR has put out - "A Comprehensive Guide to Moderne Rebellion." They also pay homage to the punk past by doing a great cover of the classic Battalion of Saints song, "Second Coming" - great hardcore that many of their fans already know. I actually got out of the fucking house and saw them open for the Bad Brains and they blew those sell-out fuckers away. I was glad they can transfer the music from the studio to a live setting and not come off sounding lame. If you are still apprehensive about this band, worry not. I give a loud shout out and stand firm that these guys put out solid releases amongst the followers and copy cats. -Donothedead (Fat Wreck Chords)

GOOD RIDDANCE

"Operation Phoenix"

I kind of cheated. I know that Don reviewed the music on this CD, and I agree with what he said. That leaves me open to question the album art. Sure, it sounds picky, but since Good Riddance, from meeting them in person and reading their lyrics, seem very earnest in betterment through educating and information, I find it a little weird that there's a thanks to Porn Clothing and no explanation of the title. No, Operation Phoenix isn't the title to a "Knight Rider" episode (that I know of), and due to the assimilation of the CIA logo, I can assume they're directly referencing a nasty, clandestine war against peoples of foreign nations. Problem? No explanation in the CD (and the booklet's got tons of space to fill). So here goes, since I think it's important: Operation Phoenix is the name of a program the CIA in Vietnam secretly, and without trial, executed at least 20,000 civilians in South Vietnam who were suspected of being members of the Communist underground. Reported in *Foreign Affairs* in January of 1975: "Although the Phoenix program did undoubtedly kill or incarcerate many innocent civilians, it did also eliminate many members of the Communist infrastructure." It's not just a catchy, arbitrary title. The back cover of the CD has, what I suspect by the fatigues, a military torture taking place in South America - the brutal technique of killing by covering a very living person's head with acid. All of the flesh is literally eaten off, so it's a skull on a fleshy torso. Yet, there's no direct reference to this in the insert. Without reference, without context, wouldn't, by definition, this flash of such brutality be gratuitous - pure shock? There's no ballast or reason why it's on the pure

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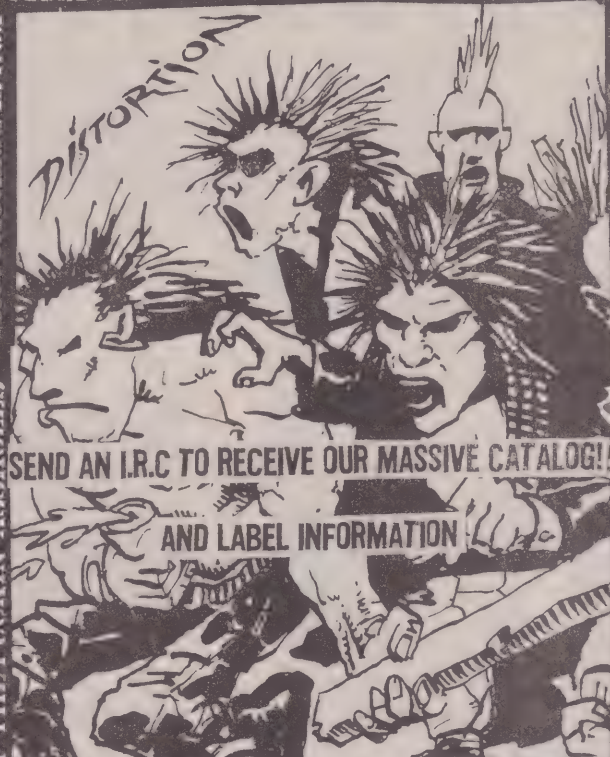
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back cover beyond your immediate response to a human skull and that they're singing politic songs on the CD. Finally, in the tray card, it's a still from - and I might be mistaken - "The Crow," where the main character is standing next to a flaming outline of his logo on the ground. This is confusing. Where the hell does that fit in? For a band that I like quite a bit who puts so much stock in being socially conscious, and weighs what they say in interviews extremely carefully, to thank drum manufacturers and forfeit the chance to at least clue folks into the reason why you feel there's maximum fucktude in the government and why you loaded the name of your album title yet didn't tell people about its historical impact, is disappointing. All that said, I'll repeat: it's a good album. - Todd (Fat Wreck Chords)

GREAT LIE, THE

Self-titled

Black Sabbath mixed with southern fried styled rock that was interrupted by some commentator type accenting the vocalist. -Donofthead (PO Box 4832, Aurora, IL 60507)

GROOVIE GHOULES

"Fun in the Dark"

The Ramones are a rock'n'roll institution and it's proof that the official Rock and Roll Hall Of Fame is a crock if you aren't at least greeted by wax replicas of the Cretin 4 when you walk in the door. Y'know, even today some bands still seem to understand what pop SHOULD sound like. They say the Beatles created it. Well if that's true, I blame Michael Jackson for wrecking it. I do know that in my mind the sounds of the Ghoules should be on top 40 radio. That's why I'm happy when I occasionally see Shonen Knife on MTV. Both of them are, after all, just doing what the Ramones did and what other current true pop punk bands like The Sea Monkeys know and live - that rock and roll as a pop song should be simple, wacky fun. Like, just take how the genius team of Leiber & Stoller matched so well with the antics of the Coasters, for instance, and be rest assured this is the same spirit were dealing with here. I'm insulted by the fact that the masses would always rather listen to Whitney Houston or Lou Christie even as opposed to, say, "Do you Wanna Dance." The Ghoules sound just like the Ramones but still manage to be seething with their own sense of melody and snotty snarl mixed in. The first two songs, "Carly Simon" and "She Gets All the Girls" were instantly imprinted in my mind - that's a testament to their craftiness and perfect pop sensibility. AND they're still too LOUD for my girlfriend's not quite accustomed ears. So that means they are rockin'. A couple things about this release do have me scratching my head though: 1) I was surprised they wrote a song about that movie "Outbreak." It does keep the idiocy tradition alive with its lyric about a runaway monkey. And rock and roll can never have too many monkeys. 2) Why did both The Devil Dogs and the Ghoules cover Sonny Bono's "Laugh at Me"? They also do nicely with the Dolls "Lonely Planet Boy." All in all, this whole CD concocts a voodoo that infects me with a compulsory urge to slap it in and press play. Go and get it kids. -Squeaky (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

GROPIUS

"Songs for Walter"

This is an impressive first CD - it doesn't sound at all like a fledgling band but an experienced group that's definitely got their shit together. Gropius is a five-member band that makes the lovely departure from guitars and synths by using the classical elements of strings instead. Talented violin, viola and cello playing add to the richness in Melissa Adams' strong vocals that have been compared to the styling of Siouxsie Sioux. Unlike The Changelings, another goth band driven by strings, Gropius is not as ethereal with their sound. Instead, they offer a more hard-edged venture into a very emotional, dark world. Their sound is as original as it is confident. Coming out of the gate, swinging like they did, I have high expectations for this band. - Blu (Um Die Ecke Prod., 1201 Lindsey, Denton, TX 76201; <www.gropius.net>)

GUTTERSNIPE

"Never Surrender Never Give In"

Anthem, sing-along, full-fledged oi with gruff vocals and solid guitar riffing, bringing back memories of early-'80s UK legends Blitz. Driving, gritty numbers such as "Never Surrender, Never Give In," "Pride and Dignity," and "Stick Together" speak of working class pride and unity amid a sprawling, apathetic urban wasteland. An excellent punked-up cover of Jimmy Cliff's Reggae classic "The Harder They Come" is also found on this release. Get this now. -Mike Ramek (DSS, #606-233 Abbott St. Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, Canada)

GWAR

"We Kill Everything"

Shit. What can I say about Gwar? If you don't know who Gwar are, trust me, you have to see them live to appreciate the music, kinda like the Genitorturers and Kiss. Gwar are Gwar and they're still fucking Gwar, and if you don't fucking like it, fuck off. <<Laughing>> -Kirin (Metal Blade, 4025 E. Chandler Blvd. Ste. 70-D7, Phoenix, AZ 85044)

HADACOL

"Better Than This"

If I didn't have this CD sitting here in front of me, I would swear R.E.M. turned country. The singer sounds almost exactly like that guy, what's his name, Dave? "Energetic, rockabillyish, giddy-ups and brotherly bread-basket harmonies," is how the label describes this full-length release. Sure, what the fuck. I say pop rock with some cool ballads that'll give Mr. Ness a run for his money but probably too slow for the average Flipside reader; however, I'm kind of getting into it, except for that R.E.M. thing, of course. -Southern Fried Keith (Checkered Past, 1456 N. Dayton, Ste.205, Chicago, IL 60622; <www.checkeredpast.com>)

HAMMERBRAIN

"Don't Even Think of It"

Fist-pumping punk rawk. Strong vocals, upbeat riffing, full-bodied choruses, and fierce guitar solos form an unusually solid yet grating sound. That being said, this band really doesn't fit into any of the cozy sub-genres that many bands nowadays are only too quick to shove themselves into. The sound is raw with definite late seventies British punk influences, and the virilic vocalist sounds a lot like SLF frontman Jake Burns at times (which in my book is a definite plus), but the tempos and overall flavor of each track really varies. From the pounding intensity and choppy riffing of the opening track, "Communicate," to the rumbling, melodic rock ballad sounds of "Blanch," to the earsplitting sing-alongs of "Last Call," and the raging "Killer in Your Radio," a diverse range of influences permeate the intense, energetic sound that rings true throughout this whole album. -Mike Ramek (Empty, Spitzwiesen Str. 50, 90765 Furth, Germany)

HANGNAIL

"Divine Chaos"

Rockin' 'splishin' and splashin' from this LA trio who feature members from The Whiz Kids (pre-Screamers) and The Snake Charmers (Hey, Sean - nice fucking look... let's do the Time Warp, huh?). Stookey splendor and Thunderish throttling inhabit this here disc with tunes like "Sex City," "Superstar," and "Perfect Pleasure." Tacked on here also is a Jesse Sublet and The Skunks cover, "Earthquake Shake." Punky rocky rolly. Shabby? No siree. - Designated Dale (HBT, 907 N. Spaulding Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046)

HASIL ADKINS

"Drinkin' My Life Away"

Very nice. I read the liner notes before giving this a spin. The fact that all these tunes have been culled from cassettes The Haze had been amassing over the years and represented the results of sessions on porches, in cars and where ever else he might have been when the spirit moved him to save something, left me a tad dubious about the sound quality. Well, this is as good as anything else I've heard from this ultimate of hick eccentrics and considerably cleaner than a few other near lost gems found elsewhere. In case you weren't sure, he pronounces his first name like the word "hassle," not like Hazel. There is plenty of the unmistakable one man band sound, half crazed hillbilly hootin' and curious boondocks humor that he is famous for. There are also some serious and tender moments, though, in which he forgoes the homemade drums, concentrates on his guitar work and expresses himself rather eloquently. These fourteen tracks are personal faves of the king of hunch, himself, and show more of his refined wit, self appraisal and tight music sense than most "wild man" showcases. -P.Edwin Letcher (Shake It, 4136 Florida Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45223)

HATE BOMBS, THE

"Hunt You Down"

Good, solid, punky garage rock with lots of retro influences. The band has been around for a few years honing their chops and this is the best stuff I've heard yet. The two songs they've chosen as covers are fairly indicative of the group's general direction. "Going Away Baby" is a killer track that was originally done by the Grains of Sand and is one of those tunes that practically justifies a volume of Pebbles all by itself. "Almost There" is the toughest song the Turtles ever did (if that's not too oxymoronic for you) and it sounds even more manic once these barbarians have had their way with it. Their originals are catchy, varied and bring to mind all manner of blasts from the past such as the Kinks, Strangeloves, Monkees and various Pacific Northwestern ravers. There are also a few that remind me of Billy Childish style retrofitting. Organ and/or harmonica round out the basic guitar/bass/drums/snarlly vocal line up on several tunes. -P.Edwin Letcher (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

HATE DEPT, THE

"Restless"

So this is a promo CD full of re-mixes of past Hate Dept. songs. There are five tracks including "Superdrama," "Hate Dept," and three re-mixes of "Release It" followed by a rather long and superfluous interview. The Hate Dept. has an underground following of faithful devotees that swear by them, but I've never cared for them as much as I've tried. While the music is a nice hard-edged industrial mix, the vocals lack the "umpf" that I desire when it comes to this genre. They

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are not intense enough, not angry enough, and are kind of an anticlimax in comparison to the music. Sorry guys, I'm still not buying. -Blu (Restless, 1616 Vista Del Mar Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028)

HATE MAIL

Self-titled ☹

Loosely bound garage punk. The first track, "Feed Me to the Lions," wasn't half bad, but my patience for the rest of this release grew really thin. A combination of random hollered vocals, lousy tunes, and dumb lyrics. -Mike Ramek (PO Box 804, Montebello, CA 90640)

HEADCOATEES, THEE

"Here Comes Cessation" ☹

And then there were three. On this release, Ludella Black, Kyra LaRubia and Holly Golightly take turns as lead vocalist while the other two provide the oohs, aahs and chorus backups. Though the gals have been known to write their own songs on solo records, this is a Billy Childish project, as evidenced by his name appearing after ten of the twelve basic rock numbers. The other two tunes, "Road Runner" and "Keep Your Big Mouth Shut" are both Bo Diddley numbers and are a good indication of what the uninitiated should expect. There isn't a whole lot of info, but the ladies are backed by Thee Headcoats or a reasonable facsimile thereof and lend their untrained but honest stylings to twelve songs that run the gamut from tortured ballad to exuberant raver, most with a down trodden slant, all of which are given the bare bones guitar/bass/drums treatment that is a Billy trademark. -P. Edwin Letcher (Vinyl Japan (UK) Ltd., 98 Camden Rd., London, NW1 9EA, UK)

HEARTSIDE

"The Triumph of the Will" ☹

Italian hardcore from a singer that must be singing from his colon. The vocals are so painfully screamed that he sounds like he will collapse at any moment. I guess this is what you might call emo nowadays. Painfully emotional anguish intertwined with power chords and post punk noise. I get exhausted listening to this - from the noisy mid-tempo beat to the vocalist's wails. Good to break the momentum of a happy afternoon. -Donofthead (Green, Via San Francisco 60, 35100 Padova, Italy)

HEARTWORMS/ CALIFORNIA STADIUM

Split ☹☹

This is proof that some people just should not be allowed near musical instruments. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ace-Fu, PO Box 42181, Portland, OR 97242)

HEFNERS

"Lay Off..." ☹

The 60's trash punk thing is another genre that's pretty much been beaten into the ground for me, but these guys are pretty goddamn cool. With a sound that could only be described as an unholy alliance between Thee Mighty Caesars, and the Mysterians and LA legends the Deadbeats. The noise contained herein is pure trash punk with an emphasis on punk. The title "(She Looks Like She's Fucking the Pinball Machine)" pretty much sums up the attitude here. Great fucked up production by former Big Boy/current Lord High Fixer Tim Kerr, too. -Jimmy Alvarado (Middle Class Pig, Erinweg 4 720766 Turbingen, Germany)

HELLACOPTERS, THE

"Grande Rock" ☹

The 'Copters have yet to disappoint me with their releases, and I know that even though this disc seems a bit tamer than their previous recordings, they still come through pulling no punches. The feel on this full length sounds like Kiss (think "Dressed To Kill") meets Mott/Bowie with an underlying Deep Purple figure in the shadows. Sounds crazy, but with The Hellacopters, it sure as hell works. Those who loathe 70s rock might not find this to their tastes. If you have a friend like this, play it for 'em anyway. -Designated Dale (Sub Pop, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102)

HOME WRECKERS, THE

Self-titled ☹

Blaring, no holds barred, full speed ahead rock'n'roll from NYC, featuring Todd Youth of Murphys Law(!) fame on vox. Both tasty offerings, "I Want More," and "Built To Last" rip equally hard, with four power chords cranked up loud and insane solos that'd make Chuck Berry proud. Rock and roll lives. -Mike Ramek (007, 534 E. 14th St. #15, NY, NY 10009)

HUNTINGTONS, THE

"File Under Ramones" ☹

Well, shit! Are we all out of complete Ramones LPs to cover? By the looks of this, it would seem so as The Huntingtons have taken 20 Ramones cuts, "re-done" them, and tossed them on a disc. Yawn... wait a sec... yaaaaaawn... stretch... there we go... anyhow, as I was getting to explaining, it's kind of a fucking coincidence that these "bands" that re-record Ramones slabs on the side sound almost identical to the Ramones to begin with. The only good thing these "projects" do is put royalties in the Ramones' pockets. And if I had my way, they'd get ALL the dough for getting ripped off from all

your other "original releases." Influence is fine. Being a Xerox machine isn't. If all you schlep are so hell-bent on doing Ramones tunes, then get a tribute band going, for fuck's sake. Nothing wrong with that at all. As for THIS disc, you shoulda saved your time and simply mailed a check to the Ramones. Fuck this. -Designated Dale (Tooth and Nail, PO Box 12698, Seattle, WA 98111-4648; <www.toothandnail.com>)

HYPOCRISY

Self-titled ☹

These guys play some old fashioned speed metal numbers and I love it! The song "Apocalyptic Hybrid" is full-on speed metal while the song "Time Warp" is crossover metal/punk. Most of the other songs on this release tend to be gothic metal oriented with the big keyboard sound in the background. -Donofthead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

IBOPA

"When You Write" ☹

Yet another band that will probably garner heavy rotation on "quirky" college radio pop shows and then, thankfully, fade back into obscurity. Somehow, the name of the label that this is on seems to fit. -Jimmy Alvarado (Incoming, 1555 Seneca Ln., San Mateo, CA 94402)

ILL REPUTE

"We'll Get Back at Them" ☹

This is a re-release of the early Ill Repute, the best of the seminal hardcore bands. Together on this are their "Land of No Toilets" and "What Happens Next" records, plus a few extras. This is the best! Sure, it's a little simple compared to their latest music, but it's lively, impassioned and exciting stuff. Their "Cherokee Nation" is on here, along with a lot of other fast paced, even blistering, blasts of early '80s hardcore. If you do not already have those records on vinyl (I don't!) then you HAVE TO get this CD! For those who aren't familiar, the sound is somewhere in the general area of old DC hardcore, crossed with the energy, idealism and purity of early 7 Seconds. For those who are, HEY this is available again! I thought it would never be seen again, after all, weren't these out on Mystic?! While you're at it, don't forget to buy their latest CD "And Now..." released last year on their own label. No matter whether it's 1982 or 1999, Ill Repute rocks! -ShitEd (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

IN AETERNUM

"Forever Blasphemy" ☹

You have to love any band that includes in their press material: "The band is also of course dedicated to the utter destruction of Jesus Christ & his followers." How's that for commercial suicide? The blasphemy runs through and through on this sweet black metal/thrash crossover in the vein of the Sodom/Possessed dark music. Admittedly, the first track, "Majesty of Fire" starts slow but once the little track kicks in, there's no turning back. You're in for a choice ride. -Bart (Necropolis, PO Box 14815, Fremont, CA, 94539-4815; <Necropol@aol.com>)

IN FLAMES

"Colony" ☹

Man, I'm loving the fact that Nuclear Blast has been sending a lot of stuff in for review. When I need a change while reviewing, I pull one of theirs and just get blasted. Take this, for example - screaming vocals over a progressive metal rhythm that comes off almost melodic. Definitely a new interpretation of metal is held before me when I pop in one of this label's releases. -Donofthead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

IN RUINS

"Four Seasons of Grey" ☹

Part metal and part goth, In Ruins create an majestic blend of powerful elegance and misanthropic melancholy. I'd compare them to Type O Negative, but I'd consider that an insult, so I shan't do it. Instead, I'd say they're a heavier version of Rosetta Stone or Fields of the Nephilim. I'll definitely keep an eye on these guys, and probably finish a painting or two to this disc. -Kirin (Metal Blade, 4025 E. Chandler Blvd. Ste. 70-D7, Phoenix, AZ 85044)

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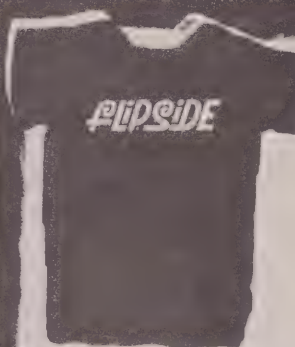
Split ☹

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INDRA KARNUKA

"Aardster/Bovist" ☹


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don't dismiss them as just another sonic terrorist bombardment (such as you should the pitiful redundancy through Merzbow's plagiarism of the godfathers of the scene, the continually evolving, Controlled Bleeding.) It's more of night noise for when you're in the mood. Recommended as is the interesting label's catalogue. -Bart (Rendezvous Radikal, Ursula-Goetze-Str. 13, 10318 Berlin, Germany; <fam.ackloff@t-online.de>)

INITIAL STATE

"Abort the Soul"

Apparently when this was first issued, originally on Clearview, not enough were made to meet the demand. Now, Prank has brought it back into circulation, with same packaging as well. Initial State were post-Antschism, pre-Damad. The music is similar to both bands. Dark metallic punk, similar to Nausea, but more subdued. The lyrics are poetic, with concern for the environment and humanity. There's also a pagan theme running through the artwork. I liked Antschism, but Initial State were a better band. There's more urgency, and the songs have more force. Interesting enough, the power of this band isn't in their ability to play fast, but more in the broodiness. Just as good now as it was six years ago. -M.Avr (Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141-0892)

INTEGRITY 2000

Self-titled

This is definitely Integrity but they've changed their name and apparently have been listening to a lot of death metal. Fifteen minute noise experiments matched with two minute metal songs, it all confuses and leaves me without a clue. This definitely has that anger and crusty boom that Integrity had but at the same time I think all of it, namely the new name, is a gimmick to "head" the "new movement" of "futuristic hardcore" and that's just shit to me. This one's a loser. -J.Cyco (Victory)

INTIMATE FAGS

"Break the Back"

Minimalist punk rock with a guitar sound straight out of the early Black Flag days. The band is a Japanese three piece and create plenty of noise. While their English is a bit difficult to understand, they have a flair for spitting out the words with the same vitriol and staccato attack as their bratty Brit/American brethren. My favorite line is the chorus to the first tune; "I don't want to be a break the back!" The other song, "Fake," is just as snotty but the guitar is a tad more melodic. I detect a subtle beer influence throughout. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 551 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

IRVING KLAWS, THE

"More More More"

Straight-jacketed striptease hillbilly hedonism in the form of rockin' and ragin' rowdiness, this would cause the crown prince of perverse musical philanderings, Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis himself, to breathlessly blush and sinfully sigh with a fiery flair of outlandish indignation and a bit of presumptuous pride. The six sizzlers cacophonously contained herein (including a raucously rousing rendition of Roky Erickson's "The Haunt") smoked my ears like a buzzbomb blazing through the explosive environs of a petro-chemical storage compound. If The Irving Klawls had blasted their sultry soundtrack of sleaze during a Betty Page photo session, she would have twisted and turned like a sexually tormented hoochie-coochie mama laced with vaginal Viagra. Damn straight, this is vile, vulgar, and verminous... and I riotously recommend it! -Rog (The Irving Klawls, PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY 14213)

JEFF DAHL

"All Trashed Up"

Listening to this CD I felt like should be dressed like Bettie Page. This CD had me moving my body to grooves of the drums and guitar. Not what I listen to daily but a very good sound from a very prolific musician. It also made me want to go jump in a convertible Cadillac with a hot pink fuzzy dash cover with a guy named Spike, for some strange reason. -Heather-oh (Triple X)

JET BUMPERS

"If You Want Action You've Got It"

The Jet Bumpers kinda remind me of the material that The Bulemics and The River City Rapists (from Austin, TX) have been doin' lately - raw, rasp'n'roll. The funny thing with this 7 inch are the illustrations on the sleeve... it's a Simpsons mock-up of AC/DC's "If You Want Blood You've Got It" LP cover but instead of Angus Young and Bon Scott, you get Milhouse and Otto. The back of the sleeve even has the guitar-impaired Milhouse face down on the stage strewn with Duff beers. The writing on this sleeve is even printed in Simpsons font. Obviously not licensed, but a hilariously damn good job, nonetheless. Punk rockin' and The Simpsons - what more do you really need? -Designated Dale (<jetbumpers@hotmail.com>)

JOBBYKRUST/ VIKTORS HOFNARREN Split

Jobbykrust are great. They bring to mind Nausea, except more chaotic and thrashy. The songs run longer

than the standard hardcore time limits, creating a sense of tension that compliments the lyrics nicely. The dual vocals are, perhaps, the best part of the band. They are essential to the sound; one playing off the other. The song "Welcome to the Brave New World" is my favorite on their half of the split. The Viktors Hofnarren side suffers from poor production. Everything sounds extremely flat. Despite this setback, the music is raging anarcho thrash with dark elements. Great stuff. -M.Avr (Maximum Voice Prod., Postfach 26, 04256 Leipzig, Germany)

JOHNNY THUNDERS

"The New Too Much Junkie Business"

The cassette-only release from 1983 is now available on compact disc, so "generously" give your tired, old cassette to a friend and slap this CD version on your player, ya selfish bastard. -Designated Dale (Reachout International, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 10012; <www.roir-usa.com>)

JONES CRUSHER

Self-titled

Jones Crusher remind me of a heavier Dead Kennedys in a sense, especially on their banging number, "Get off the Grass," which is actually a pretty fucking funny song: "Hey kids you better get off the grass/I have a size 12 shoe I'm gonna stick it up your ass." Every single one of us can remember that uptight prick of a neighbor on our block growing up. The Jones boys also let loose with some heated versions of the Buzzcocks' "What Do I Get?" and Wall Of Voodoo's "Mexican Radio." -Designated Dale (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

JONESES, THE

"Anita Fix"

Could they be the infamous Joneses that were around LA in 1981 - 1983, the ones that were on the BYO comp "Someone Got Their Head Kicked In"? Is the singer/guitarist Jeff Drake the infamous Jeff Scandal? I don't know either but they actually sound like the same person and band and they also claim Hollywood on the record cover. -Donothedead (Cabeza De Tornado, 203 Acacia, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

JONNY AND THE SHAMEN

"Operation: Twang!"

"There must be something in the water in Alabama." In the same vein as Man or Astroman? (From Auburn) comes an excellent slice of spy rock from this talented five-piece band from Mobile, Alabama. Varying between full-on, in-your-face, reverb-drenched tunes to creepy, Ventures-flavored surf anthems, this CD is an impressive debut. Track 9, "Locomotives," is probably the coolest all-instrumental rock song I've heard since Agent Orange were fuzzy cheeked pups. If you dig Satans Pilgrims, Impala, the Boss Maritians or the aforementioned Astro-boys, then definitely check this platter out. Jonny and the Shamen are one of the best surf... excuse me... "spy" bands in the country today. Includes snazzy, eye-catching artwork by Shaq, Orange, California's resident artiste delux. Available for \$9ppd. From Loch Ness Records. The best record shop in town for me. Thanx for the hook-ups E-roc and Mike! -Southern Fried Keith/East Hill Eric (Loch Ness, 2509 N. 12th Ave, Pensacola, Florida 32503 or, you can flood this e-mail address for all the info you need! <easthillcd@networktel.net>)

JUDGEMENT

"Night Brings"

I bought a lot of HG Fact stuff recently, not all for review since they are all not new releases. They are a killer label out of Japan that happens to put out my fave band of the moment, Judgement. I got their previous release, "The Haunt in the Dark" and was absolutely blown away by their sheer power. These guys play old school Japanese style hardcore that shears the limbs of all in their path. The only problem (good and bad) is I find that the two songs on the previous and current release go by so fast that I want more. I have to keep getting up to put the needle back down for another listen. I put this release on and knew on the opening chord that I was going to be pummeled. As soon as it started, it ended without me knowing what happened. The title track is a mid tempo number that is fierce with metal leanings. The B side, "Heart of Darkness," is a multi-layered power punk-metal slamming that reminded me of their forefathers, Gism, with the distorted vocals. If you see this or any of their releases on a catalog, buy it if you are into Japanese hardcore. Anyone out there who has any of the previous releases that are not mentioned, please contact me in care of Flipside. I'm dying to get more. -Donothedead (HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Tokyo, 161-0013, Japan)

JUDITH

"La Reveuse"

This is one of the best goth CDs to come out in a while. An up and coming band in the goth scene, Judith first got good exposure on Neue Aesthetik's compilation CD "Blackout AD" alongside such bands as Faith and The Muse and The Brickbats. The songs on La Reveuse, which is their second CD, live up to what I expected from hearing two previous tracks - deep, penetrating vocals, driving, danceable beats, and good, heavy gui-

tar work. They do a fun cover of David Bowie's "Andy Warhol" which is one of my favorites as well as the upbeat "Shara Seas." The song that impressed me the most though was track 7 - "Autre Eventail." I've never heard French sung so beautifully in my life. Ooo la la! Really, this band is quickly rivaling Sisters of Mercy's spot in my CD case as the best example of what goth music can be. -Blu (Neue Asthetik, PO Box 2286, Hollywood, CA 90078-2286)

JUNO

Self-titled

I don't buy a lot of music that sounds like this but I would say it is a blend of Fugazi, Sonic Youth and Helmet on "All Your Friends Are Comedians." Sort of noisy but still packs a punch. On the other side, "The Great Salt Lake" is a moody, mellow, feedback-induced ride of the senses. The musicianship is high and they seem to know how to write a decent song without boring the hell out of you. Just enough changes to keep me interested. -Donothedead (Mag Wheel, PO Box 115, Ste. R, Montreal, QC H2S 3K6, Canada)

KILL YOUR IDOLS

"This Is Just the Beginning"

Holy false icons Batman! Definitely the best Kill Your Idols stuff yet. While this isn't incredible, it's still pretty good. They seem to be on the edge of hitting their stride (meaning future releases are going to be killer). The opening song is pretty strong, while the next three tend to lose steam midway through. Then on the fourth song, "... Just the Beginning," the pace and energy set by the first song comes back with more force and carries through to the end. Really good stuff. My only real complaint, and it's a minor one, is the lyrics tend to deal with the betrayal too much. Other than that, crank it up! -M.Avrq (Blackout!, PO Box 1575, NYC, NY 10009)

KING BANANA

"Welcome to Banana Island"

I really didn't like this one. Nine tracks of "first wave" ska with some catchy riffs and beats, but no heart at all. The crooned vocals are irritating, and the almost sickeningly upbeat sugar-coated songs become monotonous after a little while. The cheesy cover of the Beatles' "Help" doesn't "help" much, either. -Mike Ramek (69, PO Box 10151586005 Augsburg, Germany)

KWYET KINGS, THE

"Been Where? Done What?"

Power pop five piece from Norway that started out as a garage band and has evolved into a more melodic and intricate band. The guitars are a little grittier than the clear, ringing vocals with sweet and tuneful harmonies would suggest. Most of the material is in the aching for love vein and is sung in veritably perfect English. I could see these guys landing the theme song for a popular youth oriented, feel good tv series. Lush, well crafted tunes given the deluxe production treatment. Not my can of soda, but Poptopians will want to check out "It's easy" which is a previously unreleased tune that fell from the pen of onetime Barracuda, Robin Wills. -P. Edwin Letcher (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

LAKOTA

D 22

Well-structured, intricate swirls of resplendent sun-splashed sound... a naturally soothing vibrance as mellow and mirthful as the rousing gaiety of dawn's first roaring spray of dazzling daylight. This is the auditory equivalent of pollen-painted pine trees swaying in the wind to the rhythm of spring's invigorating swell of sweet passion. After just one listen to Lakota's musical caress, I whistled with gleeful innocence, my toes seemed to lightly dance across the calm shadow-scattered shores of a full moon in June, and I became overwhelmed with pleasurable Alice-In-Wonderland giddiness. Yep, life is good, and all is exuberant with childlike splendor due to the audial dreamscapes of Lakota... -Rog (Lakota c/o Tim Starkey, 1715 Shely, Apt. A, Longview, TX 75604)

LANDO'S 45

Self-titled

The first song was a pretty cool blast of hardcore. The other three songs failed to impress me in any way. -Jimmy Alvarado (Harmless, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660)

LAZY COWGIRLS, THE

"Don't Count Me Out"/"When You Fall"

If Chuck Berry had a drinking contest with The Hummers(RIP) at some wild, deviant party, then The Lazy Cowgirls would have to be the band busting out a live set in the background while the rest of the guests swilled bourbon with two fists. "Don't Count Me Out" is pure Cowgirls doing what they do best - a pounding wall of guitars being pushed by a thumpin' rhythm section. It's fucking wonderful, Jim. "When You Fall" cools things out with Patt Todd singin' and strummin' acoustic guitar. This seven incher gets two thumbs way up above my head. You get two middle fingers up yer nose if ya don't feel the same after listening. And if you don't like THAT, then I suppose I'll quote my Holmes Ted

Knight (rest his fucking soul)... "You get nothing and like it!" A fine Chatterbox release. -Designated Dale (Chatterbox, PO Box 6492, Burbank, CA 91510; <http://home.pacbell.net/chtrbox/index.html>)

LAZYCAIN

"Five Days Eighty Hours"

This is a double-edged sword, I suppose, as Lazycain fits nicely into that Chicago mathrock equation I'm so fond of (even though they're from Richmond, VA). Really nice arrangements, unique sound and style, and recorded particularly well; it's the vocals that sour the milk. Not that they're especially bad, in fact not bad at all, simply not as good as the music. The vocal melodies don't match the instrumentation and that's unfortunate as otherwise this is a really good record. A first introduction to Lazycain came from the Deep Elm Records emo diaries sampler "A Million Miles Away," and this is a fine follow up sans the sub par delivery. Worthwhile none the less and better with every listen. -Zack Negative (Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Ave. #24, Boston, MA 02115)

LEATHERFACE / HOT WATER MUSIC

Split

In my opinion, Leatherface is the greatest band to ever come from England. As a matter of fact, they might be the best band in the world! I've been a fan of Leatherface for the past 7 years and to now have a NEW release from these guys from Sunderland, I am in heaven! Six songs that made me want to cry with joy. The lyrics to "Andy" are so beautifully written and with the music over it makes this one of my favorite songs (and discs) of the year... already! Hot Water Music is another band that never seems to disappoint me. Hearing of these guys from the Reina Aveja girls in Gainesville, FL I had wanted to hear them and once I arrived back home I searched high and low for their releases only to find one... in Todd's pile of CDs at the Flipside office. I borrowed the disc and instantly became a fan of this Fuel-Embrace influenced band calling themselves Hot Water Music. Personally, I would've called the band, Ice Cold Beer. But this only my opinion! HWM give us 5 song that rock! I recommended this... ten fold! -Sal Cochino (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

LEATHERFACE/ HOT WATER MUSIC

Split

Leatherface can not be held in high enough regard, and with exception of a handful of devoted fans, is unknown in the US. Hopefully, this split will help change that. Put side to side with Hot Water Music, it's a perfect mix because, on the surface, it's unobvious - the two bands fans probably don't know of the other's existence, yet it'd be a mistake to discount either one. There are parallels - emotion through two viable siphons with two very different approaches to music, which bends two different generations of music fan into their fold in a surprisingly efficient and tight reinforcing interlock. Leatherface: with each compulsive listen, they erase my desire to waste time listening to another mediocre band; melancholic barbarism, broken and swallowed glass vocals, lyrics that refract tight prisms of the world with amazing compactness and clarity. It's understandable that people call them Motorhead with melody, yet Lemmy, for me, doesn't have the lyrics to sharpen my mind against and watch the sparks fly. Listen to Leatherface's music more and more and secret layers of melodies that don't expose them on quick listen will emerge since they are dispersed through every song like an old mine field filled with non-obvious, explosive sub-melodies that crack, pop, and discharge new, sharp fragments previously thought dormant. I've often stared at my stereo in disbelief after hearing something new in a song after I've heard it a hundred times before. That's magic. I wouldn't be lying if I said "Mush" will improve your life. Hot Water Music: clean yet hoary vocals, energetic, sweaty punches and embraces of pure adrenaline and melody. I've been a big fan for a couple of years now, exponentially so, thinking that they're one of the reasons that '90s punk or emo or whatever inexact modifier that will fall down like a loose sock down the calf of music journalism in a couple years anyway, hasn't failed and is still viable for me. Their live show etiquette is a great way to encapsulate their approach: pour your life into enjoying and unleashing the music, don't hurt anyone else, and monitor your own behavior. If someone fucks up, stop and call them on it, be strong. Fuck, it sounds like these bands are both protectors of the gate of what I find holy. They are. Seriously, buy a couple and give as gifts. -Todd (BYO)

LEATHERFACE/HOT WATER MUSIC

Split

Leatherface is God. How anyone could melt together the best aspects of Jawbreaker, Motorhead, Fugazi and early Jethro Tull is beyond me. The double guitars are as rhythmically tasty as ever and the songs are RAD! Imagine "Locomotive Breath" (Tull), combined with "Ace of Spades" (Motorhead), "The Boat Dreams on the Hill" (Jawbreaker), Fugaziesque rhythms and the emotion-stirring anthemic quality of the best sing-along oi. That's what Leatherface is like. My only complaint is that it's only 6 songs. As for the second band, it's great to see that Embrace has gotten back together to do a second album... Oh excuse me, it's Hot Water Music!



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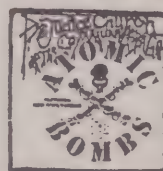
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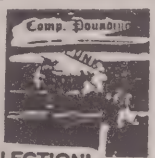
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Their five songs are great, excruciatingly intense emo-core punk that will blow you away - and it's an almost perfect cloning of the very first emo band that Ian MacKaye put together in the mid 80's. -ShitEd (BYO)

LEISURESPORTS

"Further & Faster" **REB**
DIY, home burned CDR by this Sacramento band. More than not half bad and is in the melodicore vein reminiscent of Good Riddance. All five songs on here are keepers and I look forward in hearing more of them in the future. Musicianship is high and they have a knack for writing good songs. Good effort and I applaud them for choosing a decent studio to record. -Donothedead (PO Box 19593, Sacramento, CA 95819-0593)

LICKITY SPLIT

Self-titled **✂**
The first thirteen seconds of this CD had me slamming "Welcome to Venice," Los Cycos style, but then the vocals came in and the tempo changed and I went back to a slow walk. I'm not begin' on the singer, he sings just fine. In fact, it just wasn't what I expected. The rest of the CD is a blueprint of nineties brand punk rock with some SoCal influence. What is it about nineties punk anyway? It seems like something's missing, like they get to the edge but don't jump. Now they "mosh" instead of slam, and the Sex Pistols are slingin' Levis on billboards across the country. I think here is where you insert the title of the new Angry Samoans record. (Not directed at Lickity Split, of course.) Lickity Split, I hear, have got themselves a following, and it's more than likely you'll be able to find this release in a Virgin Megastore near you some time soon. They mix up their style all over the place to keep it interesting and even throw a little reggae and ska into the pot. (Song #5, on a certain Propagandi album is my reply to that.) So "pros" to you Lickity Split, and keep on doing that thing you do. -Southern Fried Keith (Torque, PO Box 229, Arlington, VA 22210)

LIGHTS OF EUPHORIA

"Voices" **✂**
It's really sad to see a band deteriorate like this. Their first effort was original, had hope and was quite good. Now, nothing more then polite Front 242 duplicators. "Temple of Light" is admittedly a great number but not enough of an excuse to release it, much less buy the whole CD. Home taping may be killing music, but it can get you a quality recording of "Temple of Light" and save you 12 quid you should be spending on "Tyranny for You" by Front 242. -Bart (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Phil., PA 19105)

LINE, THE

"Self-titled again + 2 new songs! + seven old songs & 1 more new song..." **✂**
The Line were originally from the Big Bear Lake, CA community. Now they live in Orange County, CA. Their brand new disc is a mixture of old songs and new ones, thus this contains some 19 songs on it. The rundown is a 9-song recording done at West Beach, two songs done at the A-Room, seven songs done at Tom Parum Studio, and one song recorded at Stone Studio. Fast-paced teenaged punk rock with lots of oozin'ahhs, brilliant bass lines, pounding drums and well-sung, at times laid-back, vocals. Their tight and energetic sound gives them a chance to be picked up by the numerous major-indie labels like Fearless or Hopeless. I enjoyed this disc... for the most part (minus points for the ska tinges). -Sal Cochino (Volcom/Stone Entertainment, PO Box 36653, Newport Beach, CA 92659)

LIT

"A Place in the Sun" **✂**
Yeah, I heard this on the radio. -J.Cyco (165 Corporate Empire Lane, Los Fake DIY, CA 90025)

LIVELY ONES, THE

"Heads Up! The Best of Vol. 2" **✂**
One of the all time great surf bands. Back in the early '60s, this tight five piece put out five albums in a little over a year and were a whirlwind of live action dynamos by all accounts. Like most instrumental groups of their era, they relied rather heavily on covers to flesh out their board busting long players. The 23 tracks contained herein run the gamut from Duane Eddy to the Rockin' Rebels to Santo and Johnny, all given that patented heavy reverb sound and laced liberally with honking sax. This set is rife with classics such as "Pipeline," "Wipe Out," "Tequila" and "Torquay" as well as some lesser known, "Tuff Surf," "Soul Surfer" and "Hot Pastrami" that are done with every bit as much panache. If you like surf music, you can't go wrong with this one. -P.Edwin Letcher (Del-Fi, PO Box 69188, LA, CA 90069)

LOOSE ENDS, THE

"Number One with a Bullet" **✂**
The Loose Ends describe themselves as late '70s NYC punk... excuse me? Didn't new wave destroy punk by then? The Ramones don't count because NOBODY destroys the Ramones... well except for the Ramones themselves, which they ultimately did. They also say they are influenced by The Saints and The Heartbreakers. A smile beams as I slip the disc into my

thingamajig. The remote chance of disappointment fades into a grabbed mesh of unadulterated punk'n'roll approval. "Number One with a Bullet" is definitely a pick of the overpopulated litter of this ilk of bands. It's fast, it's furious, it's rock'n'roll switchblades goin' outta control! A must have for fans of garage punk'n'roll. Don't even start with me about how this type of music is passe. I don't care how many half-assed bands started with the demise of the Devil Dogs. There are still a handful of bands that are true to the game like The Loose Ends and The Gotohells. If it kicks that little thing in the roof of your mouth, it rocks! -Namella J. Kim (The Loose Ends, 5839 Bay Pines Lakes Blvd., St. Petersburg, FL 33708)

LOS CINCOs

"Circa 1995" **✂**
It's quite a curiosity when a band bravely delivers a tape of antiquity for consumption by scrutinizing ears who are already accustomed to a certain sound. Witness the shameless evolution of one such band, Los Cincos - a band of misfit minors formed under artistic unity and symbolic gesture of teenage avant rock chaos. Perhaps it's musical anarchy on a higher mentality than that of two chord, fuck you "punk rock." Get it through your head, Los Cincos don't have to care. First track starts off with what can be termed as the latter evolutionary process - in the same vein as "Kissing at the Carnival" from the "5 Deadly Sins" album. Swaying, dizzyingly nauseating, rhythmic trances with quick kicks of guitar jolting you awake from your daydream nightmares. It's like being happily drunk in front of the toilet, right before you vomit a massive, colorful array of notes and beats. Hear the progression from surly Twin Tone-kicking noise experiments a la One Eyed Richard and the Jacks to outlandish, attenuated drug-induced odes (Spacemen 3 anyone?). An oddity to own for conscious minds. -Namella J. Kim (Sympathy)

LOUDMOUTHS, THE

"Spit It Out!" hot pink vinyl **✂**
A bazooka-blast of pink punkiness... raw, repulsive, loud, and livid! These non-blushing brides and insolent sons of Electric Frankensteinoid scariness; knocked a knot upon my brew-numbed noggin, effectively strip-searching my aural senses with fever-pitched fervor and turbulently tossin' my brain cells around like shredded seeds in a pair of much-abused maracas at a mayhem Mexican wedding fiesta. Ah, it's a hellacious heapin' helping of rock'n'roll rapid repeat madness complete with bulging bloodshot eyes, lolling-from-the-mouth drool-drenched tongue, and spastic tremors of nervous twitches... yep, I'm currently under the contagious influence of LoudMouth-mania! -Rog (702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504 or The Loudmouths, 1358-B Fulton Street, SF, CA 94117)

LOVE BATTERY

"Confusion Au Go-Go" **✂**
Alterna-rock at its best? This was a bit too Seattle-commercial style sounding for my taste. Lots of whiney guitars and drone vocals. At times this reminded me of a really shitty Cure-clone band. I didn't like this very much. Can you tell? -Sal Cochino (CZ)

LOWER EAST SIDE STITCHES

"Staja98 L.E.S." **✂**
Not to be confused with the Stitches in any way, shape, or form. These guys always trip me up when I come across their stuff in a record store. At first I'm thinking it's the Stitches from here, and I'm vergin' on a heart attack with excitement. Then I see the L.E.S. part... Heart rate returns to normal. These guys aren't bad. They have an interesting sound. It's punk mixed with glam and pop influences. The songs are catchy, well put together, yet there's an edge that's missing to make this something special. -M.Avr (Ng/BMG, 61 Van Dam St. 2nd fl., NY, NY 10013)

LOWER EAST SIDE STITCHES

"Staja 98 L.E.S." **✂**
Outta the squalid gutters of the East Village comes a band with absolutely no qualms about ruthlessly belching out crude blasts of booze-doused, reckless '70s-style leather'n'spikes punk RAWK. Thirteen raw, infectious songs are featured on this band's sophomore release, encapsulating the grimy, intense excitement that is the NYC streetpunk experience. Vocalist Mick Brown spits out the phlegm-coated lyrics with aggressive style, guitarists Curtis Stitch and Lorne Behrman slaughter four chord progressions and wailing riffs with uncouth verve, and Lorne Behrman's bass riffs spiral out of control. Tracks like "Down the Drain," "NYC Is Dead," "Naked A," "Jungle Man," "Could Just Die" and "Another Let Down" really capture the powerful, chaotic sound exhibited on this release. Punk to the bone. -Mike Ramek (Ng/BMG)

LOWER CLASS BRATS

"Rather Be Hated Than Ignored" **✂**
Damn good band. Combine elements from the Business with Last Resort, and you have the Lower Class Brats, but unlike the majority of street punk bands, there's one consistently good song after the other. This music is soaked with attitude - the way the lyrics are spit out to the way the instruments are played. Subject matter is heavily influenced by "A Clockwork

Orange," with songs dedicated to the book, and other references popping up here and there in other songs. Another point of concern focuses on punk - what's real and what's a sham. The music is delivered with punchy beats and a grindy guitar, with the occasional use of a piano. Pick up anything you can find of this band! -M.A.vrg (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

MAILORDER BRIDES

Self-titled Mini ☼

7 song mini CD. I'm talking about one of those little tiny ones, the ones you think aren't gonna fit in your CD player at home. OK, I got the disc from France but the band itself is from Connecticut? As for their sound, they have a sloppy version of Blink 182, MTX, and the Fixtures. I've heard worse. They're very melodic-n-poppo-quick-paced-fun-stuff type punk band. The production is on the low side but otherwise a very cool record. -Sal Cochino (Mailorder Brides, c/o Keith Grave, PO Box 380152, E. Hartford, CT 06138-0152, USA or 3.C.R.C., c/o Yann Verdalle, 2 les Hauts de Beychac, 33750 Beychac et Caillau, France)

MALARKY MEN

"Smack Daddy" ☼ ☼

I'm down with anybody that's tired of media-hyped "scenes," but sorry, this band's stab at punk rock only made me wish I was deaf. -Jimmy Alvarado (Pink Tank Agency, no address)

MANOWAR

"Hell on Stage Live" ☼ ☼

Two CDs full of old-style heavy metal; by that I mean Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden, Judas Priest, and so on. The artwork is fucking cool, and you can't get a better head-banging deal for your money. Rock on, Manowar! -Kirin (Metal Blade, 4025 E. Chandler Blvd. Ste. 70-D7, Phoenix, AZ 85044)

MARKY RAMONE AND THE INTRUDERS

"The Answer to Your Problems?" ☼

If you long for the 8-fisted, machine gun blasts that the Ramones used to spray ya with, then you need to go out and get yer grimy little nubs on a copy of this disc, even though Marky's outfit here consists of 6 fists. But don't let that fool you. This power trio is just that - POWER. The Intruders keep the same high octane formula that powered the Ramones with a bit of a twist here an' there with tunes like "One Way Ride," "Better Than Being You," "Middle Finger," and "What If." Joan Jett shares her vocal gruffnicity (yeah, fuck off - I KNOW it ain't a real word) on the Phil Spector-esque

"Don't Blame Me" which delivers the goods quite fucking well, if I may say so myself. There's even a four-on-the-floor version of "Nowhere Man" that's a sure bet to relax the most anal-retentive Beatles fan, and if it don't, that's your own damn fault. I gotta say I like this full-length a lot more than the first. Lots more pop sensibilities, and it works great here. Lars Frederiksen produced almost all of this beast, so you Rancid freaks take note. Marky and his Intruders should be touring around the states this year, so catch a gig whenever possible. You'll be quite surprised. -Designated Dale (Zoe, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140; <www.rounder.com> <Intruders Website <www.intruders.net>)

MARY CUTRUFELLO

"When the Night is Through" ☼

Once again a record that is very true to bar room rock. This CD reminds me of Sheryl Crow. Good music for when you're at a local bar. -Arthur Robert (Justified, 825 8th Ave., NY, NY 10019)

MAVIS, THE

"Thunder" ☼

Apparently really popular down under in Australia with their current CD going gold in sales. They are virtually unknown here in America but have been around since 1988. This is their first domestic release here and it is a pop gem. The title song on the "gini" side is an infectious, fuzzy pop song with dual female/male vocals and unusual vocal harmonies - by far my favorite song on the release. The songs on the "boy" side were "Moon Drone Gold," which was more on the rock vein and "Do You Have a Brother?" which was an infectiously happy pop/new wave number. A good taster for a band that has the chance of finding an American audience with this release. -Donofthead (Heat Beat, PO Box 302, Yonkers, NY 10710)

MCRACKINS

"Comicbooks and Bubblegum" ☼

Mcrackins, isn't that what you call an Irish basehead? Anyway, here it is 8:30 in the morning, I'm at work after getting no sleep last night, it's fucking hot and humid here in the deep South and I'm walking around busting up, swingin' my head, listening to the Mcrackins without a care in the world. "It's all kid stuff," ain't that the truth! You almost can't help but like these guys. They're as addictive as Demerol. Two eggheads and a sprung chicken spoutin' out adolescent lyrics with a demonic pop punk beat that's so fucking spasmodic it'd have the hardest, hardened criminal blowin' bubbles and reading "Archie" with his feet up on the cell bars. "Don't blame me," (if I throw up on you) this time around is my

favorite song on the release but that seems to change with each listen. It's so chock full of peanutty goodness you're sure to find something sticking in your teeth if you pick it up and give it a listen. I gaarrootee! -Southern Fried Keith (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

"In Your Barcalounger" ☼

James Taylor sucks in my book. The Gimmes don't. Like some NASA experiment that turns shit into a tasty snack, they have the golden touch in their two covers by retaining enough of the original song to remember what's being abused and I'm glad hear that it's getting its ass sufficiently kicked. Role call includes velvet throat Spike (Swingin' Utters), Fat Mike (NOFX), Dave (Lagwagon) and two guys I always superimpose that I call Joey Jackson - one's in Lagwagon, the other in No Use For a Name. Music that'll make grandparents daisy chain kids on swings. Sweet and deviant fun that has a swishy quality. -Todd (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092; <www.alternativetentacles.com>)

MEAT DEPRESSED

"Pleased to Meat You" ☼

Shit, crap, dung, feces, defecation, etc. It's all squishy, brown, and straight from the pie-hole. I did like the rub on tattoo though. -J-Cyco (Good Cop/Bad Cop)

MELT BANANA/KILLOUT TRASH

Split ☼

I have heard a lot of hype on Melt Banana from Japan and just wanted to find out what it was all about. So I go out one weekend straight to Headline Records one night to blow a ton of cash since I hadn't been there since the store moved to Hollywood. I purchased this release since he (being Jean Luc, store owner extraordinaire) was sold out of any of their other releases. Based on this release only, this is what I thought Atari Teenage Riot should have sounded like. More manic and full throttle thrash that was almost totally out of control. The sampling of noise only accented the music for the better. Need to buy more of their stuff. Killout Trash from Germany played more of a tribal noise thing but with an interesting twist. They cover Minor Threat's "I've Got Straight Edge." Good on the first listen but wore me down after subsequent listens. The use of some skin-head's band cover sleeve as an insert sleeve was kind of funny. I don't know if they are using different bands but I got The Dickheads. I guess it's a joke or the label must hate them. -Donofthead (Rodel, c/o Keule Sternkicker, Alimendweg 89, 13509 Berlin, Germany)

MENTAL MARKET

Self-titled ☼ ☼

3 song promotional is what I am guessing this is. The first song, "Insults," had an early Goo Goo Dolls feel. The second song, "Roll out the Red Carpet," was more of a rock drone cycle. The last song, "Insanity," killed it for me and I rushed to take it off the player. A Finnish band trying too hard to sound American. -Donofthead (Popatek, PO Box 47, 13211 HML, Finland)

MENTALLO & THE FIXER

"Algyrhythm" ☼

They seem to go backwards in time (thankfully against the electro/goth grain) and get more analogue sounding in the vein of mid-era Skinny Puppy, early X Marks The Pedwalk and their own early releases. M&F goes for a really nice crossover between the soundscape experimentalists such as S.P.K./Lustmord and the before mentioned '80s vocalization industrial for a refreshing blend of originality, somehow - very sparse, dark, and dangerous yet comprehensively enlightening. From the liner notes (and The Tao): "Watch your thoughts; they become your words. Watch your words; they become your actions. Watch your actions; they become your habits. Watch your habits; they become your character. Watch your character for it becomes your destiny!" -Bart (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Philadelphia, PA 19105; <www.metropolis-records.com>)

MENTALLO & THE FIXER

"Algyrhythm" ☼

Upon first listen, this CD sounded like a neat-o soundtrack to a sci-fi movie. It's full of interesting "space" noises (and I really, really like strategically placed noises) accompanied by some good beats, occasional vocals, and some mighty nifty mixing/editing/programming. This would be the perfect CD for a futuristic club full of metal and silver-schemed decor with tracks like "Gamma Ray Antenna," "Unearthed," "Carbon Based," and "Luminaries." Unlike other digital-based bands, Mentallo has a cohesiveness that the others often lose during their experimentation with sound. They bring a lot of new stuff to the table but never forget the way a song should work. Listening to it really does put images in my head as each track suggests its own mood, environment and emotions. It's clear these were all very carefully constructed songs. Even more amazing is that these two guys pull this same sound off pretty convincingly live. Usually music like this is easier produced in the studio than on the stage but I saw them at C5 and was impressed at their presentation. These are talented

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This reminds me of a poor mans Porno For Pyros and that band sucked. Frankly, this CD annoyed me enough by the second track with its artsy pretense that I gave up. There is some pretty cool guitar parts throughout, though overall not enough to keep my attention. And maybe that's the point - staying true to their name, The Mile Wide Grey offer sparse and reflective soundscapes, that play more to the inner

Hands down the best band to come out of the Ventura/Oxnard area within the past 10 plus years. Missing 23rd play mid-tempo post-core reminiscent of what was going on in the mid '80s. Maybe cross Gorilla Biscuits with Chain Of Strength, but with better lyrics. Pretty good stuff. -M.Avr (Mankind, PO Box 461, Bellflower, CA 90707; MankindRec@aol.com)

I thought the fascination with lewd puns might have lost its appeal since high school. It's a shame to see the lyrics of a serious band include a line like "Let the children cum to me..." In a nicely packaged CD, one that might have been a visual treat, Moonspell offers a version of what boils down to be nothing more than teenage angst and rebellion carried on into adulthood. The themes are old and worn out: anti-religion! anti-love... yadda yadda. Sometimes me and my friends get bored and play, "pretend we're death metal band." It goes something like, "Death, death, Evil flesh! Die, die! You bitch! Grrrrrrrrrrr!" The music had potential; the introduction on the first song

Brutal, pulse-pounding New York hardcore, except these guys are from Pennsylvania! Yeah, you heard it right. New York's got some competition coming. This is the debut full length from these Penn. State maniacs. You've got all the best aspects of hardcore here: aggressive as hell vocals, blistering guitar work and a tight as Pamela Anderson's ass rhythm section. The lyrics come across as really introspective ("Abrasion" and "Smothered") much in the same vein as Shelter but there are plenty of 'in your face' style ditties on here as well. Check out songs like "Out to Win," "Fearless," and "Cut You Down" to prove that the proof is in the pudding. On the musical side here, they take more of a lead from bands like Sepultura and Slayer than they do from the hardcore straight edgers of hardcore's past. If you're gonna get a hardcore record this year, make sure it is this one. Mushroom is redelining the movement, proving that progressive measures create a good mix of hardcore. -Riotgun Larry (Triple Crown, 33 W.57 St. #472, NY, NY 10019)

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 MacNuggits** #8
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 Lovers"**, split 7 inch,
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 Area's finest are here to
 offer you advice to guide
 you thru those tough ado-
 lescent years. Includes
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The Enemies #5
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PUG-006 \$3 The
Enemies are one of East
 Bay Punk's best bands,
 combining the songwriting
 and penchant for melody
 of bands like Crimpshrine
 with the sheer energy and
 raw power of bands such
 as Grimple. Second Hand
 Spit were the Enemies
 before they changed their
 name in 1996. Includes
 the hyper-kinetic "This Mess".

The Pilgrims: "Song
 About the Letter W"
PUG-008 CD \$5 Ben
 Morse, keyboardist extra-
 ordinary (Cake, Hope
 Bombs), formed the
 Pilgrims in 1996.
 They've been playing
 excellent hooky pop with
 great songcraft and clever-
 us-all-into lyrics ever
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MISSOURI

"Malamenca" ☼

This is, without a doubt, the best CD I'll get all year, hands down. I don't know if I can honestly do them justice in writing although I'm going to make an attempt here. I've been so excited over this band I haven't shut up about them in a week. I've listened to the CD in the car, at home, and at my office. All my close friends have received (or will shortly) this CD as a gift from me. (Extremely under-priced at approx. \$7 a pop you can't go wrong - the quality printing on the CD cover alone costs more than that.) Surprisingly, this is a new band formed in 1998 although you'd never guess it from their polished, confident sound and performance. They invited me to a show a while back before their CD was even complete. I didn't make it and regret doing so now. I did however make their CD release party and was totally blown away. A friend of mine, upon observing the shiny shaved heads of the lead singer and guitarist, quipped, "I like this band so damn much I might just shave my head too!" I'm not gonna go that far, but you get the point. I bought two CDs that night (and more since) and was blown away a second time when I had a chance to read the lyrics. Lyrics score big points with me and these were some of the best I've seen in ages. Without getting too complicated here - the concepts, images, and fancy grammatical flairs like alliteration add dimensions to already emotional subjects. It's amazing to hear those words roll so smoothly off vocalist Michael Bradley's tongue. You can hear their inspirational influences right off - Nick Cave, The Swans, Ennio Morricone and Johnny Cash. And although they've been characterized as being dark wave or goth, they produce such a complex sound that it will cross many genres of music. Sometimes being hard to define or categorize hinders new bands but I suspect it will just add to Missouri's charm (whose name is pronounced like the state Missouri by the way). Think Jim Morrison. Think Spaghetti Westerns with a driving beat. Throw in some genius lyrics like Nick Cave's and the reserved, hardened demeanor and professionalism of Johnny Cash and you might have a vague idea of what this band is capable of. I've already tried this one out on my dad - even he likes it. This hefty 12-song CD is worth every penny if you can get your hands on it. -Blu (Myssouri, 759-4 Twin Oaks Drive, Decatur, GA 30030; <www.myssouri.com>)

NEANDERTHALS, THE

"The Modern Stone-Age Family" ☼

I liked their last album, so it should come as no surprise that I'm into this one too. Sundazed puts out a whole bunch of far out, groovy and right on reissues and

retrospectives of some of the finest rock gems of the '50s, '60s and '70s. These cave dwellers are from right now, daddy-o, but they take their cues from everything you loved from the hey day of raw rock and roll. Guitar god, Eddie Angel and his cat print fun fur decked delinquents, mix all the fun and excitement of the primal sax blasters, twist monsters and 1-4-5 pioneers with a healthy dose of their own brand of Troglodyte boogie and jungle beast obsessions. This set opens with "Mastodon," an instrumental that is sort of a cross between the Kinks and the Dave Clark 5. From there, the musical safari takes you through a tour that features "Shaggy Dog," "I Go Ape," "Tarzan," "Lurch," "Flintstone Flop" and six other retro back beat ravers that borrow heavily from tunes like "The Peppermint Twist." -P. Edwin Letcher (Sundazed, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)

NEPTUNAS, THE

"Dig Thee Phantom Five" ☼

L.A.'s own all female surf trio is back on the singles scene. They pay tribute to a few of their fave raves on the A-side and the flip meister, "Hollow Grinders are Go!" Both tunes are straight forward, knobby kneed beach burners done on a tight budget but imbued with millions of dollars worth of punk and charm. "Dig Thee Phantom Five" (would it be Fiveive if your numbers keys didn't work?...hmmmm) also comes fully equipped with periodic scream breaks and another interlude in which the gals invoke the band members by name...all four? of them. If you've got both Neptunas albums and all their other 45s, you'll want this as well. If not, what's wrong with you? -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

NEUROSIS

"Times of Grace" ☼

They try yet again to be so different and yet feebly retain redundancy and mediocrity. It's kind of cute to watch them try though. -Bart (Relapse/Release, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA, 17551)

NINETY POUND WUSS

"Short Hand Operation" ☼

This starts out sounding like Orgy or some techno-metal band in the like, then goes on to some chaotic, discordant punkish music. Not unlike newer Fugazi with keyboards and synths, not at all what I was expecting from Tooth And Nail. -J-Cyco (Toof And Noot)

NO-TALENTS, THE

"...Want Some More" ☼

A great, '78 punk rock-inspired blast from two gals and two guys from France. They may share a Mamas and

Papas line up but the similarity comes to a screeching halt right there. Guitarist extraordinaire, Lili, who also plays with Splash 4, provides a grinding, power chord overdrive sensibility. In this group, she shares vocal chores with Cecilia (all but one tune are sung in impeccable English) and the two usually belt out the tunes in unison though not necessarily in any traditional harmony. They remind me of the Spastics, though they derive more inspiration from the likes of X-Ray Spex and the Ramones and even Thee Headcoates than the Runaways. Many of the songs are of the topical rather than relationship school, and a few, like "Sex Shop," "French Girl" and "A.M.O.U.R." are so direct and full of bratty little girl attitude they remind me of "Hot Damn," though not quite as raunchy. They're good live, too. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

NOBODYS

"Generation XXX" ☼

The sleazy and unsavory sultans of boobies'n'poontang porno-core are back with a vaginal-obsessed vengeance, more bad-ass, bombastic, vile, and vulgar than ever! As can be explosively expected, this deviantly decadent disc is crammed with a crude cacophony of furious poundin'-the-pud punkiness concerning such miscreant misbehavior as titanic titties, ejaculatory expulsions, piggishly plump prostitutes, unspeakable acts of oral copulation, apathetic tendencies, and a bel-lowing deluge of auditory debauchery laced with sonic obsessions of the feminine physique. Ah, oh, and yes, the tumultuously titillating tunes contained herein have roasted my ears alive, causing me to wildly leap about like a spastic, drooling, sex-crazed cretin and inspiring within me an uncontrollable urge to do the naked naughty-naughty with a corruptively curvaceous cowgirl in the backseat of her daddy's Buick... wheeeee, spurt, spurt! Buyers beware: the Nobodys have come for your sisters, mothers, girlfriends, and wives (if they're vivacious, voluptuous, and kinky enough!). This'll provoke ya to pogo 'til you piss yourself silly, ya dirty lil' pervert! -Rog (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409 or Nobodys, PO Box 1015, Colorado Springs, CO 80901)

NOMADS, THE

"Big Sound 2000" ☼

I remember this band from as far back as the mid '80s and, as one of the numbers featured here puts it, they "Ain't Dead Yet." They are still dedicated to the same basic rock and roll ethic and sound about the same as they did on "Outburst," which is my favorite from their early days. They have a steady, pounding mid tempo drive throughout that reminds me of the Mono Men as

well as some late '80s Iggy and Stones hypnotic, snare-heavy numbers. Their cave man simple stomp and Dolsy guitar action is applied liberally to a dozen tunes, many of which I'd imagine are observations of all the changing faces and places they've encountered on their life on the road. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

NOODLE MUFFIN

"Oh, The Huge Manatee" ☼☼

"Teaspoons of Sin" ☼

Industrialized alternative oceans of sonic splendor: Weezer being violently violated by brutal leather-clad alien thugs from Saturn... Ministry with more melody and less mayhem... My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult laced and looped on a sparkling tab of acid the size of King Kong's pecker... a quirky Disneyland-induced Nine Inch Nails-spawned Brady Bunch swirling through a musical maze of technicolor sound... John Lennon-inspired auditory daydreams of opium-enhanced awe atop a bright summer's day cloud with sugarplum rainbows delicately draping his glistening halo smile. The guitars whirl in and out like a psychotically-charged, demon-possessed dervish in a nuclear thunderstorm of tie-dyed fury shrouded in a well-woven, intricate splash of aural resplendence. Man, Noodle Muffin boggle my mind... though they're not necessarily my particular bottle of brew, they possess a ubiquitous uniqueness and colorful bizarreness that's addictively appealing like the raucous richness of life itself... -Rog (Fyoog State / Noodle Muffin, PO Box 25697, LA, CA 90025)

ODD, THE

"Rock Rock Burn!" ☼

Iggy and the New York Dolls cover the early Stones covering Chuck Berry. This description probably sounds like a diss, but this is pretty damn cool. -Jimmy Alvarado (Jetstar, 1634 Breda Ave., St Paul, MN 55108)

OI POLLOI

"Foo-um Ca-huh" (Noise Of Struggle) ☼

In my opinion, the best record of 1999 and probably 2000, for that matter. FIND IT! BUY IT! -Southern Fried Keith (Skuld Releases, Malmshiemstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, Germany)

OI POLLOI

"Fuaim Catha" ☼

The end of the millennium brings us a reminder of why many of us has continued to listen to this music we call "punk." This Scotland band has opened many



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an eye over the years and bring another thought provoking release. Full power punk that should be included in everyone's collection. My brother Katz introduced me to the power legends somewhere in the mid '80s and I just can't seem to get enough. This was a continuation of Conflict and Icons of Filth that was questioning the norm at the time and were bands that I had followed. As I recall, this is their most recent release in about 3 years. The last being the absolutely great split 7" with Blown Apart Bastards. There was also the comp LP titled "Total Anarchy" that was released around the same time. One thing that I won't do now is sit on my fat ass when I hear about a new release. As soon I knew that someone was carrying it domestically, (I got mine from Sound Idea Distribution and Vacuum Mail-order also has it.) I shelled out the bucks to get it. I sat passive before and I missed out on getting many classic releases which I am searching out now. There is not a bad release in their catalog. Nothing excites me more when I'm mentally challenged with their views and still enjoy the feeling-like they are kicking me square in the ass. Not many bands can say they have kept me interested for so long. The relevance here is they still exist and are fighting the good fight to continue to educate and make people question. -Donofthead (Skuld)

ONE SIZE FITS ALL

"Co-Cord Control" ©

Another HG Fact release that I picked up recently. This Japanese band plays a mixture of garage punk mixed with traditional Japanese hardcore. The vocals are screamed and the simplicity of the music makes it easy to digest. Five songs of punk fun that never lets up. The artwork is done by the singer, Yossie, who seems to be heavily influenced by Pushead with the intricate pen work. -Donofthead (HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Tokyo, 161-0013, Japan)

OVERTHROW

"React" ☼

Mosh-core metal for fans of Biohazard, Mushroom or Helmet. Too slow and polished to be called hardcore but too "hardcore" looking to be metal... figure it out for yourself. -J-Cyco (Triple Crown Heavy Metal Archives)

OVERTHROW

"React" ☼

Another strong release from those crazy hardcore maniacs at Triple Crown. Now, when it comes to

New York hardcore, Overthrow is one of the bands that defines that style. They blare high decibel power rock like it should be, and it sounds dangerous, to boot. The thing I admire most about Overthrow is that they take cues from both hardcore's punk past and from its modern metal-edged stylings. Unbelievable! What draws me to this band and its music is its anti-authority stance. Good old-fashioned teenage rage here, folks. It's even political at times, tackling topics like socio-economic class oppression ("Reclaim"), rights restrictions ("State Control"), and social awareness ("Misguided"). To quote a verse from the song "Misguided" might be an appropriate reflection of the tone of this album: "Stop the indoctrinations instilled for generations. So let's stop the hyped-up bullshit, (and) put some actions behind the words." Heavy duty stuff, people! It's all out war here. I sometimes get annoyed by all the "tough guy posturing" hardcore often generates but these guys get right to the point. No time for image related stuff, Overthrow tells it like it is. Get your dirty little mitts on this album. If you don't, you'll hate yourself in the morning. And you should, you dirty little bastard. -Riotgun Larry (Triple Crown)

OXBLOOD

"6 Hard Years" ☼

Oh, street-punk, working-class skinhead anthems galore from Oxblood, the band that hails from the state of New York. Very upbeat tunes in the vein of UK Subs, Exploited and Sham 69. 22 songs that span the years 1992 to 1998 from three or more recording sessions. I enjoyed listening to this over and over and over again. Oi! Oi! -Sal Cochino (Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

PAINTBOX

Self-titled ©

This is a two song release from HG Fact which is a label that I will buy absolutely anything from because of their consistency of putting out absolutely blistering products. This is ex-Death Side's guitarist Chelsea's new band. I can't tell you anything about what they are singing about since my comprehension of Japanese is very remedial, but I can say that these guys play classic style manic Japancore that doesn't let up on side one. On side two they play a more traditional style punk that reminded me of early Gastunk. The vocals are growled and the music just pummels. -Donofthead (HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Tokyo, 161-0013, Japan)

PANICVILLE

"Evil?" ☼

Tired of the usual jewel case as a means to provide protection for your CD? Well these guys used two pieces of wood and some binder clips to create a cove. The art was glued to the front and the lyric booklet was glued on to the inside of one the pieces of wood. Musically this is artsy, electronic noise, with poetry-like vocals multi layered for an aural experience. Irritated the hell out of me listening to this. -Donofthead (Nihilist, 2267 Blendon Place, St. Louis, MO 63143)

PEEPSHOWS, THE

"Right About Now" ☼

I expected something good when I saw that this was from Sweden. Not much from Sweden has disappointed me and my instincts were correct to assume that I was in for a treat. These guys know how to rock out. Borderline between SoCal punk and garage, these guys kick you where it hurts. They do an amazing cover of Jeff Dahl's "I Don't Wanna" that might surpass the original. Big production that not only helps but makes this release stand out amongst the generic. One of my favorite mystery meat finds this year. -Donofthead (Sidekicks, Ostra Nobelgatan 9, 703 61 Orebro, Sweden)

PEZZ

"Warmth and Sincerity" ☼

Maybe I have too much of a preconceived idea of what punk should sound like. This barely falls in the category of what I think is punk. Thinking that this is being released by BYO, you would think that by label identification you would get a certain type of music. Maybe I'm going about it the wrong way, but I expected something different. What I got here was a more mature type of band that might get labeled into the college rock style. The songs lacked a lot of the aggression that I would identify with BYO. The songs were well crafted and the musicianship was high, but I just couldn't connect with the music. I felt that I was listening to some other people's music and not mine. I have to come back and listen to this in the future. I have been known to enjoy things after I thought I didn't like them. -Donofthead (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

PHUT

Self-titled ©

You know what masonite peg board looks like? This is what they used for a cover and just stamped the band name on the front. Besides that, that was the only thing interesting to me. Artsy, guitar wanking

that didn't even make me want to listen to the second side. Like the Minutemen not trying to create a song. -Donofthead (Nihilist, 2267 Blend on pl., St. Louis, MO 63143)

PHYSICALS, THE

"Skulduggery" ☼

Although The Physicals were out for a short period of time, roughly '78-'80, this CD stocks enough tracks to keep their fans who remember them more than happy, as well as introducing them to new and curious fans. Of the 17 cuts, 11 of 'em are treasures outta the vault from the past, never released until now, while the remaining cuts are taken from their original singles with a few live tracks as well. You fans of bands from the late '70s U.K. explosion should dig the Physicals tunes, if you haven't heard them already, being that the line-up included Alan Lee Shaw (Maniacs), Alvin Gibbs (UK Subs), John Trowe (Chelsea and Gen. X), and Paul Cook (Sex Pistols). Most of The Physicals' material is very reminiscent to that of The New York Dolls, but that's only natural 'cause almost every punk band outta England at this time were copping bands like The Dolls and the Ramones, not to mention the godfather of our great nation, Mr. Iggy Pop. Seeing them tour with Thin Lizzy in '79 would have been a hell of a show. Give this sucker a spin. -Designated Dale (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, England: <www.overground.co.uk>)

PIG PEN

"Stay Low" ☼☼

British band. English pop. It's 3 songs. It's really mellow. Nothing punk about it. -Sal Cochino (Human Condition, 120A West Granton Rd., Edinburgh EH5 1PF, Scotland, UK)

PROLAPSE

"Ghost of Dead Aeroplanes" ☼

Whoa... male and female voices. Damn... these guys play some weird, trippy, psychedelic shit man! Get me outta here! -Sal Cochino (Jetset, 67 Vestry St., Ste. 5C, NY, NY 10013)

PILLAGE PEOPLE

"Attack of the Bloodsucking Retards" ☼☼

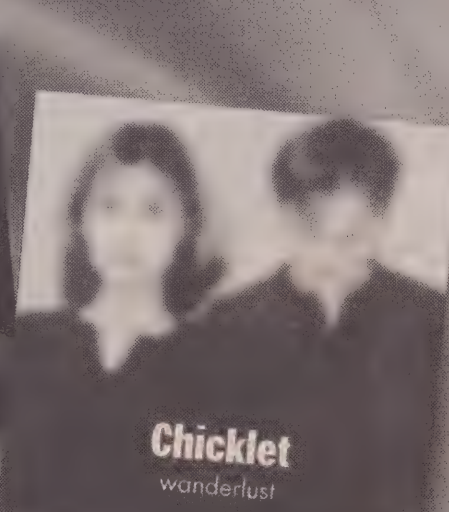
Trashy '80s-style hardcore that's fun and hellafied sloppy. Standout cuts include "In the Gas Chamber," "Going Postal" and "Life is Ugly So Why Not Kill Yourself." The only thing I would suggest is to think of a better name and can all the cheesy horror stuff. It's funny, but you don't need to put it before every



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fucking song. -Jimmy Alvarado (Pillage People, PO Box 221, Delaware, NJ 07833)

PIMP

"Kung Fu Dreams" ☼

Slick, melodic tunes with intricate hooks painstakingly placed in just the right spots for optimum catchiness are featured on this release. Some tracks, like "Generation," "That's Right," "Lap Dance," "Tomorrow" and "Super Pimp," showcase a more full-bodied melody, while others like "Bitch Fra Diavolo," "Fremont Girl," and "Truth Don't Lie" hit home with a toned-down, fast-paced oldschool hardcore punk sound. The varied styles utilized by this band all complement one another quite well, and the clean-sounding production on this album does 'em all justice. -Mike Ramek (Sugar Daddy)

PINHEAD CIRCUS

"Everything Else Is a Far Gone Conclusion" ☼

You know how your moods change from day to day? I guess I have been in a more of a thrash mode lately. I know this release is great but it must be one of those thrash days for me. The music is great and I can not complain about anything about this release. It just didn't grab me by the balls like it would on my melodicore days. What always catches me is a good cover. These guys cover the Rick Springfield song "I've Done Everything For You." In a punk context, that song does work. Maybe I love when people manipulate things and that is why I love covers. Don't get me wrong here, this is a solid release. The melodicore stuff is not the stuff I like to listen to after a bad day working for corporate America. -Donoththead (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

PINK FAIRIES

"Do It!" ☼

While the MC5 were getting their revolution going in Michigan, these space brains were doing their own guerilla rock thing in England. The band featured drummer/vocalist Twink who had been part of two mind expanding groups, the Pretty Things and Tomorrow before launching something totally different. This set presents some live workouts and studio tracks that capture the controlled chaos of four free radicals experimenting with noise, stamina and each other. There are three versions of the rhythm-happy, "Mexican Grass War," two versions of the rockin' classic, "Do It!" and several extended jams as well as four tunes from the '69 "Think Pink" album. Comes with a few choice words, from Twink, about their ambitions to tear down the corporate system and give rock and roll, free, to the masses and the wild ride that ensued. Most of this is what I

would term very live, hippy barbarian mind music. -P. Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510)

PROMISE RING, THE

"Boys & Girls" ☼

I have no idea why I never listened to this band before. The Promise Ring are a great band. From what I gather, these guys have been around longer than Braid. I mention this because they both have a similar sound, but Promise Ring are more refined with a poppier style-like early Versus, but more upbeat and better. There's a quality about the Promise Ring that I can't quite put my finger on, but it keeps me coming back to this three song affair, and setting aside some money to pick up the prior records. "Best Looking Boys" is the most infectious of the three - the repetitive beat works well, hooking you in, and getting you on your feet. "American Girl" (not a Tom Petty cover) is a quiet send off, kind of similar to what Shudder To Think were doing on their Dischord EP. Great to listen to while pedaling along the strand that runs up the north end of the Santa Monica beach in the late afternoon. -M.Avg (Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810)

PSEUDO STAR

Self-titled ☼

Good, solid distortion-filled apocalyptic punk rock'n'roll songs filled with messages ranging from political reform or problems that must be known. I really like where the band takes this record. It reminds me of the Clash musically; however, it definitely has lyrics that are very much like the message of Rage Against The Machine. As I listen, I begin to like the fact that the guys in the band are singing about feeling the futility of the system. It's obvious the band are smart about the research put into what the lyrics are saying. I like that they say, "Fuck the G.O.P." Moreover, I can hear the Suicidal Tendencies influence on the song called "Lock Down" in which the band rants about racist cops. I noticed one thing about the good band that I want to mention. I feel the band should sing about some suggestions to the futility of politics, community, and existence. Perhaps the next CD will have some answers. -Arthur Robert (Justified, 100 N. Lake Ave. #202, Pasadena, CA 91101)

PUFFBALL

"It's Gotta Be Voodoo, Baby!" ☼

Don't let the name of this band fool ya. - Puffball's frenzied whiplash and rasp like that of Zeke/Reo Speedealer tossed in with that classic Motorhead groove make 'em the fitting soundtrack for the next time you get the undying urge to execute some felonious

road rage and smash someone's stupid skull in. I can safely guess that Puffball probably stirs it up and cranks the heat on live. Here's hopin' they grab their Swedish brothers The Hellacopters and come to the states. Don't be a screwball. Check out the rock that is Puffball. -Designated Dale (Burning Heart, Box 441 701 48 Orebro, Sweden; <www.burningheart.com>)

PURR MACHINE

"Ging Ging" ☼

I'm not sure how some people decide to market their CDs. It makes me curious. I got this CD and I know a local goth radio program did too so it confuses me when I listen to it and its decidedly not Goth. Although not a bad CD musically, I think they have their genres mixed up. I think it might fair better in the rock/pop arena with songs reminding me of the newer electronic songs of Madonna's "Ray of Light" but with heavier guitars. There are definitely some songs with a good, trendy club beat potential. I listened to it, shrugged, and said, "Eh, ok. Next!" Just not my speed. -Blu (Re-Construction, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

QUADRAJETS

"My Car, My Spaceship" ☼

These Southern rockers have loaded their triple guitar fueled truck beds with gravel and gone for a sound their label refers to as h-e-a-v-y. That pretty well sums up the mondo bottom end, hypnotic pound and wall of guitar sludge that makes up this latest single release. In case the loud, pounding dirge of the title track isn't enough to convince you they mean business, they do a rather dirty version of Black Sabbath's "Hole in the Sky." The sonic excesses of the early '70s, when bands like Hard Stuff, Blue Cheer and Nazareth seemed hell bent on out gnarling each other are revisited. The single comes with circular sleeve art of a blown speaker, front and back. Play it at ten and share the experience. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

QUICK TO BLAME

"Through it All" ☼

NorthWest hardcore sounds a lot like Cali-HC to me... or at least this band does. Quick To Blame have a few great songs here and there but their sound isn't fully developed yet. Good effort, though. -J-Cyco (Three Forms, PO Box 1106 Allyn, WA 98524)

QUIET RIOT

"Alive and Well" ☼

Of course you love them and they are great. One of the great party metal acts of all time and they are making

no bones about, trying to cover that up or do some alterna-bullshit. QR are... well, quite simply "Alive and Well!" After trying things out with a different singer for a much under-rated record (simply titled "QR") in the late '80s, they got Kevin DeBrow back on vocals. The man everyone (including the band) loved to hate after literally leaving him in his hotel room in Hawaii during their highly successful QRIII tour in the mid '80s. Then, putting out the feelers with touring and a few indy releases during the early '90s, with what is now the full and intact original lineup from their most commercially successful era. This was when they broke all records and became the first "heavy metal" band to go #1 in 1993 (I had a "Mental Health" school folder). So now is a time when it's actually quite hard to hear this type of party on your radio and what was made a staple part of the record business by QR's success. Their quintessential "metal label" is gone, excepting imports and the U.S. east coast's C.M.C. metal label. Dead Line, is a subgroup of the kind folks at Cleopatra! Not such a far cry really, giving the history of goth/glam. We really knew it all along and now it's your turn to be cool. The new material (like all upcoming Dead Line issues) features several reworked pivotal classics from the band's career. -Bart (Dead Line, 13428 Maxella Ave., Suite 251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292)

RABBY FEEDER

"Welcome Magnet" ☼

A rocking, straight forward band that had leanings of the Ramones but with more of a bar rock edge and pop sensibilities. No frills here, solid guitars that were in key when a solo popped in. The drums didn't distract by keeping that 4/4 beat going without flaw. Catchy choruses and the bass guitar throwing in that extra needed punch. I was impressed. -Donoththead (Resurrected, 125 South Ashland Ave., Lexington, KY 40502)

RAMONES

"We're Outta Here" ☼

What ya get here is the colored vinyl version of the Ramones last show that was originally included as a CD in the "We're Outta Here" box set with the video, so all vinylholics can rest easy with this pressing of the Ramones' 2,263rd show - it's all here in its 32 song glory with a gatefold inside that's made up like a Monopoly board. Shit, it's hard to believe this was almost 3 years ago. GET this and/or the box set - you're flat out clueless if ya don't. Kinda in the same way that a dog dry humps a blanket, ya know what I mean, jackass? -Designated Dale (Empty, Erlangerstr. 7, 90765 Furth, Germany MT - 431)

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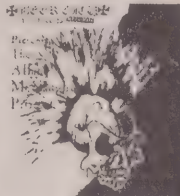


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RANDUMBS, THE

"Piss on It" **EP**

Rip rockin' Northern California punk. Fast, raspy and in your face - no it's not a Tenderloin whore - it's The Randumbs straight from the streets of Sonoma. Dedicated to beer chillin', swillin' and drillin' these punks mix up a dysfunctional array of alcoholic rants, misdirected animosity and the most puerile cover art imaginable. Frontman Ian (formerly Saul)'s nasal growl is the band's signature sound, which is kind of like the whelp of a sickly alley cat when you rip its scabs off. Trust me, you'll love it. If nothing else, you've probably heard The Randumbs on one of the many comps they've appeared on in recent months. This 6-song EP contains a cover of G.G. Allin's "Don't Talk" and features guest vocals by Mike and Dave from The Workin' Stiffs. Highly recommended. -Money (Urine Entertainment, 3739 Balboa St. #192, SF, CA 94121-2605)

RATOS DE PORAO

"Carniceria Tropical" **EP**

Seeing as this band is older than my grandmother and I didn't know that they were still together, I originally thought this was some sort of re-release, but no, it was recorded in late 1997. Contained here are 13 tracks of absolutely vicious hardcore from one of the best bands Brazil has ever produced. If you are one of those people that think Integrity or those other bands on Victory are really hardcore, pick this puppy up and come to the realization that those bands ain't shit! -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)

RATS

Self-titled **EP**

Scratchy, lo-fi snotpunk from Australia. Both tracks, "Liar," and "You Fucking Piss Me Off," shred it up big time with a hint of that sweet British '77 style thrown into the fray. The songs are concise and fast, and the mangy vocals are plenty pissed. Punk rock. -Mike Ramek (Empty, Erlanger St. 7, 90765 Furt, Germany)

RAYDIOS, THE

Self-titled **CD**

Fink and Sammy of the legendary Teengenerate team up with drummer Yoda to fashion yet another indomitable force in the punk rock realm. Answer to The Raydios because they're callin' ya out! Their translation of good ol' punk'n'roll with a dash of melodic power pop pays respect to Radio Birdman, Rubber City Rebels (they cover "Kidnapped" here), and The Users. Good combination of influences=formula for success - the

Japanese way. The Raydios were a transitional band and this release is their demo released post-mortem by Screaming Apple. Everyone has moved onto new projects. Fink and Sammy teamed up with (ex-)Teengen, Tweezers (with Sammy again - how incestuous!) and the Mach 3) to form Firestarter. So that's really Teengenerate minus one member, Shoe. Yoda went on to The Havenots. Does this make any sense? -Namella J. Kim (Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50939, Köln, Germany)

RC5

"Your Gonna Pay" **CD**

I wanted to get paid for listening to this. Kinda of Iggy meets MC5. -Donoththead (Small Town, no address)

REACH THE SKY

"Lost Glories" **EP**

A rapid-fire sonic succession of heavy and hard metal-tinged punk, Reach The Sky uproariously update the Suicidal Tendencies' incendiary inflections of musical meatgrindings blended with Samiam's saturating sound of sizzling debris in a musical milieu of inhuman proportions. This pummeling piece o' venomous vinyl has left my ears scorched and dehydrated... I'm thirsty for more, motherfucker, more! -Rog (Espresso, PO Box 63, Allston, MA 02134 or Reach The Sky - Ian, PO Box 22, Boston, MA 02117)

RECEIVERS, THE

"Words and Terms" **EP**

Very melodic, borderline pop. Fine vocal harmonies over a punchy guitar sound. The music is a mixture of J Church meets the Queers, in my opinion. With so many bands that play this style of music, it is hard to make a determination of what is good or bad when you hear so much of it. I'm equivocal about this release, so you are on your own to make a decision to purchase. -Donoththead (Wingnut, 1442A Walnut St. Ste. 60, Berkeley, CA 94709)

RED GIANT

"Ultra Magnetic Glowing Sound" **EP**

The soundtrack for the coming millennium. Space rock OD'd on hallucinogens. Hawkwind meets Helios Creed with the heaviness of Black Sabbath. Apocalyptic in tone with a psychedelic melt. At times some songs tend to drag on forever, but for the most part this is a pretty good disc. Features Derek Hess cover art. How can you lose? -M.Avg (Cambodia Recordings, 16013 Waterloo Rd., Suite 405, Cleveland, OH 44110)

RED ALERT

"The Ranties" **EP**

Seventy minutes of some of the best hey, hey, music to ever bless these ears. Thank you Captain Oi! The title of this release says it all - a rare collection of some of Red Alert's finest work from the private collection of guitarist Tony Frater. Each song is previously unreleased and, by God, does it contain some classics, such as "Together We'll Fight," "We've Got the Power," my all-time favorite "One Man's Resistance," not to mention the covers of "England" by The Angelic Upstarts, "If the Kids Are United" by Sham 69, and "White Man in Hammersmith Palais" by The Clash. This is a must, must, must have for anyone into old school oi, music. Even if you're not, do yourself a favor and check it out. I've got to thank Donoththead for sending this to me and saving me the cash I would have surely spent buying it. Now I can send off for another historic release from Captain Oi! -Southern Fried Keith (In case you haven't figured it out yet it's Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England; <www.tcom.co.uk/captainoi>)

REVLONS, THE

"The Searchers" b/w "Where the Kids Roam" **CD**

"The Searchers" start off midtempo and gain momentum into full blast punk rock. "Where the Kids Roam" sounds very Dead Kennedys meet the anthemic spirit of Cheap Trick. Lots of tempo changes to keep you guessing with Bruce Loose, Black Randy, Biafra derived vocals. Solid effort, good going boys. -Namella J. Kim (Let Roq, 1725 N. Bethel, Olympia, WA 98506)

RIVER CITY RAPISTS

"Love Hurts" **EP**

River City Rapists reminded me of the Electric Ferrets and Jeff Dahl mixed with splash of some Speeddealer, in a way; an 8-song EP full of punk rock'n'roll. Six original and two covers, one of which is a rockin' version of "Let There Be Rock," the old AC/DC classic, make up this well done release. The photos that grace this disc are pretty hardcore: A pregnant girl smoking and drinking, wearing a half top and short shorts, and a picture of some other woman being penetrated from behind while the guy is trying to hold himself in, and the cover is of flames, roses, and blood wrapping four high heeled, stocking enlaced legs making up the sign of the swastika. Damn the nerve of some people. There's no poonk rock. And I thought the BadTown Boys cover was shocking! -Sal Cochino (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

RIVER CITY RAPISTS

"Love Hurts" **EP**

Out of the ashes of The Didjits and The Motards come the River City Rapists knuckling and elbowing their way through your speakers with songs about seething hate, fucking, and assholes keeping in fine demonic tradition with their Austin, TX. neighbors, The Bulemics. There's even a cover of AC/DC's "Let There Be Rock" here, so get yer slippery hands out from under that oily blanket in your lap and go grab this(as soon as you wash your hands first, Mr./Mrs. Sticky Fingers...) -Designated Dale (Junk)

ROOT DECO

"Songs from Split Personality and Heathen Hymns" **EP**

Someone please kill me. Retro-rock stuff that made me want to stab a screwdriver into my eye. A bad 4 track recorded demo burned onto CDR that should have stayed on a tape. -Donoththead (Geneses International; <www.geneses.com>)

ROTTING CHRIST

"Sleep of the Angels" **EP**

I was married once to a guy that lived and swore by death metal. I tried really hard to like it. I tried really hard to find the musical quality in it. But alas, it made me break down into tears of laughter every time I heard those boys growl and snarl into the microphone like some sort of rabid mutant human hybrid. Certainly they didn't expect me to take this posturing seriously? Death metal has kind of faded now but black metal has risen to fill in some of the dark gap left behind. The musical quality is better, that's for sure. There's more here than just power chords and that's progress. But there's still those moments of silly snarling that prevents me from taking this stuff seriously. I just can't. This latest offering from Rotting Christ is exactly that - good music, but over-dramatic vocals and silly lyrics. I think I like the graphics and photos on this CD best of all. -Blu (Century Media, 1453-A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

ROY BUCHANAN

"Before and After" **EP**

A relatively overlooked guitar genius who inspired the likes of Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Page, but never attained their popular status. This collection brings together some of the earliest tracks he ever laid down, some live material, some demo quality meanderings and a few tracks from the last session before his tragic death in 1988. The material from '61 through '64 is my favorite. Much of it is instrumental and showcases his extremely versatile style. He had an approach that was



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evocative of Duane Eddy, Hank Marvin of the Shadows and B.B. King all rolled into one. There is a great original, "I Found You," that has a strong Beatles feel, some good blues and rockabilly work outs and a few twist tunes. The sound quality of the second half isn't quite as pristine and gets a little more guitar god technical than I'd like but, worshipers of brilliant flash and finesse will find he was about as good as an axe man could be. Over all, this is a fine obscurities set and some of the first tracks, in my opinion, are magical. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rollercoaster, Rock House, London Road, St. Mary's, Chalford, Gloucestershire GL6 8PU)

SCARED OF CHAKA

"Tired of You" ☼

I swear my left nut by these guys. If they start sucking, it's gone. I'm an octave higher. You can make fun of me - "Todd, have a ball," that type of thing. To these ears, there's no better band than that straddling the poles on the Tesla coil between the oft exclusive nodes of mucous and spazz punk and garage music so thick, you have to open the door to avoid carbon monoxide poisoning. Not only are they between the poles, but they're the one that can pull the energy of both together and picture, if you will, pure electricity; heavy blue bolts of it that tickle, spit, jump, shock, and glow. Fuck, it's just music, but so infecting that it feels like there's a lightning storm crashing out of the speakers and if you've ever been in a lightning storm in a dry area, it's the residual static that's cool - when you drag your hand across glass, you can make blue tracers by yourself. That's what Scared of Chaka's capable of: placing the listener in the middle of the action, providing so much, it's a charge just to be there. Then picture broken teeth from jumping into a wall without bracing yourself. Then picture rock as big as what the Pilgrims found on their first trip to the States. Put it all together with the sonic wash of just being incredible, and incredibly accurate like William Tell with a nuke, and you've got the idea. -Todd (SubCity, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

SCREECHING WEASEL

"Emo" ☼

Great title. At first, I thought it was a fantastic joke, and while it is - it isn't at the same time. It's not what the drool-in-to-your-shoe, future Volvo owners of America, art resume in the form of a fanzine, sweater-wearing Romulan-haircutted are calling emo. It's emotion, shortened down to three fucking letters, stripped of pandering flourish or mushy, pointless ramble. At first, it was kind of weird thinking of Screeching Weasel as being introspective, taking stock of life, viewing the path trav-

eled, reaccessing, and charging on. Then it made sense. What has made me spend, to my closest estimation, a half a year of my twenty-seven on this planet listening to Screeching Weasel records is that Ben's honest and completely immerses himself what he's involved with. To the people who say Ben's changed. No fucking shit. He's no longer worried about a decaying scene, the brand of the knife that's being shoved in someone's back, but a broader vista, or as Ben puts simply: "it's finally time to appreciate the perfection of all life." Yeah, this CD's a little mellower than the latest, "Television City Dream," and the blistering "Major Label Debut" EP, but play them back to back and I hear one entire album in three parts, equally balanced between jubilation, frustration, resolve, and rage. With "Emo," there's more time spent on confronting the songwriting, but fortunately, with age came grace, articulation, and a new sense of freedom from not giving a shit in the best possible way. If you've never heard of Screeching Weasel and consider yourself a punk rocker, a good place to start is "Kill the Musicians" and when you can get over your bad self by the fact they cover Patsy Cline without making fun of her, work out from there. There's plenty of ground to cover, most of it pretty damn good. This is what happens to pop punk when it's not afraid to face maturity. -Todd (Panich Button, PO Box 14810, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

SECRET HATE

"Vegetables Dancing" ☼

Wow, I'm shocked as hell that Brian GTA didn't get his hands on this. This is a repress of this early Long Beach band's only album, originally out on New Alliance, plus two tracks off the "When Men Were Men and Sheep Were Scared" comp and a live set. Often underrated and overlooked by people more impressed with the Vandals and other bands with half the talent and all the press, Secret Hate was a band blessed with the three things that make good hardcore memorable: originality, diversity and talent. You knew a Secret Hate song when you heard it. Their experiment with reggae, "The Ballad of Johnny Butt," was covered by some band called Sublime a few years ago, the thrasher numbers are filled to the brim with chord changes and skewed time signatures, and the rest are explorations into other genres filtered through the slash and burn of punk, which means that they are to the point and don't degenerate into excess. The live set, from a free gig the band threw back in the day, sounds fantastic (right off the board I believe) and is highlighted by the singer throwing two guys out for fighting. The only gripe I have is that they should have made this a compendium of all their recorded work. Missing, off the top of my head,

are the three tracks from the "You Can't Argue with Suckless" comp and the two from "Hell Comes to Your House," which I know was recently re-released, but they cut "Suicide" off and that was the best song of the two. I shouldn't really complain, though, because I'm ecstatic (to say the least) that I am able to say that I own this and I don't think it will be leaving my stereo anytime soon. -Jimmy Alvarado (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA 90803)

SECRET HATE/DAS KLOWN

Split ☼

Secret Hate reformed sometime last year I believe. I remember picking up a flyer with their name on it, I thought I was seeing things... but sure enough. Their song, "Dissonant Pendulum" is pretty good. There's moments where it doesn't gel, but on the whole the song is cool. I'd like to hear more. Das KlowN are better than the last time I heard them, which was the Posh Boy LP from a while back. The tone of the music sounds like it's played by some mentally unbalanced people, and looking at the picture of this tattooed gentleman in clown makeup only enhances that opinion. -M.Avrq (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA 90803)

SECRECTIONS

"Attention Deficit Disorder" ☼

Simple punk rock with silly lyrics abound on this release. The songs are poppy but more in a Ramones, three-chord style over a basic 4/4 beat. Probably funner to see them live, but no knocks on these guys. The songs are consistently upbeat and shows that they are having fun doing it. -Donothedead (Slap Happy, PO Box 249, Byron, CA 94514)

SELECTER, THE

"Cruel Britannia" ☼

I had no idea this band was still around. They still very much sound like they did in the past, just a little more subdued these days. This isn't their shining moment, but better than all that lame shit that passes as ska these days. -M.Avrq (The Harry May Records Company)

SELF MADE MONSTERS

"Love at First Gag" ☼

Didn't know what to expect and what I expected was not this. This sat in the mystery meat pile since January. I kept looking at it and finally took a chance since it seemed no one had ever heard of them before. This sounded like it could have come out in the early eighties. The singer had that Darby Crash quality going

for him with the screams and strained vocals. Four songs of raw punk rock and roll that had the elements of being in the wrong time zone. No pop punk here, just remedial, do it yourself, I'm not a professional musician, snotty garage punk. -Donothedead (Self Made Monsters, PO Box 1122, China Grove, NC 28023)

SEVEN FOOT SPLEEN/KANKER

Split ☼

The titles of SFS's songs should give you an idea of how joyous and positive they are. You get three tracks titled "Clean Catch Urine Specimen," "Rag Acne" and "Leech Eater." Pure fucking ugly pictures of despair are strewn here. Bottom heavy, sludge hardcore power violence is what is being extracted here. Kanker, on the other hand, has more of a sense of humor with titles like "Michael Jackson's Boy Scouts" and "I Killed Jon Benet." Sick humor without actually listening to the music. Musically, this band loves to play slow before going on their thrash assault on the first track. The sludge stuff was just a bit long before I got ten seconds of thrash. I thought the turntable was set at the wrong speed and noticed that it was already at 45 rpm. Why don't they put 78 rpm on record player anymore? I could have used it. The second song was painful because there was no break in the snail's pace of the Black Sabbath-like song. Worth it for the Seven Foot Spleen side alone. -Donothedead (Maconium, PO Box 1774, Carboro, NC 27510)

SHIFTERS, THE

"Don't Care" ☼

Everything from the leather jackets to the faded jeans to the shades to the graffiti on the wall behind them says fun, late '70s punk rock. The music is the clincher. It's peppy, energetic, loose and chock full of hooks and a wash of guitar chords. Both tunes, "Don't Care" and "Cat Burglar" have an easygoing nonchalance, vocally, and a pumped up urgency, musically, that reminds me of such Brit pioneers as the Vibrators or Sham 69. It's not that they sound the same or cop cockney accents; they just seem to be on a similar wave length. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

SICK BOYS

"Put Your Weight on It" ☼

Canadian Teddy Boys with straightforward, up tempo down at the bar style punk'n'roll. Thick, guitar-oriented full sound and hollerin' vocals from a pre fab working class street punk perspective. The formula works to a certain degree, generic but satisfying nonetheless - much like this review. Falls just this short of being truly

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inspired like the Gotohells or Devil Dogs sound it seems to emulate. Nice albeit passe reference to Rudy Ray Moore in the title. That affectation pretty much sums it up. -Squeaky (Stumble, 57 Leaside Dr., St. Catharines, ON, L2M 4G1, Canada)

SISSIES

"Geography" ☼

Familiar sounds, but they don't want my finger on it. Stripped down to the roots, maybe I should just communicate my impression of them as people like the left over hippie kids fresh out of high school who seem to exemplify freedom in their natural creativity, doing things the way it feels and not by the numbers but at the same time they do remain in the boundaries of primitive rock'n'roll. I guess it's just that when you have this sorta stream of consciousness poetic sorta outlook and lifestyle it becomes riot girl political as opposed to just out and out rock and roll like the '50s frantic tradition kept alive in recent years by the lo-fi garage scene, somewhere there is a line and a crossover of such when the kids over here don't know about the kids over there but unwittingly though unadmittedly share the same dream. Cute, charming, innocent, I was especially impressed by the happy, steady bass amidst the spastic cymbal crashing outburst of "ABC" and am glad that most of the songs are in a similar vein. The acoustic number is names like River Phoenix and Ione Skye before mainstream fame. The Sissies still do not escape the classification of being "punk rock" and will please the more open minded hyperactive yet intellectual kids whose hearts are at once full of rage and love as well as yearning to be barefoot. The off key female vocals work well with the whole crispy dry package BUT do get a little grating in the end. -Squeaky (Plan It X, 5810 W. Willis Rd., Georgetown, IN 47122)

SKALATONES, THE

"Tune In..." ☼

Swedish two tone style ska. -Donofthead (Sidekicks, Ostra Nobelgatan 9, 703 61 Orebro, Sweden)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE

"Fault Lines Sleep for Now" ☼

Slingshot Episode's "Fault Lines Sleep for Now" is an album that can't (and shouldn't) be classified. Thirty seconds into the first track, "Creeping," I wrote this album off as an incredibly good pop punk release. However, after listening to a few more tracks, it was apparent that pop punk isn't an accurate description of the band. Singer Sylvia Gubatan has an almost-snotty way of spitting out obscure lyrics that is inspiring. No doubt, Gubatan's vocals will draw comparisons to Corin

Tucker's, but don't mistake this band for a Sleater-Kinney knockoff. Tracks such as "Creeping" and "Indecision" have more of an '80s punk feel while "Waterfront" is a slow rock piece with incredible male back-up vocals. Overall, a very enjoyable album from a band I'd love to hear more from. -Liz O (What Else?, PO Box 1211, Columbus, IN 47202)

SNAKDAB

Self-titled ☼

If Fred Durst was female... Limp Bizkit wouldn't be popular, and that's why this band isn't. -J.Cyco (PO Box 815, Mason City, IA 50402)

SNATCHERS, THE

Self-titled ☼

Evil punk rock. Fast paced chord progressions laced with various organ, piano, harmonica and wah-wah peddle effects on the four tracks contained herein produce an unearthly, driving soundtrack for the damned. Good stuff. -Mike Ramek (Woo Da Loo, 7110 W.20th Ave. Ste. #204, Lakewood, CO 80215)

SNOWMEN

"Last Days of the Central Freeway" ☼

There is a mood to this CD. The music is ethereal. It floats. The music moves nicely. It has the dreamy distortion like My Bloody Valentine. There are a couple of pop oriented songs on the record as well; however, the strength of Snowmen lies in the moody darker numbers. -Arthur Robert: (Devil in the Woods, 312 Precita Ave., SF, CA 94110; <Kmarquis@sirius.com>)

SOCIETY1

"Slacker Jesus" ☼

The inevitable Korn clones have begun. This CD is just one more of way too fucking many already. -Kirin (Inzane, 4750 Van Nuys Blvd., #303, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403)

SOIL

"Throttle Junkies" ☼

Started out rockin'... then the vocals came in. The vocals (done by Ryan) are like the heavy-metal styles of yester-year. Maybe that's what they're going for but that made it boring for me. Don't get me wrong, Soil didn't suck that bad... the vocals did. With a new singer that didn't want to sound like Alice in Chains (minus the great harmony vocal ability) these guys might actually be a good band. Then again, maybe not... it ended not as rockin'. -Sal Cochino (MIA, PO Box 1236, Canal St. Station, NY, NY 10013)

SONICS, THE

"Here are the Sonics" and "Boom" ☼

These two albums present the cream of the crop from one of the loudest, fastest and gnarliest bands of the '60s. Their gritty takes on rhythm and blues standards like "Good Golly Miss Molly" and "Hitch Hike" are only eclipsed by their originals wherein all the stops are pulled. The guitar and bass are as grungy as anything their mid '90s fellow Seattleites ever laid down, the sax and organ work is superb, the drums are absolutely frantic and Gerry Roslie's over the top vocals defy description on "The Witch," "Boss Hoss," "Psycho," "Strychnine," "Cinderella," "He's Waiting," "Shot Down," "Don't Be Afraid of the Dark," "The Hustler" and tons of covers, including the definitive "Louie Louie." Both CDs come with bonus tracks and extensive liner notes. Forget Starbucks; start your morning with the Sonics. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

SOUTH

Self-titled ☼

Soundscapes so in the vein of Tortoise that I'm tempted to call John McEntire himself to see if he knows that his evil brother has escaped. If it weren't for the occasional vocal, and had I not seen the package beforehand, given the Pepsi challenge I would have guessed wrong. South is a beautiful and sparse record (never mind how very pretentious) that had there been an original thought, chord or sound I may have given them a slight break. This not being the case, expel this band for plagiarism. -Zack Negative (JagJaguwar, PO Box 136, Charlottesville, VA 22902)

SPEAK 714

"The Scum Also Rises" ☼

Speak 714 have gone through some line up changes since we first heard from them, and it hasn't weakened them one bit. In fact, they're better than before. Hell, I'll go on record as saying this is Dan O'Mahony's best recorded material yet! Each song comes on and literally kicks your ass up against the wall. There's a constant tension racing through each song that never fully lets up. It keeps you listening on the edge of your seat, so to speak, hanging on every moment, anxiously awaiting the next. "Stick and Move" sets the stage, but when the second song, "Amsterdam," comes on, the energy is full on. The tempo and structure is great - full of punch and urgency, and it's like this throughout the rest of the EP. Dan's vocals are the most powerful they've ever been. There's a vicious edge to the growl. There's a genuine anger that comes through. "White Noise" seems to be a reply to all criticism he's faced in recent years, and he's

right when he says, "If I believe everything I read / I'll be moving mountains all day." Excellent EP, and like I said, this is Dan's best stuff yet. -M.Avg (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92611-5232)

SPEAR OF DESTINY

"Religion" ☼

This four-piece outfit from London, England are called Spear Of Destiny (SOD for short, not S.O.D. like that of the New York band with the same abbreviation) sound remarkably like Fleetwood Mac mixed with The Cult and gets really heavy at times. -Sal Cochino (Amsterdamed, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086-2558)

SPEED KINGS, THE

"Religion" ☼

This band plays the same kind of rock'n'roll that Social Distortion plays. However, these guys are more country-out with the mandolin and the banjo. But then it's right back to the rock'n'roll with cool traditional lyrics that are a take back to having a sweet fucking car and falling in lust with women. Slide guitar, shit kicking, and being a fool for the city. -Arthur Robert (Twitch, 166 Bullock Dr., Markham, Ont., Canada L3P 1W2. 905-472-0362; <http://www.speedkings.com>)

SPEEDURCHIN

"Pocketrocket" ☼

Generic, average early period Snuff style punk. The instruments were recorded well but the vocalist seems to fall out of key a lot. That irritated me to the point of losing focus of the songs. It's like a pet peeve, you focus on it and go into tunnel vision. -Donofthead (Hectic, 68 Valley Rd., Brackley, Northants, NN13 7DQ UK)

SPIDER BABIES

"Comin' Unglued" ☼

Super lo-fi late-'60s-style garage rock from Europe that sounds like it was recorded from inside a dumpster. Two/three rattled chords, garbled, coarse vocals, and incessant fuzzy percussion. These guys definitely belong on Crypt Records. Rock'n'roll. -Mike Ramek (Killer, PO Box 2 28801 Pori, Finland)

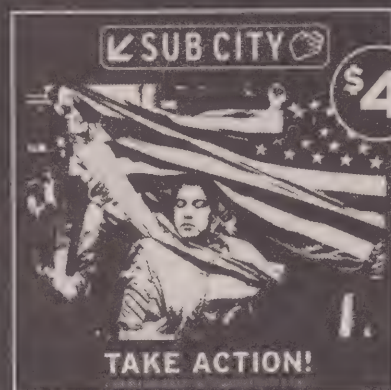
SQUARE THE CIRCLE

"Change" ☼

Interesting powerpop-punk band from Germany. The vocalist goes through melodies while doing vocal contortions. If I could only see him in person to see how his facial expressions add to his voice. The only way I can describe the sound of the vocalist is HR from Bad Brains stone sober and happy in a pop band. The vocal

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harmonies also add to make this pure fun. I love bands that can put a smile on my ugly mug. The music is not bubblegum, but pure, rocking fun. Four guys definitely playing music and having fun. -Donothedead (Wolverine, Benrather SchloBufer 63, 40593 Dusseldorf, Germany)

SQUATWEILER

"Horsepower" ☼

13 songs of noisy, and at times, hard rock'n'roll. In the vein of a harder Breeders and Nirvana. Nothing new from this gal's voice or from the guys. The music is rockin' though. -Sal Cochino (Spinart, PO Box 1798, NY, NY 10156-1798)

STARJETS

"God Bless the Starjets - The Punk Collection" ☼

"This first ever Starjets CD is a 21 track round up of all of their releases for Epic Records. Their debut LP 'God Bless the Starjets' is joined by every A and B side they issued in the late '70's..." What a past these lads have had, and what a fucking excellent release to capture the diverse sound of the band over their brief, four year "Starjets" career. Formed in 1976, in Belfast, about the same time as neighboring Ulster mates Stiff Little Fingers were getting started, the boys were forced to mix Beatles and other well-known covers of that era into the act just to get booked. "SLF's drummer of the time, Jim Reilly, having been suggested for the job in the first place by the Starjets." The music of the Starjets is mid-paced and harmonious; a light-hearted cross between The Only Ones and The Beach Boys but still rough and noncommercial for that decade. This is assuredly the reason for the band being dubbed "The Bay City Rollers of punk rock," by London teeni-bopper mags. Though this tag must have followed the band to the end, by 1979 the Starjets had created a firm foundation for the future sound of oi music. In early 1980, Paul Bowen split the band and they changed their name to Tango Brigade, releasing a few singles, which I consider to be some of their best stuff, of which "Donegale" and "In Vain" are on this release. In late 1980, the band went their separate ways. Sean Martin later working with Jake Burns (SLF) on The Big Wheel, and Terry Sharpe helped out with vocals on the Angelic Upstarts "Live" album, but is probably best known for forming The Adverts with Pat Gribbin. This CD might be a bit out dated for some readers but hey this is a piece of how it all got started. Highly recommendable. -Southern Fried Keith (Captain Oil, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England; <www.tcom.co.uk/captainoi>)

STARMARKET

"Stayin' Cool" X2 ☼

I would have saved some money and just released this as a single 7" instead of a double and had it play 33 rpm. But more is better anyway, right? Well, you get three songs, one on each side, and a cool etching for the blank side of record two. The guys play melodic pop punk more akin to Elvis Costello meets No Fun At All because of the singer and the poppiness of the music. This band hails from Sweden, the other music nation. I seem to be getting a variety of stuff from there and they all seem to rip. Here is a chance for you to get it domestically if that is the type of music you prefer. -Donothedead (Pop Kid, 16 Raleigh Lane, Wayne, NJ 07470)

STATIC X

"Wisconsin Death Trip" ☼

I would best describe them as Rob Zombie meets Ministry. It's dark, industrial, techno, metal, hard-driving, rock-n-roll, noise. This is great music to listen to while fucking, driving, cleaning house, working or getting ready to go out. I love it. -B. Double (Warner Bros Inc., a Time Warner Company)

STEP 2 FAR/

TEARS OF FRUSTRATION

Split ☼ ☼

Both bands play with a style that is obviously influenced by New York straight edge hardcore. Step 2 Far's name is even written on the front cover in the same font that Judge uses, for chrissakes! The overall experience was mildly distracting, but I won't be writing home about it anytime soon. -JimmyAlvarado (Guillotine, no address)

STEPSISTER

"Straight Up No Chaser" ☼

I love the groovy desktop graphic packaging - blaxploitation hero on top of a psychedelic spiral, the sounds within are rockin too, it's just a little too overwrought macho - y'know that sorta repetitive lurching wanna be so heavy and mind bending modern frame built on that prototype punk rock of the late '70s when the distinguishing line between hard rock and punk was so vague. Stepsister pick up the pace in places and on some songs are reminiscent of recent gangbusters like Nashville Pussy, but throughout they are also a throwback to that self-serving grunge contradiction of being progressive while playing one riff over and over again. The first half of this disc has nice, solid studio production and the other half proves how much flavor the lo-fi can add, with the final song, a schoolhouse recording being so good for its atmosphere alone and not for the

song itself. I wish they would let go of the seriousness that makes this "rawk" as opposed to just banging out the crazy kinda noise that makes you wanna tear down the walls. -Squeaky (Red Hour, PO Box 44302, Cleveland, OH 44144)

STRETCH

"It's a Band... Dammit!" ☼

I'm having a lot of trouble getting through these first few songs. Skipping ahead 5...6...7... Nope, about the same, slow and tired. 9...10...and 11, starting to develop a psychobilly surf theme. Song twelve, "Get Fixed," cool, I'm always down for a good druggy song; can't understand the words but I don't think this guy's ever suffered the pain of junk. Songs thirteen through sixteen probably get the crowd jumpin' at college frat parties in New Mexico, and the closer is a mediocre version of the Everly Brothers' "Bye Bye Love." One slightly disturbing observation - the singer whines like J Mascis, which to me is a good thing, but you'll have to hear it and decide for yourself. -Southern Fried Keith (Window, No Address)

SUCKERPUNCH

Self-titled ☼

Being that I'm in prison, I have to buy all tapes I care to hear. So I see this tape in the catalog. The name is very similar to a ska punk band from Reno, Nevada. I happen to know them and wanted to hear what they were up to. Wrong band. They are Sucka Punch. So since I do now own this tape, let me tell you what I hear. The cover has a communist worker star on it, the band looks like rocker mods from the late '70s. They sound it, too. Their influences are very blatant: Sex Pistols, The Jam, Buzzcocks, Social Distortion, Wire. I could go on. They are like a hybrid of so many bands. Now I'm very curious about these guys. Anyone out there have any insights? Either way, I don't like the sounds. It's similar to a compilation of good '77 style music. It's very polished. I don't know. Maybe we should investigate these guys. Punk police attack! -Sick Boy (510, subsidiary of MCA)

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

"Freedumb" ☼

I came with great apprehension when it came to reviewing this. I grew up on the Westside and saw ST from beginning to the end. The end was the tough part and the last two major label releases were painful to listen to - bad metal that was overly cliched and all signs of their punk roots lost. The Mike Muir side project, Cyclo Miko, sounded like a painful attempt in trying to validate his punk roots. I was faithful and bought all

their releases but was disappointed at the end of that era. I heard that they were going back to their punk roots and were not on (or dropped) by their major label. I personally did not expect to be impressed by what they had to offer. I was quite surprised by this release even though Rocky George (lead guitar) and Robert Trujillo (bass) no longer play in the band. This is an even mixture of their first self-titled release and the Infectious Grooves side project. Mind you, I think they lost track of what punk is in the current day since they were so involved in the metal scene for so many years, which was very profitable to them. But old ST fans and many of the current generation of skate punks will enjoy this. The power is back and Mr. Mike Muir is not trying to be a singer but a screamer like days of old. The guitars were a little thin for my liking. When they were playing metal, the guitars were thundering. ST are back with the familiar formula that initially made them the icons they once were. -Donothedead (Side 1 Dummy 6201 Sunset Blvd., Ste. 299, Hollywood, CA 90028 or Suicidal; <www.suicidaltendencies.com>)

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

"Freedumb" ☼

Confused, pissed off and content at the same time. This is as close to a review as you're gonna get: "Heaven" (my favorite song in the disc) recalls post-"Join the Army" metal and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, but (as if that wasn't bad enough) it also has the nerve to praise the lord and Christianity unsarcastically - dumbfuck stupid moneygrubbing Mike Muir! The rest of the songs are hollow, meaningless Offspring/Pennywise-like punk music that doesn't come close to their self-titled debut. Plus, they've lost their latest (greatest) bassist. Why the fuck can't anyone, besides stupid Mike Clark, stay in this damn band with Muir? It mostly comes off as Agnostic Front playing "Ixnay On The Hombre"-era Offspring trying to get dumb little kids to become "Suicidal," "Yo Wassup, ChooLow?" which as of now just means being "cool," nothing integral here. "Naked" sounds like NOFX. The art work blows horse shit. They should have had a photo or something by Hideaki Hatta like last time, even though "Six the Hard Way" was half-assed and it contained two songs that are on this CD. There are like eleven ST albums, three are good: "ST," "Join the Army" and "Suicidal for Life." The rest are just stupid pieces of... I wanna know what's going on with their new record label. I'm pretty sure Side 1 Dummy just releases Warped Tour bands. What the fuck happened to doing it DIY and releasing their own shit? Why the hell do I feel like someone just shoved a spiked fist up my ass while I wasn't looking? I guess Mike doesn't like

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speedmetal anymore, or it isn't paying off, so now they try to be punk...what ever gave them the idea playing punk music would pay off? -J-Cyco (Side 1 Dummy)

SUN RA AND HIS INTERGALACTIC ARKESTRA

"Outer Space Employment Agency" ☼

One of the most eccentric performers in the field of experimental jazz, captured live at the '73 Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival, performing four extended pieces based on his visions of other worldly consciousness. Sun Ra's band was 16 strong at this point and included a wall of percussion, a large horn section, several singers, a rock steady bassist and Sun's Farfisa and mini-moog. There is quite a variety of sounds and moods. The opening track sounds like a cross between a traditional orchestra, tuning up all at once, and a couple novices making as much noise as possible on a few random wind instruments... to these untrained jazz ears anyway. Thankfully, for me, the rest of the show is devoted to somewhat more tonal and structured Ra compositions, including the 20 minute long title track, a vocal opera over minimal backing that outlines one of Sun Ra's cosmic fantasies. The sound quality is excellent and this set offers the fan an opportunity to check out the live performance during what many aficionados consider one of Sun Ra's pinnacles. -P.Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510)

SUR DRONE

Self-titled ☼☼☼

This is artist Ray Pettibon's band. While I have no animosity toward Ray, and have enjoyed his art for 20 years on Black Flag and Minutemen and other albums, flyers, etc, still, I gotta be honest. This CD sucks. Sorry Ray. It doesn't rock, is slow, self indulgent and WAY too SST post-post-punk screwy. If I'd known what the Minutemen and Saccharine Trust were going to spawn down the line with their fucked up weirdness I'd have wanted to shoot all of them! And that would be such a pain as I sincerely like some of those people, Mike Watt, Dez and Jack Brewer, etc. Don't buy this CD, ick! -ShitEd (Love Unlimited)

SWELL MAPS, THE

"International Rescue" ☼

The only song I'd heard before is "Read About Seymour," which was on an old comp., "Wanna Buy a Bridge?" I love that song and this all has a similar energy. The Swell Maps had a sound that would fit somewhere between that of the Fall and that of other late 70's Brits, Sham 69 and the Vibrators. They weren't as anarchic as the Fall or as homogenous as the more

straight ahead English smart punks but they sang with their thick accents as up front as anyone else of their era, and had a great thick sound and lots of drive. This set includes some album cuts as well as some of the single-only tracks and a flurry of remixes, new-to-CD tunes and some previously unreleased songs. With six musicians, four of which played guitar, it's no wonder they had such a big sound and came up with such a wide variety of raucous pounders about just about anything but love and relationships. Good stuff. -P.Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510)

SWINE SYSTEM

"Get Me Out of Here" ☼☼

Hardcore that was fun for approximately one-third of the first song, then they lost my attention and I started to wonder if Mickey Mouse ever thought of pursuing a career as a castrati singer. I mean, he's got the high voice and all. I imagine that if he was lacking the, umm, organ that differentiates a castrati from other singers, though, Minnie would be mighty upset. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ditch Digger, no address)

SWISHER

Self-titled ☼

This band is a three-piece outfit from the (215) area code. Sara on guitar and lead vocals. Brett (with a wig) on bass. Tracy on drums. And there's also Patty on the farfisa and background vocals, but she just appears on the album. Swisher self-released this record and the production is great. The artwork isn't bad either. They sound like a female pop band. 11 songs that didn't really catch me but did get my toes a-tappin' at times. There's even a cover of "Crazy Train" by some guy called Ozzy. A mellow version, I must say. Looks like they're starting out, so if you like bands with chicks that do what they do well, try this. -Sal Cochino (contact: Swisher (215) 222-6884 or <swisher@yikesnet.com>)

SWITCH TROUT

"Psycho Action!" ☼

Well, alright! This rockin' three piece from Japan is firing on all six pistons and have come up with a killer diller album's worth of instrumental gems that are neither note perfect surf rediscoveries nor Link Wray reworkings but rather an amalgamation of every cool guitar riff and classic rhythm section foundation imaginable, from a wide array of styles, that are given new energy, a healthy dose of modern tough retro attitude and left as raw as raw can be without damaging your stereo's laser optics. While dipping into the catalog of loud and lascivious ticks as far

back as Henry Mancini, Chuck Berry and Dick Dale, the brothers Trout (they all use that surname) appear to be even more cognizant of the envelope pushing of the new brood, such as Mad 3, Man Or Astro-Man?, Guitar Wolf and Mach Kung-Fu. Their own brand of heavily echoed, feedback-tinged, down and dirty guitar boogie is run ragged on the Makers' "Kushitkaw," as well as a slew of their own with titles like, "Be Off Onion" and "Searchin' for My Boots." This is the ticket. -P.Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

TALES FROM THE BIRDBATH

"Baron Von Birdbath" ☼

Ex-Sicko frontman Ean Hernandez rises from the ashes of the Sicko breakup with Tales From The Birdbath, featuring an indie all-star-north-west lineup including lesser known ex-Posies Dave Fox and Mike Musburger. In fact, it would seem this record was made more for Hernandez to work with a collection of other musicians, than for a collection of great songs. This time around, in lieu of the more punked up Sicko sound, Baron Von Birdbath favors pure power pop progression ala Cheap Trick or contemporaries Judge Nothing. Consider that the subject matter behind the majority of the songs on The Birdbath debut is rather trite (snowcones, rain, superheroes) I think this CD may have been made more for the creator than for the listener. And why not, the songs are fun and not all together bad, and after 4 CDs and 8 years of Sicko who can blame the guy for being a little self indulgent. To quote Record Review "don't quit your day job son, you'll never go far but at least you had fun." -Zack Negative (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.empty-records.com>)

TECHNICIAN

Self-titled ☼

Choppy, discordant guitar noise and feedback with the occasional incoherent vocal thrown in. Annoying, directionless garage noise fodder. -Mike Ramek (PO Box 29144 Manayuk, PA 19127)

TEMPLARS

"Omne Datum Optimum" ☼

The Templars are one of the best street punk bands around. I've only been able to track down the compilations with them, so this full-length is a nice acquisition. Anything you've heard good about this band is true. They're worth the praise. Believe me. Mid-tempo with tunefulness and punch all rolled into one. Pick this up if you haven't already. -M.Avrq (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

TEMPLARS

"Omne Datum Optimum" ☼

American oi. There's been a terrific resurgence of oi music of late, and the Templars play the old skooliest oi of them all. And when I say oi, I mean upper-cased-O lower-cased-i-excla-mutha-fuckin'-ma-tion-point. (!) That is, when you close your eyes and listen to these brothers from Brooklyn, you hear working class blues rock the way it was played before wankers like Eric "Babykiller" Clapton got a hold of it and made it womanish and weak. That said, Carl Templar has no business singing love songs and "Saving Grace" makes you wonder what the Templars were smoking when they decided to put this sappy little ditty on vinyl. -Money (GMM)

TENDONS, THE

"Baby in a Bucket" ☼

I knew this CD would be punk rock just from the packaging. Upon giving it a fair listening, I had a sudden epiphany. As long as men will be able to buy beer, plug in their amps, have their drinking buddies to hang out with them at the clubs and start fights, then we as humans, can be sure that music like this will happen. This is not a bad thing. No! The Tendons are needed because they are total filth. For example, sometimes in these politically correct times that we live in, a person needs to say fuck. Everybody has their own path to punk rock... and well, I think The Tendons are doing good by wanting to "wear soiled panties" and "give their stiffy to a virgin's fanny." Then I guess all I can say to The Tendons is, "Wear a condom and drink and drive." -Arthur Robert (Helen of Oil, 35 Becton Ln., Barton on Sea, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, England)

TEXACALA JONES & HER T.J. HOOKERS

Self-titled ☼

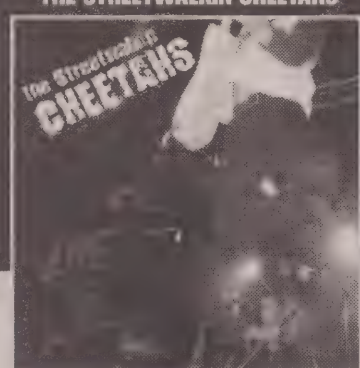
The music on this CD is pretty kewl, like rock with a hint of southern attitude. The vocals had me questioning the sanity of this band. Some songs where good and others I just had to cringe. Vocals switched from with the band to in front of the band and over-bearing. The songs that were good I really liked, so about half the CD is worth buying. The other half they need to mix down the vocals or something. Sorry, but as much as I would love to tell you to go support this female vocalist, I can't. -Heatheroh (Honey, PO Box 141199-672, Dallas, TX 75214)

THEATRE OF TRAGEDY

"Aegis" ☼

I heard a lot of good hype about this CD before I got it and I wasn't disappointed. It is what it professes to be.

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Theatre of Tragedy has a good solid goth sound with an interesting twist of lyrics written in old English (I knew that college Lit class would come in handy some day). There's also the extra nice addition of a female vocalist (Liv Kristine Espenaaes) to this CD that sounds slightly like Switch Blade Symphony and contrasts well with the laid-back masculine vocals of Raymond Rohonyi. And, being the bitchy female that I am, I'm always glad to see a little bit of a feminine worship. With songs praising women figures like "Cassandra," "Angelique," and "Siren" I'm almost moved to give them my "coolest band of the year" award based on principle alone. Ah - I feel appreciated. -Blu (Century Media, 1453-A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

THERION

"Crowning of Atlantis" ☼ Starts off with average heavy metal with Celtic-sounding female vocals on the first two tracks. On the third cut you get the men's gothic choir. On track four, things change when a guy that sounds like Rob Halford from Judas Priest sings or could be mistaken as Judas Priest as a whole. Interesting. -Donothedead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

THORAZINE

"Vicious Cycle" ☼ The most recent release by this growing Philly punk band, featuring strong and vicious female vocals, and a good backing male. Thorazine introduced itself to the world a few years ago with their first full length "Crazy Uncle Paul's Dead Squirrel Wedding," and introduced us to their fast paced rock'n'roll. "Dirty Nasty Sex" features a snarling tune about the morning after - lead singer Jo-Ann has an amazing voice. From a snarling devil woman to the sweet operatic little girl, reminding me a tad of Kate from Babes in Toyland at times. The album moves on to the song "Jacob," my least favorite on the record, a boring song about random crap. Unexciting. It carried on to "Food," a great '50s style doo-wop tune in a slight Queens vein. The song is about a young man named Food - or the noun. Its humor carries then into the vengeful "Don't Need None of Your Shit," then "Instinct Like a Moth," with amazing gang chorus. "Human," is another favorite - broken lyrics, once more in the Babe's style. A tune about analyzing human nature and society. They cover the infamous Motorhead - doing a fine job on "Snaggletooth." "Better There Than Here," is a '80s feeling indie rawk song with male vocals. The record closes with "Vicious Cycle," (the band actually collects motorcycles) featuring your stereotypical motorcycle sample. A rad record, Thorazine sends out a lot of fun positive energy in their

music, and at times reminds me of the Quincy Punx - except without all the beer, drugs, and baby fetuses. Yah for bands named after drugs! -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Hell Yeah, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

THROWAWAY GENERATION

"Alive In The Streets Of American Decay" ☼ Shit, yeah, throw away. -Designated Dale (Unity Squad, 354 West 100 North, Logan, UT 84321)

THRUSH HERMIT

"Clayton Park" ☼ A throwback to '70s anthemic glam rock with a Bowie meets Led Zep feel. Plain and simple. -Zack Negative (Sonic Unyon)

TORTOISE / THE EX

"In the Fishtank" ☼ Whoa! The Ex are one of my all-time favorite bands, so this CD comes as a nice surprise. This is the fifth installment of Konkurrent's "In the Fishtank" series, where they invite a band that they're somehow connected to to come into the studio for two days while in Holland. They approached Tortoise for this chapter, who then asked the Ex to join them. The results are stellar! Two different bands in sound, creating multi-layered compositions of slightly abrasive music combined with dreamlike instrumentation. An interesting, yet effective mix. Standout tracks for me were the instrumentals, "The Lawn of the Limp," and "Huge Hidden Spaces," as both of these songs best display the combination of styles. Snap this one up! -M.Avr (Konkurrent available through: Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

TRANS AM

"Future World" ☼ Eloquent haunting electronic thrashjazz. It's the sounds my dreams would make, if only I had the talent to record them. This disc will definitely be worn out by the end of the summer. Far beyond recommended. -Kirin (Thrill Jockey, PO Box 47694, Chicago, IL 60647)

TRASH BRATS

Self-titled ☼ Every once in a while, I'll wade through the piles of punk mediocrity out there and come across an album truly unique and deserving of much recognition. The Trash Brats reissue is certainly one of these. Rising from the hardened motown sprawl comes a band that dress like the NY Dolls and play some of the most infectious power pop you'll ever hear. This Detroit four-some's full-length reissue combines a rough punk abrasiveness with tunes full of campy sing-along parts and

incredible guitar hooks and solos. Every track on this album rocks from start to finish. The lyrical content embodied in each pop gem found here ranges from straight out cheesy fodder ("Bubblegum Girl," to a very real description of the band's experiences, from the trials and tribulations of working in a gas station ("Gas Boy," to a song about their run-down urban rock'n'roll abode ("3873 Marlborough St.,") to a lament over a dead friend ("Someday's Too Late"). To classify this release as generic pop punk would be to do it a great disservice. What this band achieves in their mix of conventional pop hooks and punk intensity is something totally singular and apart from the slew of often shallow and overly simplistic care-free pop punk releases out there today. The Trash brats are raw and genuine, punk to the bone behind a sugar-coated, infectious facade - drag cretins playing with crazed pop energy shrouded in dingy ghetto trashiness, coming off like an act out of CBGB in the mid-seventies. Damn, this stuff's good. -Mike Ramek (I-94, PO Box 44763, Detroit, MI 48244)

TURD

"Turdsville U.S.A." ☼ Stinky turds must be flushed! FFLUUUUUUUUSSHHH. "Boring Sidney, boring." -Southern Fried Keith (13th Grade, No Address)

TWITS

Self-titled ☼ A hardcore outfit hailing from Phoenix, Arizona. Instantly reminding me of Naked Aggression - the powerful female vocals and strong backing male vocals - with the mixed anger of Conflict. While Naked Aggression features more breaks and slower beats - The Twits have just your fast dancing style with great vocals and unelite, easy to understand, political lyrics. "Bad Day," is a tune of running from the cops, losing licenses and going all the way to Mexico. Silly kids. Fil's vocals are amazing. She's a small girl, so it's really great - I'm sure to see her going at it on stage. A great loud, smart voice, whether yelling at racist jerks or militant war pigs. Backed by her fierce male bandmates, they deliver a powerful and ranty agenda for a crowd to scream along faithfully with. The band features talented musicians - whether it's a small guitar solo or the kick ass tribal style drums backing up the band. The album rages on with "Get Off My Back," to the evil "Hate Trend," - that features Nathan on vocals, reminding me a little of the Glory Stompers or Conflict a tad. Growly and harsh, his vocals meld together with Fil's in the chorus. Fucking amazing. "Drop the Bombs," is a personal favorite. It's practically a political essay on

anti-war beliefs. The record is great, giving political hardcore a damn good future. -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Dirty, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312)

UNITED STATES THREE

"Creature" ☼ The latest release from Indianapolis's United States Three. When I first put this record in my player I was slightly surprised at the loops and beats that poured out (being that the band is just guitar/drums/bass live, no way cool sample equipment, etc.) - it reminded me a tad of the Els latest release - "Electro-Shock Blues." The record opens with the alien-outer-spacified "Creature," featuring a simple array of musical layout - and a super dooper keyboard-like solo. "Over the Line," is one of the poppier songs on the record, a hip-shaking cowboy tune. Catchy, relaxing and groovy, doood. Good driving music. This is a band that has been known in the past to write songs about girlfriends and "make out songs." I've never experienced their past love song endeavors, but this record is definitely not full out make out music. It's a more relaxed, spacey, loopified vacation record. My favorite track on the record is "Put Your Arms Down." It's one of those damn songs you just can't stop singing. "Put your arms down and call me on the phone..." it features the "Over the Line," butt wiggle drums, and this isn't a make out song. It's one of those songs you put on a tape you make for the cute boy you know to get him to call you because you secretly have a crush on him. "Time:Alpha," is a very psychedelic Beatlesque song. The vocals are clever, cute, and simple - an innocent and dizzing song with dreamy guitar. "Personality," is another super pop song; speedy beats and a nutty romantic feel. The use of stereo is good, and the lyrics are catchy. "Mary Anne, and Hideaway," is a pretty and delicate song with a nice summertime feel. The final song, "Please Go Asleep," is a droning and mesmerizing song. The vocals are slightly trying and very weary - a raw and nice song. This record is totally great, I think you get the point. -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Flat Earth, 6900 S. Gray Rd., Indianapolis, IN 46237)

UNITY

"You Are One" ☼ This is a re-issue of the 1985 Wishing Well EP. For about seven years, I had this tape that lasted longer than several cars. Apparently it was Unity. It was mislabeled, "Bloody Days," and has the exact same songs as this, plus about ten more, then went into a long piano interlude and on the flip was Dag Nasty. The reason I bring this up? For about three years, I thought it was a Minor Threat side project and had convinced

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about twenty people of the same. I even had a friend paint Bloody Days on his jacket. This proves a couple things. 1.) I had no clue and my friends were idiots. 2.) Pat Dubar does a great Ian McKaye impersonation. 3.) It's the west coast interpretation of Minor Threat, and I bet the band yearned to move to DC to sign to Dischord. The fact this stayed in rotation for seven years should attest to its power: straight and alert mid-'80s post-core. Nothing too tricky - folks thinking good, sober thoughts, the showing of emotion beyond rage, and playing fast. Ahh, the days where hardcore didn't have metal solos. (Sidebar: For some reason, Pennywise and Unity seem to reinforce one another's sounds.) -Todd (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; <www.indecisionrecords.com>)

UNJUST

"...Of Love and Spilled Blood..." ☼
The stuff Victory is made of. Roaring, abrasive and metallic hardcore. -J.Cyco (Unjust, 1405 Ordinance Point, Charleston, SC 29412)

UNKNOWN

"Still Unknown" ☼
Ever heard NOFX? Well how about anything on Epitaph or Fat? It doesn't surprise me that this band is unknown, they sound like every other band out there calling themselves punk. -J.Cyco (Jiffi Pop, PO Box 110361, Cleveland, OH 44111)

USELESS FUCKS, THE / BIPPY Split ☼

Two sides of tumultuous tuneage packed with pure punk audial aggression! The Useless Fucks' mayhem melodies possess Descendents-styled strafings which are snottier than a wastebasket full of slimey phlegm-coated kleenex in a daycare center for tantrum-throwin' toddlers at the hayfeverish height of cold and flu season. Bippy lash out with a lambasting launch of full-fledged fury in the vehement vein of Black Flag and the Circle Jerks drenched in a decadent deluge of auditory attitude and bombastic belligerence. Overall, this is a sizzlin' seven-inch screamin'-demon roar of a fuck you! -Rog (\$3 ppd to Art Ettinger c/o Bippy, PO Box 35289, Cleveland, OH 44135 or The Useless Fucks, PO Box 417, Greenland, NH 03840)

VANILLA MUFFINS

"Ultra Fine Day" ☼
These guys play self-described "Sugar Oil" or pop-oi, which, in itself, is something of an oxymoron, I would think. The stuff is pretty damn lightweight, but not too shabby. 11 tracks of Brit-influenced, upbeat,

three-chord punk with little or no working class, football, or drinking references. Still, the songs are all really catchy, and the album as a whole certainly rocks harder than most of the generic, watered-down pop punk out there today. -Mike Ramek (Waizwerk, PO Box 1341, 74643 Kuenzelsau, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A Tribute to The Mission: Forevermore" ☼
I usually don't like tribute albums that much because I find myself liking the originals so much more, it kind of negates the point of listening to the covers; especially when I really like the original band like The Mission. Then again, it's very nice being pleasantly surprised. Mastered at Etage Music by Jochen Schobert (who recently brought us Artwork's "Digital Karma"), "Forevermore" was the work of some true Mission fans who wanted to thank the band for the music they gave us. Jorg Kleudgen, Andre Kroggel, and Thorsten Kubler compiled 16 songs from bands such as Funhouse, One, The House of Usher, Passion Play, Fahrenheit 451, Stone 588, Kismet and others to form an impressive collection. None of the bands slaughter the originals (which is usually my fear on tribute albums) but instead walk that thin line between being faithful enough to the original material that it doesn't lose its charm and yet adding something of their own essence to the song. It's all been done with musical skill and admiration - the result is a powerful collection of Mission favorites that include, "Over the Hills and Far Away," "Spider and the Fly," "Wasteland" and "Never Again" just to name a few. It was, in my eyes, a hard task to take on for any set of bands - they should all be proud of themselves. I wish more tribute albums were like this. -Blu (Equinox, c/o A. Kroggel, JahnstraBe 68, 40215 Dusseldorf, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A Cat Shaped Hole in My Heart" ☼
Label mogul and local poet boy, Sam "The Ham" Rosenthal's cat died one night ago from feline leukemia. Instead of helping fund a project that helps the human disease, the mind of a cat lover (there is a difference between owner and lover) finds emotional isolationist tactics as well as reclusive in dealings with the self, puts the promotion machine into high gear for this - a record with syrupy songs about their cats. It's funny and rather hard to take the lyrical refusal of Shotgun Wedding (ex-Moon 7 Times, actually were a fave of mine), Faith and Muse, Stone 588 ("we'll break out of our head shop one day"), and the usual pack of Projekt cronies. Though, there are some very soothing instrumental pieces and the crown jewel /saving grace,

Thomas Thorn's (Electric Hellfire Club) "Mad Max," which is a short and sweet piece of satanic cat use, ala the movie "Gummo." (For the record, Tom has gone against it, but its use on the CD is absolute. King Sam "The Ham" must have flipped when he heard it and said, "Well, the kids will buy it.") The movie showcases but in a more realist view, of the sickness that is: middle America uneducated. If you've never seen a starving house-cat eat a defenseless baby, then this one's for you. -Bart (Projekt, PO Box 166155, Coccyeal 60616; <question@projekt.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Anti-Racist Action: Stop Racism" ☼
This benefit CD for the A.R.A. organization is full of songs by Napalm Death (live from the UK), Violent Society (live from CBGBs), Gamelace, Discount (live), Good Riddance, Jello Biafra (spoken word), H2O (do a cover of "Nazi Punks, Fuck Off!"), Citizen Fish, Suicide Machines, Bouncing Souls (live in D.C.), Ensign (live from the Roxy), Creep Division, Alkaline Trio, and Fahrenheit 451 to name a few. This has got to be the biggest booklet I've ever seen and read that came with the CD itself. Not a bad compilation of songs and bands, but best of all... it benefits a good organization. -Sal Cochino (Attitude, PO Box 64, Greencastle, PA 17225 or Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Bad Generation" ☼
From Italy comes this comp of punk rockers, most from Italy and So Cal. Here are: All Day, Pridebowl, Seed'n'feed, The Freeze, Triggerhappy, Rhythm Collision, Middle Finger Response, Drain Bramaged, Riotgun, Scotch Woodcock, Striped Bastards, Molecricket, The Feds, Das Clown, A Reason For, Astream, Bollweevils, Mad Clowns, Whatever, All Normal Society, Stuntplastic Park, Happy Noise, Splurge, Sexwax, Drugs, Mas Ruido, Gudhooligans, Buggy Ed. The music varies from the heavily represented melodic punk of the Dr. Strange bands, to hardcore bands like the manic Das Clown. Good comp; this could be your radio. -ShitEd (Point Break, Via Matteotti 4 - 20030, Bovisio Masciago (MI) Italy)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Beauty in Darkness, Vol. 3" ☼
A plethora of black metal bands gutted, chopped and diced; flavored with the typical spattering of gore, death and violence. Includes several previously unreleased tracks from bands like Liv Kristine, Crematory, Godgory, Sculpture, Dimmu Borgir and Moonspell,

among others. Seems like a solid collection if that's your musical dish. -Blu (Nuclear Blast, PO Box 43618, Phila., PA 19106)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Beer City Underground Invasion Volume 1" ☼
This has 37 bands on it and I've not heard of a single one of them before. This is a good thing, because I'm entering this with no preconceived notions of what it's supposed to sound like. Wait, let me strap on my beer goggles (hee hee...) Wow, mostly hardcore. Good hardcore to boot. A cover of the "Fresh Prince of Bel Air" theme, virtually no "Tough Guy/No Dick" pseudo-metal-core to be found, and that's a relief. See, this is how a comp (and gigs, for that matter) should be: A bunch of bands that most people will probably never hear and aren't tied to one label (Hello Epitaph, Fat, Victory, Revelation, et al, learning anything? I didn't think so) providing the listener with some damn fine headache-inducing noise. Although I would've enjoyed a little more diversity, this is a very impressive release, and I can't wait for volume two. -Jimmy Alvarado (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

VARIOUS ASSHOLES

"Burning London: The Clash Tribute" ☼
Part one: I had this awful dream last night. This woman was cut in half in an accident. I lugged both halves of her into the back of a pickup with a camper shell. Blood made me slip, my shirt clung tight and drooped from the sheer amount of fluid spurring out of her. Her intestines slid through my fingers as I tried to group them. Finally, as both halves were in the pickup bed, I got hit in the back of the head and handcuffed to one of the tie-down metal loops in the truck bed. Closely confined, I woke up with a tremendous pain lumping behind my ear, which was nothing compared to her total pain. Eight small monkeys are in the truck, fucking anything open: wounds, orifices, loose cartilage, split organs. One eye, still in her skull, was vacant yet screaming at me. The other was a tetherball in a small monkey's mouth, which it was trying to yank out, yet the tendons remained resilient. Part two: The Clash were great. They are the woman cut in half, trying oh-so-hard to get back together again: messy, memorable, fatal, agonized, eventually murdered (at least artistically). All these bands covering the Clash (with exception to Rancid and Mighty Mighty Bosstones) are the monkeys - furiously humping the dead, inserting their musical genitalia into any convenient slot - it's so stupid/vicious/raping it makes me pretty fucking angry. Part three: Hey, the Clash never lied to me personally. I enjoy their music tremendously (up until the point they went disco), but this is a convenient



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reminder: when you sell your rights to Epic, you're giving them a clean slate to produce the muzak piped into your own personal hell; mine being the motherfucking Indigo Girls covering "Clampdown," No Doubt sucking the eyeball out of "Hateful," and "Silverchair" making "London's Burning" sound like it was done by a stuffed children's toy. If these words were bullets, I'd happily go to jail if all of Third Eye Blind fucking died. I give you the right to smack anyone in the mouth who recommends this CD. Smile. Another revolution has been turned into a soundtrack to a gameshow. -Todd (Epic/Lion's Pride/Atomic)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"California Hardcore - A Call to Arms" ☼
This came out a few years ago so forgive me if these bands have other things going on. The bands that suck on this comp, really suck so I won't mention them. The ones that don't suck: Redemption 87, AFI, Fury 66, and Built To Last. Redemption 87 sounds like Youth Of Today should have sounded like. AFI is better than Screw 32, Fury 66 should be on Fat Wreck or Epitaph, and Built To Last has the same name as a SOIA record. -J-Cyco/Breakout, PO Box 1464, San Ramon, CA 94583)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Crusty Gump Comp Vol. 1: Crusty Is As Crusty Does" ☼
I was expecting the bands to be "crusty" like the political punk bands from around, but the bands were actually a very typical type of Canadian sound. The music style is similar to power pop punk. It's a good CD for those young people into skating and snowboarding but lacked the style I like for myself. The lyrical content was high school all over again. Like I said, a good CD for the youngsters. -Heather-oh (Crusty, PO Box 59, Vancouver, BC Canada, V5N4A6)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Faster, Pussy... Attack! Toral! Toral! Toral!" ☼
Holy fucking shit! This is one bad ass motherfucking of a compilation, damn it! Another brutal Japanese sampler available for the American market domestically. How can you go wrong when you get 9 bands and 18 horribly pungent tracks? You get it all here, in terms of genres. I think all is worthy here so I will give you a brief description of each band on this release. Yellow Machinegun is a three piece girl band that plays

bass-heavy hardcore that pummels all in their tracks. The Gaia have partners in crime here. The Force play a ferocious blend of bottom-heavy grindcore that almost made me violent and made me want to become postal against my co-workers. Taiho go for the Biohazard style of rap metal that is more amusing because how their thoughts translate into English. Space Combine are the Red Hot Chili Peppers of Japan on their track "Rodeo Delight" and go progressive rock meets rap on "Drain." United are a band that has been around since the '80s and play a metal alternative style with hints of black metal and the band Korn. They also seem to follow the fashion lead of Korn. Nunchaku, as I read, have broken up and that's a shame since they are a bionic funk metal band that sings in nonsense Japanese. Panorama Afro seems like a dumb name and you figure that they would play metal with their obsession with the word Afro. But they play straight up Japancore on their track, "Afro Justice." Then they turn around and sound like Sublime on the song "Afro Heaven." The Garlic Boys has been a name I have seen around from time to time but I have never actually heard them. They play a great ballad love song on the track sung in Japanese on the track "Too Late True Love." But the clincher here is the second track they play called "Nakimushi Death Match." It has classic elements of the OC/So Cal sound, but sounds original and defines itself as noteworthy. The last band on the comp is Helichild. Brutal grindcore tuned so low that all you can feel is bass. You can see how much time I put in this review. I think that this is one relevant compilation that many should have a chance to hear. -Donofthedeath (Howling Bull America, PO Box 40129, SF, CA 94140-0129)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"First Italian Punk Contest" ☼
This compilation album is a pretty kewl insight to Italian music. It's not this pop-punk or hardcore emo stuff that we have been so flooded with out here in the states. This album has some good songs and lyrics I can't understand since they use fake English accents. It's kind of funny. Anyhow, the music sounds like late '70s, early '80s styles. Very raw and un-produced, almost borders what people called "new wave" back before people called it punk. It is worth the investment if you collect vinyl. -Heather-oh (Hate, Circ.ne Gianicolense 112-00152, Roma, Italy)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Follow No Leaders - Upstarts of a Growing Scene" ☼
A pretty mediocre German punk rock comp. The bulk of the tracks on here can best be classified under the "melodic punk" staple, some ska tracks, and little of thrown in, too. Standouts include the brutal hardcore of Woof and Catchphrase, the punk rock antics of ZSK, and one of the catchiest streetpunk tunes I've heard in a damn long while - "Express" by a band called Supernichts. My favorite track has to be the one by Attacke - a totally pissed off early '80s-style hardcore punk tune with some insane wailing guitar solos. Most of the other tracks are pretty generic and repetitive, though, coming off like a European take on some played-out SoCal punk and ska stuff. -Mike Ramek (Mad Butcher, Bergeldstr.3 D-34289 Zierenberg, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hardcore Sin Fronteras" ☼
A sampling of hardcore bands from throughout Latin America recorded with varying sound quality. Although some of the bands just plain suck, they are few in numbers and the good bands more than make up for it. A pretty good release overall. -Jimmy Alvarado (AMP Discos, PO Box 3893 (1000) BSAS, Argentina)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hikashibou" ☼
I went and spent a lot of cash on the Japanese stuff for this issue. Scanning the Vacuum Records website I came across this release and my eyes lit up. A release containing the ultra rare first Gastunk 7's! Not only that, it also includes the two Ghoul 7's, "Carry Out Fucking," "Jerusalem" and Systematic Death's "Flashback" 7" - all on one release without spending hundreds to own the music. I'm not sure if this is a bootleg or not but was well worth the price I paid for because all I want is the music. My brother, the almighty Katz, got a hold of the first Gastunk 7" back in the '80s and boy was I jealous. I hear that a very limited amount was pressed and even a few band members don't own a copy. I'm not sure many of you punks would like Gastunk because of their heavy metal leanings but they absolutely rip when they went into their hardcore. The recordings sound like they were off the master tapes and not just recorded from the records. Seek and purchase to have a rare chance of

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experiencing old school Japanese hardcore without paying Japanese collectors prices, which happens to be double or triple of what we would normally pay. -Donothedead (Kappa, no address)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hot Curly Weenie Volume Two" ☼

A label sampler featuring previously released tracks from Quincy Punt, Furious George, FYP, Dwarves, John Cougar Concentration Camp, et al., and some unreleased stuff. Overall it's a nice cross section of punk, hardcore and trashy pop. Sex Offenders do a great cover of the Avengers "Thin White Line" that is marred by some absolutely horrid vocals. Berzerk kick some serious ass here, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA, 90505)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Identity 5: I Defy" ☼

This Century Media compilation covers a variety of dark sounds, though it tends to lean more towards the shyer side of the spectrum. That's not to say that this is a bad CD. Somewhere sandwiched between castrato-fronted metal bands and Slayer imitations are some really interesting tracks. Lacuna Coil delves into the Beauty and the Beast sound, which is so popular with the Euro-goth set, on their track "My Wings." Katatonia works the sensitive-boy side of dark music with "Deadhouse," while Haste supplies dueling male/female screams on "The Absentee." The overall winner on this compilation is the Gathering's contribution "Liberty Bell." With hard-rockin' guitars and vocals reminiscent of Toni Halliday, the Gathering is definitely a band worth watching. In fact, I wish that the compilation featured more bands that fell along these lines, as opposed to the Sunset Strip bands that seemed to permeate the compilation. -Liz O (Century Media, 1453 A 14th St. #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"In These Black Days, Vol. 4" ☼ ☼

Volume 4 of a series of split 7"s in tribute to Black Sabbath. If you are old enough to remember Black Sabbath when Ozzy sang for the band originally, and not on the reunion tour, would enjoy this. I figure I will name off the bands and what song they play and you should decide if you want to search this out. Me being a covers freak will buy just about anything. Cavity play "Into the Void." Cable play "Planet Caravan." Jesuit play "Hole in the Sky" and Overcast play "National Acrobat." It's great to hear another band's interpretation being verbatim or manipulated. -Donothedead (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Incompatible 2" ☼-Rom

Anger Means, Anti-Flag, Death by Stereo, H20, and Gameface all compliment this CD-Rom zine thingy. Bands that suck are: Committed, Daybreak, Grey Area and especially I Farm. On the CD-Rom side of things are various interviews, no reviews, bad columns, and terrible live video clips. -J-Cyco (Victory/Punk Uprisings, PO Box 6771 Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Iron Columns" ☼ ☼

A breathtaking international compilation in a beautiful gatefold sleeve with a booklet stapled into the middle. The intention of this compilation is dedicated to what I can read in short amount of time to the respect of women and the enlightenment of the human race by education and support. I soulfully agree with many of the thoughts expressed in the contents. Not only educational but a damn good listen also, this 28 band compilation is a fucking powerhouse. You get the likes of Defiance, Cress (who rips), Extinction of Mankind, Ebola, Liberate, Unseen, Los Crudos, Dezerter, Disclose, Brother Inferior and more, to name a few. Maybe I named a lot but this shows how many great bands are on this release. Great listen from start to finish. This release represents where bands like Conflict left off and where many others have carried on the torch of resistance and questioning. -Donothedead (Mind Control, 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX 78704)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Japan in Decline" ☼

Short and sweet. An awesome compilation of modern day Japanese punk bands. 21 bands in all who offer one track each. A good taste test on who you want to spend the big import price bucks on collecting. Power violence, thrash, speedcore, grindcore or plain out of control Japancore are represented here. Spastic energy throughout the whole record. With so many bad compilations out there, why miss a chance to experience the Japanese interpretation of a world wide phenomenon? Ask any punk out there who is into Japanese punk and they will say that it blows up so much of what comes out of America. -Donothedead (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Life in the Fat Lane, Fat Music Vol. IV" ☼

I love the bands on Fat, period. With the exception of NOFX. I'm OK with them. That may sound funny, but I just never really purchased any of their releases and they used to play all the time around here back in the

day. Well, as you should already know, this is a label sampler. You get songs by Lagwagon, Mad Caddies, No Use For A Name, Sick Of It All, Consumed, Swingin' Utters, Good Riddance, Frenzal Rhomb, Strung Out, Avail, The Ataris, Tilt, Goober Patrol, NOFX, Snuff(!), Screaming Weasel, Me First and The Gimme Gimmes and Wizo. The only disappointment is a new track or inclusion of Hi Standard. It's a good cross section of what's current and forthcoming from the almighty Fat. Low priced so people can taste what I've been praising all along. -Donothedead (Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Long Beach Blvd." ☼

Skunk Records Sampler with Secret Hate, Corn Doggy Dog, Das Klown, Juice Bros. and Pivot Fools. They bite the "Beach Blvd." cover art. I liked Secret Hate when they were originally around in the early '80s but was not impressed here. The track "Dick" used the same intro to their own "New Routine/Suicide" that was on the "Hell Comes to Your House" comp. The song "Last American Buffalo" sounded like they used to hang out with Sublime too much. The only semblance of their former selves is "Angry Jill." Corn Doggy Dog played a more old school style on the their first track and went more melodicore on the rest. A good cover of the Rolling Stones "Connections." Das Klown is Das Klown being their nasty selves and the best thing on this CD. Das Klown on this release does Secret Hate better than Secret Hate on "Charade." Isn't that a shame? The Juice Bros. do an injustice of covering The Authorities "I Hate Cops" that was on the "We Got Power" Fanzine comp and did not improve on the original. I think all their songs on here are covers (they also do a Crewd cover) and aren't half bad because they have a definite OC sound going for them. The Pivot Fools provided some silly lyrics over thinly recorded guitars. -Donothedead (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA 90803)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Not So Quiet on the Western Front" ☼

A repress of arguably one of the most important and influential compilations in the history of punk rock ("Flex Your Head" and "Boston Not LA" being two others), this disc of Northern California bands from the early '80s is chock full of the famous (Ripper, 7 Seconds, Dead Kennedys, MDC), the not-as-famous (Crucifix, MIA, Social Unrest, Bad Posture, Whipping Boy, Rebel Truth, Capital Punishment) the shoulda-been-famous (Los Olvidados, Code of Honor, No Alternative, Angst, Urban Assault), the weird (Church Police, Nazi Bitch

and the Jews) and a host of others that time has passed by. I stopped listening to my vinyl copy of this years ago, mainly because I got bored of it after years of endless playing and taping choice cuts for others; but I actually made myself listen to every second of it for this review and was surprised at how much of it actually stands up after almost 20 years. While the ragging on Reagan and references to El Salvador and James Watt are obviously more than a little outdated, many of the sentiments are still pretty damn valid, which either means that these bands were able to produce some timeless music or things around here are still pretty fucked up. I also found that songs I wasn't too hip on back in the day are kinda cool now, particularly Free Beer's contribution. Included is a reproduction of the issue of MRR that came with the original and a new commentary by "Jumpin' Jeff Bale, one of MRR's founders and current "Hit List" head chingon. Also included on the disc is a note saying that the current editors of MRR tied to dissuade Alternative Tentacles from re-releasing this important document of a bygone era. Now this is just an aside, but I think it's pretty funny that many of the former writers and "founding members" of MRR ragging the current editorial board's disdain for certain political agendas and lobbying the censorship bogeyman at them are the same ones who, while allegedly trying to provide an accurate document the San Francisco "underground," prevented the Fuck Ups from contributing to the original version of this comp because the song "White Boy" was viewed as racist. It still ain't on here. I guess it goes to prove that it's only censorship if someone is telling you to shut up. All in all, though, you'd be fools not to add this to your collection. Now will somebody please tell Dischord or someone to cough up some of the old DC stuff, like (GI's "Make an Effort," the Double 0 stuff? any Iron Cross or the "Bouncing Babies" comp? Hey Touch and Go! How about re-releasing "Process of Elimination" and all of the pre-metal Necros stuff? I haven't heard "IQ32" in ages. I'd appreciate it, guys. -Jimmy Alvarado (Sonic Reducer, 1032 Irving St., Box 340, SF, CA 94122 or Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Pain Killer Vol. 2" ☼ ☼

Heavy weight champions of the sludge music genre meet on one green vinyl seven inch platter of terror to dish out auditory punishment in various methods. Hellchild... Anything that has Hellchild on it is a mandatory purchase. Without a doubt they are the most interesting band of this style. While they tend to weigh heavily in the doom side of things, they possess enough ener-

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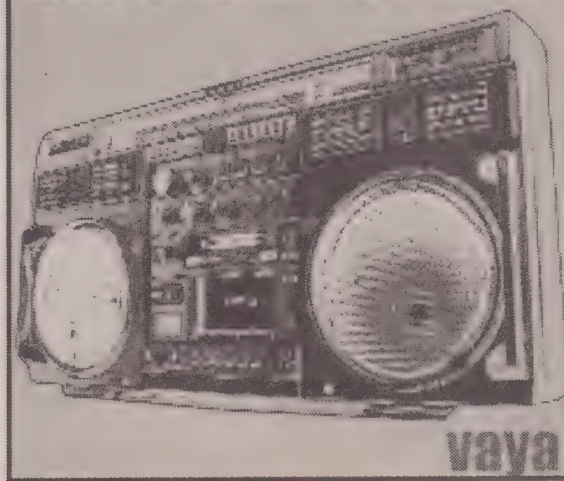


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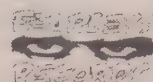


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gy and character to set them apart from the expanding pack. The tempos vary, keeping a decent pace, and the vocals have a scraping sound that makes the music all the more edgy and abrasive. CST are a nice surprise. They are more or less a noise outfit, but what makes them interesting is the fact that they use noise to create soundscapes with an almost musical quality. Pretty good stuff. -M.Avrq (Devastating Soundworks, PO Box 20691, NY, NY 10009)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Pale Incompetence" Ⓢ

A delightfully diverse platter of vinyl viciousness! The Humdingers cough up a wad of snot-slicked punk which hammered my eardrums like a roaring barrage of B-52 bombers blasting the hell outta Hanoi in '68. Sidekick Kato spit out a bilious bam-a-thon of Ramonesy raucousness laced with a snarling bite of The Adicts' auditory attitude. The Bizzarro Philharmonic is a musical mishmash of bizarrely orchestrated bingings and fine-tuned philharmonics, ostensibly out-of-place amongst the other overly amplified offerings contained herein. Cheer Accident (or maybe it's Fink?) possess the soothing sound of a gentle summer's night breeze before raging into a swirling storm of galeforce fury. Fink (I think, and yet I'm unsure!) are silent but deadly like a rapidly spreading disease or the noxious bout of flatulence. I just impishly emitted (actually, I'm incoherently unsure of Fink's contribution... they are listed last, and the final track is sounds of silent nothingness... I may have confused the issue as I am now corruptively confusin' myself and, probably, you too, oh revolutionary reader!). Anyway, this seven inches of aural originality is worth a lifetime of listens. -Rog (Bizzarro, 326 Julie Ln., Hampshire, IL 60140)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Psychorrendo" Ⓢ

Just when you thought America had cornered the shitty band market, here are six bands from Brazil playing some of the worst psychobilly I've ever had the misfortune to hear. I think I'll sue for aural anguish. -Jimmy Alvarado (Living Dead, Rua Barao Do Rio Branco No.318 Cruzeiro-CEP: 07500-000, Santa Isabel SP Brasil)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Punk Charibusters, Vol. 3" Ⓢ

Are you a covers geek like me? Love those Me First and the Gimme Gimmes records? Well then, you will absolutely love this release! 50 bands, 50 cover songs! What more can you ask for? So many bands are on this damn thing that I figure it's a waste of time to list. Many

of the songs were on the band's own releases but is compiled here as one large covers fiesta. If the first two volumes are as good as this one, I need to get them! -Donofthedeat (Wolverine, Benrather Schlossufer 63, 40593 Dusseldorf, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Punk's Not Dead: A Tribute to the Exploited" Ⓢ

What else can be said about the Exploited. Well... They're not playing the Social Chaos Tour after all and they have a tribute CD to them now. This CD boasts bands like Blank '77s "Punk's Not Dead," Billyclub "UK82," Bruisers "SPG," US Chaos "USA," Violent Society "I Hate You," Squiggy "Fuck the Mods," Last Years Youth "Army Life," Last Call "Dogs of War," and Special Duties "Sid Vicious Was Innocent" to name a few. Great stories on the songs in the booklet. Playing this reminded me of my youth and how old I am. But I still say... Fuck you! -Sal Cochino (Radical)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Relapse Records Sampler: Spring 1999" Ⓢ

The cover of this is brilliant. A take off on the Slayer logo but reads Relapse. This sampler also boasts the talents of Neurosis, Soilent Green, Exhumed, Nasum, Nile, Incantation, Morgion, Amorphis, Nebula, Bongzilla, Nightstick, Today Is The Day, Dillinger Escape Plan, Benumb, Mortician, Agrophobic Nosebleed, and Regurgitate. Nasum has an unreleased cover of a song by Drop Dead, and another band has a song originally released on a 6-inch on another label. If you like these bands and don't have their records, go and get this! If you have all of these bands' records, you're only getting one song. -Sal Cochino (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Screams from the Gutter" Ⓢ

Great comp of anti-racist street punk bands from Sweden. The pacing of the tracks is great, non-stop energy, one right after the other. The lyrics stay to the traditional topics - violence, working class pride, being a skin, and the like. All nine bands deliver the goods with the excellence you demand, and they are in order of appearance: Guttersnipe, Voice Of A Generation, Clockwork Crew, Bombshell Rocks, Boot Squad, Bullshit, Frank's Bootboys, Agent Bulldog, and Poblers United. Get this and cut your fuckin' hair! -M.Avrq (D.S.S.: #606-233 Abbot St., Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, Canada; <mikejo@axionet.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Skanking the Scum Away" Ⓢ

A plethora of (mostly) European ska, mainly of the jazzy mid-tempo '60s flavored Desmond Dekker-era style, with a little horn-laden ska/punk, too. The Suspects, Skalcious, Persiana Jones, The Chinkies, Unsteady, Les Partisans and Rough Kurtz stand out as the more memorable first wave-style bands on this comp., while Nicole rocks out comparatively hard with some poppy ska/punk that stands out from the other tracks. The Skarlatines merrily romp through a catchy instrumental entitled "The Guns of Navarone" that, despite some shitty recording (the song is abruptly cut off towards the end, for some reason), serves as one of the finest tracks on this compilation. A lengthy sampler of some toe-tappin' two-tone reggae for all you old-school rude-boys out there. Not bad at all. -Mike Ramek (Mad Butcher, Bergfeldstr.3 D-34289 Zierenberg, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Skunk Records Spring Sampler 1999" Ⓢ

Sampler of stuff by Corn Doggy Dog and the 1/2 lb., Slightly Stupid, Secret Hate, The Pivot Foots, Das Klown, The Ziggens, Long Beach Dub All Stars, Fiibuster and more. There's a Flyboys cover tune, some songs recorded live on stage at various venues, a 4-track demo recording, a Sublime song, some Wesley Willis Fiasco song, and a traditional song in "Little Drummer Boy" parum pum pum. Oh my! -Sal Cochino (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA 90803)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Spanglish 101" Ⓢ

A so-so sampling of bands singing in Spanish, English and sometimes both put out by Juan Brujo of the legendary Brujeria. While most of the stuff wasn't really my cup of tea, two songs on here stand out from the pack: 1. Tezcatricio's "My Tribe is my Pride" was originally featured on the East LA comp "Propaganda," but that was a cassette-only release, so it's nice to have it on disc. 2. Puya's contribution, which sounds like Helmet getting the shit kicked out of them by Tito Puente, knocked my teeth down the back of my throat. This one alone makes whatever you pay for this disc worth it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Kool Arrow, 5902 Monterrey Rd. #666, LA, CA 90042)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Still Can't Hear The Words" Ⓢ

I'm no fan of cover comps. Granted, some bands do covers well, but on the whole I don't find these band "tributes" amusing or "fun" as the people who put these out intend them to be. This tribute to the Subhumans

doesn't sway me either. Yeah, there are some good bands on here; Hellkrusher, Cres, Police Bastard, Wat Tyler, and Concrete Sox, and this is also a benefit for Food Not Bombs (UK) and the Sea Shepherd Society, but I would rather hear a compilation of originals. -M.Avrq (\$14 to Blackfish, PO Box 15, Ledbury, HR8 1YG, UK)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Surf Monsters" Ⓢ

Del-Fi is in a very enviable position, surf music wise. They put out some of the cream of the early '60s crop and have a backlog of hot titles. That also makes them quite attractive to the new crew, who wouldn't want to put out records on such a prestigious home to hang ten cool, which brings us to this new compilation. Nine originals are interspersed randomly among eleven upstarts and the result is a terrific listen that most any instrumental aficionado should be able to appreciate. Even experienced surfologists might have a few tricky moments if asked to sort out the old pros, The Original Surfaris, Dave Myers and the Surf Tones, The Centurions, The Sentinals, The Impacts and The Lively Ones from the new blood, Man Or Astro-Man?, The Bomboras, Satan's Pilgrims, Huevos Rancheros, The Cocktail Preachers, Barbacoa, The Tiki Tones, The Dynotones, The Space Cossacks, The Sub-Mersions and Powerjive. The emphasis is on harder-edged songs and the driving energy level is maintained throughout. Of course, Del-Fi is now doubly ready when surf music resurfaces again in another 30 years or so. -P.Edwin Leitcher (Del-Fi, PO Box 69188, LA, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Surf Beat Behind the Iron Curtain Part 2" Ⓢ

This is wonderful beat music, made from '63 to '67, in the same general vein as that found on part 1 of this series. In stark contrast to the way things were in the West, the leaders of the Iron Curtain countries controlled the music scene rather thoroughly. The music here is representative of a very small fraction of the population that was lucky enough to be allowed to record, on jury rigged equipment. Although western music was frowned upon by the powers that be, its influence was huge and is incorporated throughout, along with amped-up interpretations of more traditional, national styles and the original ideas the musicians brought to their craft. There are 24 songs from Russia, Rumania, Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. My favorites are the instrumental numbers, which sound the most dated, but there are some interesting vocal songs too and, whether sung in the native tongue or in heavily accented English (illegal in some of

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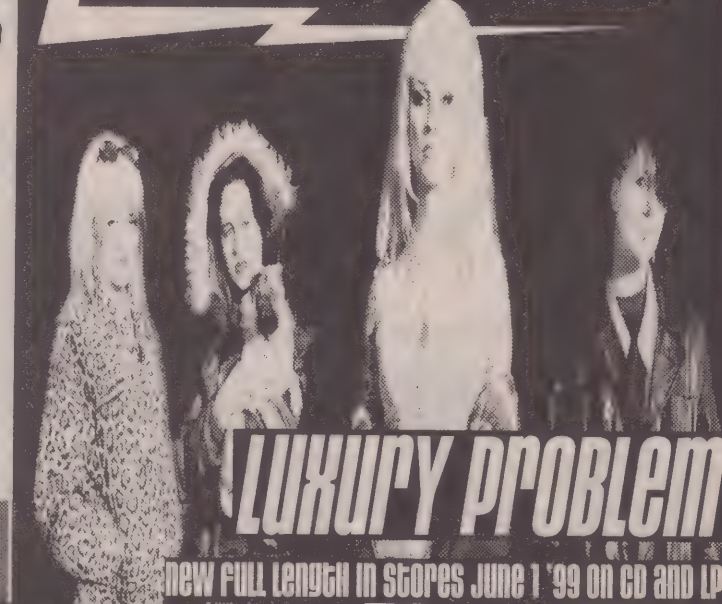


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these countries, at the time), there is an exotic, wholly foreign tone that permeates this whole project and makes it all that much more worthwhile. -P. Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510; <www.bomp.com>, <www.alive-totalenergy.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Surfbeat from Behind the Iron Curtain - part 2" ☼ This CD is 24 tracks worth of proof that the garage/surf craze was thriving in Europe just as much as it was here in the states in the mid '60s. Taken from 1963 through 1967, the cuts on the disc feature bands from Czechoslovakia (Olympics, Mefistos, K. Duba and Guitarman), Russia (Singing Guitars), Hungary (Illes, Hungarian Ensemble), Germany (Sputniks, Satelliten, Team 4, Amigos, Studio 6, T. Schumann Combo), Poland (Taifuns, George and Beathovens), and Rumania (Sincron, Mondial, Cornel Fugaru and Sincron). This is also slapped with an informative booklet explaining about these and other bands from this European scene at the time. If you dug the shit outta the Cowabunga! surf box set, then these CDs (there are supposed others) will be of interest to you. Good job here. Definitely recommended listening for garage freaks. -Designated Dale (Alive/Total Energy)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The First Ten Years" ☼ The tenth anniversary compilation by Walzwerk Records presents a retrospective of their lineup over the years, featuring some of Europe's finest oi/street-punk outfits. Skint and Zuendstoff kick it off with some abrasive street rock'n'roll, Brainsdance tears through some vitriolic, straight forward punk, and Bitter Grin dishes it out '77 style. Other noteworthy stuff includes songs by hard-edged German oi outfits Schamuetzel and Krawwall Brueder and excellent sing-along anthems by Belgium's The Pride and the U.K.'s Another Man's Poison. This comp also features modern classics like The Anti-Heros' "That's Right" off their debut LP from '85, Oxymoron's "Mohican Tunes," and an excellent mid-tempo number by the Business off their comeback '77. With 25 tracks in all (and hardly a lousy one among 'em), this is a must have for anyone into oi/streetpunk. -Mike Ramek (Walzwerk, PO BOX 1341 74643 Kuenzelsau, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Black Bible" 4X ☼ set One-upping their "Goth Box" of a few years back, Cleo with the ever increasing influence and secret weapon/workdog of the label (and singer/lyricist of

Spahn Ranch) give the kids what they want yet again by simply making the compilation tapes we all used to in the '80s, but they wrapped them up in a fancy 4 CD box set. This time out including a mix of goth, death-rock, and electronic influences in "dark" music. Never missing the classics (or a solid sales pitch) this set includes Ministry and some other miserable band otherwise known as Rasputina. They happen to have a remix by Marilyn Manson. For, and I'm quite sure Cleo is quite opposite the ignorant, they are sooo close to the mainstream they can taste it. Finally Cleo is recognizing the influence of the European underground of not-so-Americanized legends such as Legendary Pink Dots (whose classic "Blacklist" is included). Perhaps there are long and unheard stories for the continual non-inclusion for other obviously missing "dark" masters, but that is quite another story and there are quite the impressive names represented here. Such as (for the first time) Fields Of Nephilim and the usual Cleo comp. regulars. As well as new tunes from Mick Cripps (i.e. LA Guns), a quite good project. Burning Retina and an alternate mix of the greatest song Australia's Ikön has ever laid down. Athen's usual "to the point" liner notes are littered throughout the booklet with pictures of most of the acts involved (over 60) making up a black bible looking piece of art. For, after all, isn't that what it's all about? -Bart (Cleopatra, 13428 Maxella Ave., Suite 251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Blasting Room" ☼ This is a compilation of SOME of the many great bands who have recorded with the Blasting Room, ALL's studio in Colorado. For fans of the band, there's an ALL track, and a remix of an old Descendents tune - both unreleased songs! In addition you will hear: Wretch Like Me, Shades Apart, Radiobaghdad, New Rob Robbie's, Armchair Marlian, Tanger, MxPx, My Name, Lemons, Someday I..., Welt, Electric Summer, Hagfish, Lagwagon, Bill The Welder, Drag The River, Mustard Plug (ugh, I hate third wave ska!), and Immortal Dominion. There's also a hidden track. All these tunes (yes, even the Mustard Plug, which I only object to on stylistic grounds) exhibit the awesome skills of the Livermore/Stevenson/Egerton team of recording experts. Even the Lagwagon rocks, wow! My only regret is that 30 Amp Fuse isn't on this comp - but I suppose that's to be expected seeing as their recording was for a major label. Such fat cat corporations are well known to be paranoid psychotic on the subject of the rights to "their" music. Buy this comp. -ShitEd (O & O, PO Box 36, Fort Collins, CO 80522)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This is Solid State, Vol. One" ☼ This is a label sampler out of Seattle, Washington which embodies what the current underground metal scene has evolved into. As I have said in previous issues, metal is rearing its ugly head one way or another. Indie labels have always embraced the anger of youth and metal-edged music is a perfect expression for youth angst. Of the bands profiled here on this release, all have individualities that set themselves apart from each other while as a whole this package seems complete. The variety of styles make for an interesting listen. For those who still embrace metal not being funded by the majors. -Donofthead

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This Ain't Rocket Science" ☼ This compilation doesn't focus on any punk sub-genre in particular, but everything on here's rough-around-the-edges and rippin' good. Nothing Cool revs it up with some fist-pumping anthemic punk, followed by an abrasive number by Special Forces, with a style reminiscent of DK. The godshatekansas spew out the bile-encrusted socially conscious punk, while United Blood keeps it simple with some working class pride. The Anti-Domestix provide the breakneck hardcore punk assault, The Suicide Doors tear through the raw lo-fi garage rock, and American Steel play some rugged, catchy gutter punk. This one also features quality tracks by Gob, Loose Change, Billyclub, Accustomed To Nothing, and The Zillionaires. An eclectic, hard-hitting punk rock compilation. Highly recommended. -Mike Ramek (Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Unsealed: A Tribute to The Go-Go's" ☼ Ugh-tribute albums! What's ironic is that, no matter how much I mean about how played out tribute albums are, there will always be a few tracks that amaze me. In this case, there are three. In the midst of whiny, monotonous versions of "Head Over Heels" and "Our Lips Are Sealed" Seasons to Risk's lo-fi industrial version of "This Town" is a refreshing breath of pure evil. The Frogs provide an irreverent version of "Vacation," complete with a choir of children singing in fake British accents overlapped by a sample of a girl exclaiming "Whatever!" in perfect Val-speak. Allon Beausoliel's star-heavy, muzak medley of Go-Go's hits was an excellent closing piece. Unfortunately, these gems don't compensate for the fact that this compilation lacks the energy and creativity that makes tribute albums, in theory, work. -Liz O (4 Alarm, 660 W. Lake St., Chicago, IL 60661)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"What? Stuff" ☼ A classic package of punk rock chaos... hectic, harried, hellacious, and historical! This raucous and rowdy ripnorter of a disc flexed its bulging muscle of auditory roarings and left my inner ears a tangled and torn mangled mess. Ah, a punky prelude to discordant decadence... during my pubescent outpouring of pimples and pubic hair in the late '70s and early '80s (when these LA-based bands first released these tumultuous tunes), my momma warned me about such corruptive combos as the musical miscreants contained herein. Of course, I irreverently ignored her motherly mumbblings and eagerly embraced the all-out disruptive auditive offerings of everything punk and disorderly... now, look at me: I'm a son-of-a-bitchin' drunken deviant and an immorally ill-mannered insurgent lolr extraordinaire all of these years later. But, do I regret for one minute not heeding a bit of parental advice when given to me? Hell no, 'cause I am now carefree, nonconforming, chaotically content, and forever young at heart (and you'll be as idiotically impressed and influenced as I am after just one speedy spin of this convocative conflagration of The Germs, The Dils, The Eyes, The Skulls, Controllers, Kaos, and, yes kiddies, Agent Orange!). Hey, don't be so obliviously blank... put some BOMP into your aural overdrive, and get WHAT you need! -Rog (Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Wild News from Lollipop - Volume 2: Just Another Stupid Cheap Compilation" ☼ This compilation comes from the land of milk and Jerry... Lewis that is. This comp features songs by the likes of Greenhouse AC, Bushmen, Greedy Guts, Frenzal Rhomb, Sugarfix, Cooper, Shaggy Hound, Horace Pinker, Garlic Frog Diet, Gasolineheads, Dead End, TV Killers, Heb Frueman, Marshes (covering Psychedelic Furs), Jerky Turkey, Unlogistic, Weak, and the Turbo A.C.'s. Not too hard, not too soft. -Sal Cochino (Disques Lollipop, 35 chemin de la Nerthe, 13016 Marseille, France)

VEDA HILLE

Self-titled ☼ CD Song 1: sounds like a weak Tori Amos. Song 2: bass and crackling static. Song 3: Tori does and impersonation of Portishead minus the hip hop beats. Song 4: more quiet noise with Tori waxing poetic with some disjointed sentences. They'll probably soon become media darlings and win over a great many fans, but I am proud

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to say that I won't be one of them. I've had head traumas that left a better impression. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bottom Line, 740 Broadway, 6th Fl., NY, NY 10003)

VISITORS, THE

"Gone for Days" ☼

This is the first full length from this Weezer-loving rock band. The album opens with "Leaving You," having boyish vocals and a twangy guitar, then includes the distorted rock that made Weezer famous. Yeah, and they admit to their love for Weezer, the Rentals, and the rest of the Weez-Fam rock bands. It's cute though, nice, enjoyable rock music. The recording is fine, though the vocals could be a tad louder. Track two, "Is This a Dream?" is started with some gentle feedback, then an opening rock opera feel, then shifting into a happy, head-bopping beat. More love songs, stop and go beats, and oh, there are those high-pitched vocals, reminding me of Weezer some more. I can take it though, yeah, I like Weezer, so this is sort of like, "if Weezer started playing together when they were around 18 years of age, this is what they'd sound like." But it's pretty tight stuff. The third song is a sorrowful little tune with more gentle guitar(without the distortion). The song relays the confusion in relationships and love. What'd be a good pop record without love? I can't find the title for this song, and it's not included on the CD case. Go figure. It's a mysterious little love song. The Visitors' guitarists both sing vocals at times. "Valentine's Day," features the different lower vocals from the other three previous songs. This song has more of a pop punk feel to it, the distorted guitar, and happy bass - sort of that MxPx/NOFX bassy pop stuff. "Ignore," opens with dreamy guitars, with a sad feeling to them - a longing, lonely feeling. Then the drums and such kick in, reminding me of the Cure, maybe even some Feedback Loop (A dream-popish outfit from Indianapolis). It's quite a different change from the entire album. It takes you from the grindy, distorted pop tunes to a more delicate, dreamy song. The same sweet boyish vocals, then silence. Ah, there is the distortion. I was actually waiting for it. I can't really tell if it's overused on the record or not. The change in the song also changes the vocals. They seem tired and wailing. I dislike them this time, definitely keep the boyish vocals this time. Ah, here we go, back to the purdy part, the dreamy part. The vocals are much more comforting, more pleading, and better. Manoman, here come the vocals again with the dis-

torion. I really think this part could be left out or changed. The song is excellent until the distortion and the wailing vocals are brought back. Oh well. I sort of think they might be trying to make this into their own, "Only in Dreams." That's just a theory. The final and title song: "Gone For Days," is a really good rock song with grooving (yes, grooving can be good,) guitars and such. This is definitely better than the previous song, causing a good and satisfying end to the album. The record, overall, is a sweet try for their first album. Weezer kids would like this, it would be a nice comfort in the dark, while they pray that Weezer releases another record. A cute album, featuring good love songs and sad indie rock boy beats. -Miss Sarah A Stierch (It's Good I Guess, 18311 Arch St., Little Rock, AR 72206)

VOICE OF A GENERATION

"The Odd Generation E.P." ☼

Voice Of A Generation recklessly attack with their brand of '77-style punk rock, featuring some of the catchiest chord progressions and choruses I've heard in a long while. Pop this one in your record player and get ready for the four-chord audio assault embodied in such tracks as "Odd Generation," "Rebels in the Corridor," and "Face the Fact to Fight"... you'll be singin' along in no time! Streetpunk with a pulse - this is what it's all about. -Mike Ramek (DSS, #606-233 Abbott St. Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, Canada)

VOICE OF A GENERATION

"Obligations to the God" ☼

Looking at the cover of this release, I thought this would be a mod/ska release. Boy was I wrong. This is more in the street punk vein. In fact, the band had a lot similarities to The Business, Cockney Rejects and many UK street punk legends with upbeat punk numbers that reminded me of times long gone. The songs were infectious with the sing-a-long choruses that you could see a crowd chanting back at the band. The songs weren't overly long and would sit fine with me over a pint of beer. You would swear these guys were from the UK and not Sweden. Old school formula that still stands the test of time. -Donofthead (Sidekicks, Ostra Nobelgatan 9, 703 61 Orebro, Sweden)

WADDIE'S FATE

"Life Under Glass" ☼

Not to be confused with Wattie, the front man of the Exploited, in fact, from the way this CD sounds I

think it would be safe to say these guys have never heard of Wattie or the Exploited for that matter. Waddie's Fate, is an acoustic trio from Boston that remind me of a classic scene from the movie "Animal House." When, during the infamous toga party there's a Beatnik perched on the steps gently serenading a group of wide-eyed girls. John Belushi (Bluto) then passes them by, he is offended by their serenity and he snatches up the guitar smashing it to pieces against the wall in a drunken rage. Now for the sake of this review, if Waddie's Fate is the Beatnik and the all mighty Bluto is punk rock, would we have an understanding. -Southern Fried Keith (Hope and Anchor, no address)

WAILERS, THE

"Livewire!!!" and "At the Castle" ☼

Along with the Sonics, these legendary rockers brought the excitement of the Little Richard school of crazed boogie to the teens of the Pacific Northwest and then built upon it by infusing it with a variety of other sources, none the least of which was their own talents as musicians and song writers. These two CDs capture a major portion of their better work and offer a look at the young lads in the studio and in a live setting, with their review style show. This band was on the forefront of the surge in excellence, in the area, that included the Raiders, the Count Five, the Ventures and others. There are plenty of rhythm and blues style instrumentals, wild versions of pop and Motown hits and some truly fine originals such as, "Dirty Robber," "Out of Our Tree," "Hang Up" and "You Weren't Using Your Head." And, as is often the case with CD reissues, there are extras in the form of bonus tracks and liner notes galore. Throw in "Louie Louie" and you're good to go. -P.Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

WALSH ST. COP KILLERS

"We're Still Slaves" ☼

There's been a gang of great bands coming from Australia in recent years: Fallout, Gacy's Place, Heads Kicked Off, and more. Walsh St Cop Killers are another one of these fine bands. Straight forward hardcore with thrash elements, but far from being uninspired. The songs don't hesitate to get down to business, and the spirit of this band comes across well. The lyrics are political, mostly focused on issues facing Australia. Kind of like a

geography lesson via music. Great stuff and great band. -M.Avrq (Noise Pollution, PO Box 5093, Cheltenham E. 3192, Australia)

WANDA CHROME AND THE LEATHER PHAROHS

"Dangerous Times" ☼

Gritty-as-in-sandpaper rawkin'. Like sand in yer shorts. If The Chickenhawks(from Sioux City) get yer arteries poppin', then these guys should win ya over. They even have a pinch of covers here - "You're Gonna Miss Me"(13th Floor Elevators), "Rumble"(Link Wray), and "Commando" from the Ramones (2nd album, guys! But everyone should still buy it anyway). -Designated Dale (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035; <www.beercity.com>)

WANNA-BES, THE

"Saturday Night" ☼

So sweet and forlorn, I think they've got the replacement to NutraSweet locked up. It's as if Annette Funicello started a new core or like popping a whole dispenser of pez while listening to the Ramones and having a clean, peppy spazz at a sleep over. Pretty. Not bad at all and easy to listen to. Even comes on soothing cream green vinyl. -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330)

WASH

Self-titled ☼

My friends in Shoegazer would always rave about this band to me, but somehow I never managed to end up at a gig where they were playing. Looks like I missed out on what must have been some outrageous live shows. There is a delicious sense of madness that runs through Wash's music that makes them special, in spite of what are to me "too slow" tempos. Oddly enough, some of the songs remind me of ranting Shoegazer tunes played at half or 1/3 speed. There has for a long time been a certain corner of underground music, within both punk and psychedelia, that played this sort of deliberately wack and mentally deranged music. I've always liked it. And I like this. While this is not something I'm going to play every day, I'm glad I have it. Like the Germs or early Mothers Of Invention, it's perfect for certain moods. Some of the live stuff is pretty wild, especially that bizarre telephone



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conversation with a booker. 13 tracks of obsessive auditory hallucination. -ShitEd (8-Piece, PO Box 90882, Long Beach, CA 90809)

WEEN

"Painting the Town Brown: Ween Live '90-'98" **W** **W** **W**
No one can describe this record the way Dean Ween did on the back of this promo copy. It seems that the whole record was transferred directly from cassettes, many of which were scattered on the floor of his car at some point. The quality of sound is rather good considering I know what happens to cassettes that end up in the cars of my friends. 16 songs on Disc 1, some of which are "Japanese Cowboy," "Doctor Rock," "Cover it with Gas and Set It on Fire," "Marble Tulip Juicy Tree," and the classic romantic anthem "She Fuck Me." Disc 2 has a whole 3-songs on it, they are "Poorship Destroyer," "Vallejo," and "Puffy Cloud." Great when your friends are over and you're all sitting around getting high. -Sal Cochino (Elektra)

WILCO

"Summer Teeth" **W**
Speaking of mama jokes: Your mama got summer teeth, some in her mouth and some in her pocket. (Ha hah ha, duuuud.) But seriously folks, the first time I heard this I was blown away by the diverse style Wilco had chosen for this release. They've dropped most of that country twang and opted for more of a darker, depressive outlook, which suits me fine. Not to say "Summer Teeth" is without a happy-go-lucky pop song, but add the words "Kill you" to any love song and it becomes 100% better. I personally hope this new sound scares off some of the more light hearted Wilco fans though I highly doubt it. "Summer Teeth" is by far the Sgt. Pepper of the Wilco discography. -Southern Fried Keith (A&M)

WINO

"Dutch Oven" **W**
Wow. Rock'n'roll! A kick booty limited edition white vinyl, limited to 300 released by Louisville's, KY's own Wino. I was surprised, expecting to hear some wanky emo crap, I don't know why. But alas, I am wrong. Wino brings a different sound to each song on this fine record. First, they deliver "Dutch Oven," (a song about farting under the covers) which is a fast-paced opening to the record. This song really blew me away with the loud rockin', punky sounds. The second tune, "Red Wings," (yes, orally) has a slight Unwound or Gang of Four feeling. More so in the distorted (yet somewhat clean) sound of the guitar and the start-stop bass line. Once more, Wino delivers rock'n'roll. They even have a breakdown. I-yeah! And this isn't some pansy hardcore Hatebreed breakdown either. This song kicks your ass. Flip the record, side two. The bass hit me

first; the flowing sound of Shellac-style stinky bass lines. Hardcore drums - literally. That snare drum that can snap a spine, and piercing distorted vocals (ala sock in the mouth). The guitar is total metal, baby. A slow, grinding, painful song. It even reminds me of the Jesus Lizard at times. This record is excellent. Be afraid of Wino's rock. -Miss Sarah A Stierch (Temporary Residence Ltd., PO Box 22910, Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

WITCH MOON

"Now I'm Not Afraid of Anything" **W**
Try to imagine heavy electro-rock fronted by a guy whose voice alternates between a smooth new wave sound and the affected gloom-croon of Rozz Williams. Meanwhile, he's interrupted by the screaming, quasi-Kid Rock back-up vocals of Burn. Now throw in a couple of incomprehensible samples and a pretty-girl voice for good measure. Are you confused yet? Witch Moon has a lot of ideas, but they seem to have trouble in the execution. The overall affect is a disorganized sound that's difficult, if not impossible, to grasp. -Liz O (AM Music; <www.WitchMoon.com>)

WITCHERY

"Witchburner" **W**
The song "Witchburner" is worth admission alone, as are the other two equally as sweet thrash/death metal original songs on this EP of otherwise covers. And what choice covers they are! "Fast As a Shark" (Accept), "I Wanna Be Somebody" (W.A.S.P.), "Riding on the Wind" (Judas Priest), and "Neon Nights" (Black Sabbath). Fucking brutally sweet metal, just as Satan intended. -Bart (Necropolis, PO Box 14815, Fremont, CA 94539-4815; <Necropol@aol.com>)

WITHIN REACH

"Reconsider/Reconstruct" **W**
Intense Swedish hardcore with perfect choruses and speedy riffs. 59 Times The Pain and Sick Of It All came to mind upon the first listen but after that it develops its own unique sound in my mind that I can't get enough of. Millenoclin does the same thing to me, it's like the Swedes make music that you know you shouldn't be listening to but its too damn irresistible. "Reconsider/Reconstruct" has definitely earned an permanent place in my top ten. -J.Cyco (Sidekicks/Burning Heart/Epitaph)

WORD SALAD

"Death March 2000" **W**
A lot of hardcore gets labeled as being brutal, when nine times out of 10 it's not. But in the case of Word Salad, that word applies quite well, and then some. These guys have the destructive power of a 20 megaton bomb. Imagine

Discharge getting together with Septic Death in Sweden and playing power-violence. Word Salad thrash away without mercy through 20 tracks of mayhem. Yet, this isn't typical thrash, they give it tempo changes, apply some metal where necessary, and give this a heavy feel (but not grind!). Lyrically they have a dark tone, and go after the system, praise pirate radio and the like. My favorite lyrics are to the song "Rights Revoked": "Just because we've got central heating doesn't mean we're free / Just because you have so many choices in a store of food, that's not liberty." Even the artwork from RK Sloane and Leo Gonzales is incredible, but then again, would we expect anything less from all involved? -M.Avr (Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141-0892)

WUMPSCUT

"Evil Young Flesh" **W**
The latest offering from Wumpscut: has met with the suspicious eyes of the faithful in a time-worn double standard. If a band puts out too many CDs that sound the same, they get criticized for being caught in a rut. If they spread their creative talents and go searching for something new, they take the risk of upsetting those who resist their change in sound. This is the precocious ledge "Evil Young Flesh" is currently perched on. Rudy's done some experimenting on this CD that I rather like, to tell you the truth. He's introducing some melody lines that almost feel like electronica in some places and played with tempos more than before. Besides that, I'm always a sucker for good sampling and this CD contains several - like bits and pieces from "Alien3," "Legends of the Fall," and U2's "Please." Hardcore, more aggressive fans may not be overly pleased with this newer, more melodic sound, but I happen to think it's a nice change of pace that explores the artistic genius of its creator without losing sight of its original appeal. -Blu (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Phila., PA 19105)

WUMPSCUT

"Evil Young Flesh" **W**
It starts with a loud racket and the screams "Rudy, can you hear me," breaking into a quick, dramatic classical piece, and then settles into hard-edged industrial. But Rudy R. doesn't stick with straight EBM for too long. Wumpscut's latest release is a wild ride through sound, never sticking to one style for too long. After greeting the listener with the heavy sounds of "Wulf," Wumpscut moves into the soothing melody of "Deadmaker," only to attack the listener mid-song with some of the most excruciating dancefloor-industrial sounds. This strategy continues for the entirety of the release, making it another frighteningly good Wumpscut album. -Liz O (Metropolis)

WUNDER YEARS

"Take It Off, Let It Go, Start from Scratch" **W** **W** **W**
They've got that Berkeley "pop" sound complimented by some great musicianship and some well-structured songs, but I still can't seem to get the word "boring" out of my head. Maybe I'm getting too old or something, but I seem to remember the best rock music being performed by people who at least sounded like they meant it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Tomato Head, PO Box 1298, Sunnyvale, CA 61298)

ZEN FRISBEE

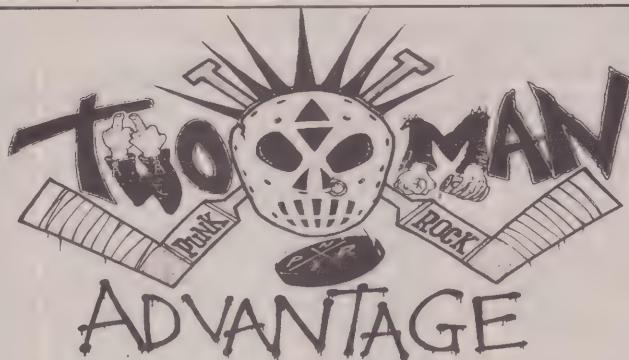
"Good Enough" **Z**
Part country, part punk and not one note of it even partly interesting. -Jimmy Alvarado (Fire Ant Music, 2009 Ashland Ave., Charlotte, NC 28205)

ZEN GUERRILLA

"Mama's Little Rocket" One-sided 5"
Some pieces of vinyl are just too cool to have. Attractive hypno-afro picture on one side, victims flailing into a vortex on the other, and it's always an ordeal/sacrament to get the little 5" sucker to play without the stylus returning to its locked and upright position. The sound? Covering Little Richard through the far side of an ether binge while hucking a radio into the shallow pool you're standing in while stumbling through a thick fog of feedback is just the reverberant sonic alien landscape that makes Zen Guerrilla kick it right dead center in the balls for that tearing-eyed oomp that's missing from a huge flank of the experimental, progressive crowd. Excellent. Wholeheartedly recommended. Act quick, Allied's going out of business. -Todd (Allied, PO Box 460683, SF, CA 94146-0683)

ZIGGENS, THE

"Three Wise Men...and Dickie" **Z**
I was pleasantly surprised with this one. Judging from the cover, I figured this for slap stick novelty punk. There are a couple of Christmas songs with vocals, one a cross between the Ramones and the Simpletones, and a tune with a bunch of la, la, las, but the lion's share of material is solid, instrumental surf music, mostly of the mellow, moody, "Endless Summer," sub genre. The musicianship is quite good, the lads know all the tricks of the trade and there is enough variety that I've flipped the disc over and over, the past few days, and still find bits I previously missed. I especially like the horns on a Herb Alpert-inspired number, but there are plenty of other classic touches for those whose geek quotient isn't as high as mine. -P.Edwin Letcher (Cornerstone, 6285 E. Spring St. #234, Long Beach, CA 90808)



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SXSW 99

To make a long story short, Nurse Nam and I ended up driving the whole way from Los Angeles, CA to Austin, TX for South By Southwest '99. This, in itself, should say something about how badly we both wanted to attend. The latest trend that most real music journalists (and by that I mean the kind that get paid to write about bands) adhere to these days is to openly deride and mock the shmoozethon nature of SXSW such all the while enjoying the benefits that accompany possession of the much coveted "comp badge." Which isn't to say that I don't laugh out loud at the thought of panel discussions demonstrating how to listen to demo tapes and that I wouldn't hesitate to accept a free drink from anybody participating in that discussion. Of course I'd do all that and more but I'm not going to even try to pretend that this is work and not one big party. And for a vast number of attendees it's a party that they are paid to go to. Any invited participants who say that SXSW isn't fun are either lying or else they're completely jaded and seriously deprived of imagination. I've found that the best way to endure the unsavory aspects of an event like SXSW is to be prepared to make your own fun. For example, during the long and tedious trek across the 10 east I suggested to Nurse Nam that we should tell everyone that we encounter at the conference that the best band we've seen all weekend was **Bovine Genocide** (A name that occurred to me as we passed hundreds of sad eyed cows that were visible from the highway outside of El Paso). I thought this experiment in hype would not only be entertaining but could also function as an ice breaker for conversation since I didn't really have anything to "work" (except, of course, the 'zine which more or less speaks for itself.).

STUFF THAT WE MISSED

We missed The Austin Music Awards. Hollywood Records trio **Fastball** won awards for Album of the Year, Best Single, Best Video and Song of the Year, so I guess you could say that there was something of a sweep. To tell you the truth, except for Lucinda Williams and The Ugly Americans, I really didn't know any of the acts that were in the running for any of the categories so I don't think I would have enjoyed the awards ceremony much anyway.

We missed a number of shows that I wanted to see including The Bell Rays, The Queens and Hai Karate at Emo's and Emo's Jr. It seemed like The Bellrays left the biggest impression of all the LA bands that performed that weekend. According to the Austin Chronical's Sunday Extra, four major music critics actually stood in line to purchase the band's CD. (Now, there's something you don't see every day.) I should also mention

that the Chronical incorrectly identified ex-Gas Huffer dude **Don Blackstone** as the singer for Hai Karate when in fact ex-Bottom Feeder dude **Dave McConnell** does all the crooning in that outfit. And nobody seemed to note the irony of former L7 bassist Jennifer Finch's new band **Other Star People** playing at Emo's Jr. while L7 were performing just down the street at Stubbs at the exact same time.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1999

We arrived in Austin in the wee hours, late Friday, early Saturday and it was much too late to see any shows and we were far too exhausted to attend any parties. We resolved to make the most out of Saturday and try to cram as many events into our one full SXSW day as we could. After checking in at the Austin Convention Center and obtaining our guest badges Nurse Nam and I swung by the Raddison Hotel to pick up former KBLT DJ Doug Miller. Doug had already spent an entire week at the conference and Nam had spent the better part of a day and a half behind the wheel during our drive to Austin so both of them were too bleary eyed to continue so early in the afternoon. So I went on by myself to the first stop on my agenda: the Triple X/PopSmear party at the Electric Lounge. Performing at the party were The Bellrays, Billy Bacon & The Forbidden Pigs, The Street Walkin' Cheetahs and Wayne Kramer. Libby Molyneaux from the LA Weekly mistakenly wrote that there was no free drinks at the Triple X/PopSmear party. Bulllocks! There was free Lone Star beer at the bar all afternoon and I even managed to score a couple of well drink tickets from Bruce Duff and Frank Myer. Bruce Duff, of course, works for Triple X, plays bass in The ADZ and has played in a zillion other groups and Frank Myer sings and plays guitar for The Street Walkin' Cheetahs and is also circulation director for PopSmear magazine. For the record, I like PopSmear. They're a dirty little magazine, but they're fun. (And PopSmear guys Pete Tyler and Art Rambo actually went to the Adult Video News awards in Las Vegas and met Details columnist Anka Radakovich, so I'm jealous.) And I thought their party was pretty damn cool, even if it was a little under attended. (So much the better, more beer for me.) The Bellrays were tearin' it up pretty good when I arrived and were followed by a Triple X rockabilly trio called **Billy Bacon & The Forbidden Pigs** who were dressed like cast members from Gilligan's Island. Nurse Nam and Doug Miller arrived just in time to see **Wayne Kramer** and his band (which included The Cheetah's Frank Myer and Art Jackson) blast thru a cover of The MC5's "Lookin' at You."

After lunching on complimentary roast beef sandwiches on the rooftop of Maggie Mae's (compliments of who, I'm not even sure), Doug, Nam and I split up again and I headed for Emo's to get a head start on

the early evening show there. I got there just as **Earthling?**, an LA-based band that features Pete Stahl formerly of Wool and Scream, were finishing up on the indoor stage. Next up were **The Jack Saints**, a garage punk band from San Francisco who I'd never seen before and who turned out to be my fave band of the evening. They were followed by their pals **The Idiots** with whom the Jack Saints share a split ten inch vinyl release on Man's Ruin. The Gaza Strippers were setting up on the outside stage when I decided to make a dash for the Copper Tank to catch **Snout** from Australia. Aside from being friends of Nurse Nam's, **Snout** have a song on their *Au Go Go* CD "Circle High and Wide" called "Flipside," which was sort of an added inducement to check them out. At the Copper Tank I hooked up with Nam and Doug again and we headed back to Emo's to try and catch The Gaza Strippers and Glucifer. Of course while Rick Simms and Co. were rockin' it up on the outside stage I ended up in the Emo's patio area babbling to anyone that would talk to me. (I remember asking aloud if Bovine Genocide had played yet and someone answering that I probably had just missed them.) I ran into former Flipsider and KBLT DJ Cake and Other Star People guitarist Xander on the patio. Cake gave me the low-down on where the after hours Spin party was going to be later that evening and he told me that The Flaming Lips were supposed to play. This led to a tough decision since there were so many other things going on and the Spin party would no doubt be a long line and a hassle to get into. Man...Or Astroman were scheduled to be at La Zona Rosa that night and the Fastbacks were supposed to be at the Electric Lounge at almost the same time. I thought it over while Glucifer rocked out on the outside stage and decided to give the Spin party a try. I hadn't seen The Flaming Lips in quite some time and actually I hadn't stood in a long line the entire day, so I thought, why not. Besides, sometimes you meet interesting people in line.

THE WEE HOURS

So, we got in line at one in the morning and it was pretty dull. Nam and Doug couldn't take it and they ditched us after twenty minutes or so. Libby Molyneaux wrote in the LA Weekly that the Spin party was the hardest to get into and so I felt rather privileged that I made it in at all. It wasn't that tough actually. I met this girl in line that had some fake invitations and so I was in. It was that easy. The hardest part was enduring the length of time we spent in line. I killed time by taking photos of all the people who stood in line with us. One of the people waiting patiently in line with us was Ellicott Garcia who Cake mistook for Chan Marshall, the singer of Cat Power. Ellicott looks a little like Chan except that Chan is twenty-six and Ellicott is an Austin teenager that had never even heard of Flipside fanzine before that night.

➔ (top) Doug Miller, Nam, Doug Miller (bottom) Snout, Jack Saints, Jane Wiedlin and friend,



When two AM rolled around we were allowed in and it was like reaching the promised land. In fact, I could have sworn that I heard a choir of angels singing when we passed thru the front door. There was a table full of free beer and behind that a seemingly endless series of kegs. It was beautiful. So, beer in hand, I wandered around the vacant office basement where the party was being housed and caught sight of ex-Go-Go Jane Wiedlin hanging out just outside the stage area. When I approached her and she saw the word Flipside on my badge she was very nice about letting me take a few photos of her and her friend. (See, those badges are good for something.) She said that Flipside was a cool magazine and that was very nice to hear. Eventually **The Flaming Lips** played a lot of material that I assumed was the next CD but at that point my memory gets a little fuzzy. The last thing that I remember clearly was stumbling out of taxi cab much later and staggering back to my room at the Super 8 Motel singing Iggy Pop's "Lust for Life." I'm not sure why I was singing that tune. Perhaps it was because I'd heard Bovine Genocide covering it sometime earlier.

-Bob Cantu

THE JUNGLE OF INHUMANITY, AKA THE SXSW EXPERIENCE

Austin, TX - "We're finally here..." I said to myself, relieved as I will ever be, having endured the arduous task of driving 24 hours from the unseasonably cold, gray days of Los Angeles to the unbearably sunny weather (and disposition) of Austin, TX. Bob Cantu and I crossed three states of America, as well as three states of psychological torment; discombobulation, disdain, and disillusionment. We pulled into Austin city limits around 2 AM, early Saturday morning (we left LA around 11PM Friday night, not bad by navigational standards). It was great to hear the local college radio station after miles and miles of new country slop and the ubiquitous clear reception of Mexican tejano/ranchero stations throughout any given desolate parts. Our excitement was only overshadowed by the cool familiarity of cosmopolitan cityscapes and the anticipation of rock'n'roll good times to come. We slept in after a much deserved shower and got up around 9:30 to head into the convention area. Being Saturday morning, all the convention action had dissipated as quickly as the rain showers that plagued the big outdoor concert the night before, which we appropriately missed. Our arrival forebode a sunny, festive time, as far as we were concerned. The party doesn't start until the Flipside writers come to town. We picked up our convention grab bag filled to the brim with alternative music publications, a Spin magazine church key, an ashtray with some unfamiliar band logo on it, some condoms, a beer cooling foam holder, a CD-Rom, and other useless bits. We proudly sported the Koziak

Southern rock bunny emblems on our convenient, reusable tote bag that housed all the "freebies" and made our way to the next event, the PopSmear party.

The Electric Lounge is an out of the way place located behind an old electric company building, hence the name The Electric Lounge. The crowd was a mix of NY type punks that wore too much black in the heat with spiky hair-do's and fevered party goers of all constitutions. They swarmed en masse to be a part of the free beer action and the strong billing of bands. Let's see... we missed LA favorites, The Bell Rays but I heard they were the toast of the town after their gut wrenching, soul-fired performance. We sauntered in during a set by a band whose moniker I can't recall right now, something to the point of Big Billy and the Bacon Makers. They were all donned in Gilligan's Island character costumes. Nice touch, but musically I was not impressed. Oh well, time for free beer. Outside they installed a humongous tent with a stage which housed a few onlookers as the more "experimental" bands went at it. Nothing compelling there either. We grew listless as the free beers were passed around and the weather became more and more punishing to our weakened state. After lulling about contemplating departure, **Wayne Kramer** graced the stage with the panache of a seasoned veteran at this rock'n'roll game. He kept it short and sweet with a handful of current songs (none of which I know due to my reluctance to look past the MC5 days; I know I'm stubborn). His set came into full crescendo when members of the **Streetwalkin' Cheetahs** joined in for a rousing performance of "Lookin' at You." It was like Detroit circa 1969 by way of Los Angeles and Austin, 1999. Those fine folks at PopSmear did a great job of orchestrating this shindig. If at all possible, pick up a copy of PopSmear because it'll do your puny brain some good to read up on something interesting and challenging for a change instead the usual gossip mongering rock rags you scenesters love to consume. Smiles and appreciation were doled out and we made our way to a few more smaller parties (we heard the mention free food).

Rest was so blissful whenever I got the chance to. Holiday Inn pillows never felt so cushiony and soft against my party-laden, sleep-deprived head. An hour would pass and it felt like an eternal slumber. I awoke from these splendid little naps to take on the massive party scene once again. Remember the key rule of partying: sleep whenever you can, what little you get will energize you for whatever havoc that follows.

Saturday night was dedicated to one thing and one thing only, **Gluecifer**. This Norwegian five piece delivered a rock'n'roll onslaught of guitars, guts, and glory. "Respect the Rock America!" Gluecifer boldly proclaimed to the huddle of enthusiasts gathered at Emo's. I dare say he challenges the American public to go back to our roots and rock like we once did before Dixie

Chicks and N'Sync came along. Hopefully, America will heed the call and make fine, ol' fashioned rock records like we once did before "commercial appeal" and "marketing niche" became commands of greedy record label's operation. It's about time somebody recognized this matter and it's too fuckin' bad that somebody ended up being a native of Norway. (Have Americans become THAT ignorant of its own cultural brainwashing? The answer is a resounding YES). Regardless, respect the rock and catch Gluecifer tearing it up and embarrassing Americans left and right when they come to town. I chuckled at the fact the singer looks and acts uncannily like Mel from The Phantom Surfers. I would love to sit in a room with both those guys to see who has to go to the emergency room first from alcohol poisoning. I propose a beer death match between these two to once and for all make up for this silly Scandinavian rock supremacy thing. Mel - DO IT FOR AMERICA! Gluecifer can be found readily at your local record shack. Check up on their 10" and their split 10" with The Hellacopters on Man's Ruin Records, the sponsors of this monumental event. You can get quite a number of their singles and "Dick Disguised as Pussy" album on import. Now you know, go git it!

The rest of the SXSW experience was filled with too many hangovers and waking up next to someone I did not know. Although I did miss the big whoop-de-doo Spin magazine surprise show with The Flaming Lips, I caught a set by Aussie power pop/ performance wonders, **Snout** at the Copper Tank. Shortly thereafter I was treated to a celebrity sighting of David Byrne at an out of the way coffeehouse called Flipnotics where **Harvey Sid Fisher** charmed the audience with his signature blend of witty lyrics and compositional dexterity. Note: David Byrne stayed to watch Harvey Sid and Harvey Sid only. I guess Mr. Byrne can spot a rare talent and unsurpassed genius when he sees one.

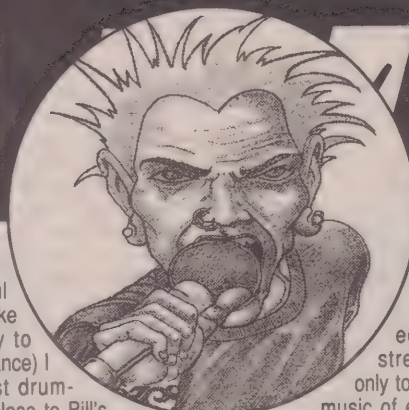
Sunday rolled around and I found myself catching **Alessandro Escovedo** at La Zona Rosa, a surprise high point. His rendition of standards such as "I Wanna Be Your Dog" with piano accompaniment was quite an aural pleasantry (I have never heard that song done live with a piano) and "Sway" by the Stones, complete with violin had my head swagging with drunken delight. Great set, great performer, and a great many performers on stage for that one. At the end of it all I was sad to leave Austin after meeting so many friendly folks and drunkards in the worst of tastes. Alas, I had yet another 24 hour bout of driving to contend with and I was still carrying over the toll of the last drive on top of whatever else I did to my body during the relentless partying. Needless to say I would do it again but not at this high of an expense to my sanity. Signing off 'til Garage Shock...

-Namella J. Kim

The Bellrays, Wayne Kramer, and The Street Walkin' Cheetahs. All @-Bob



LIVE VIEWS



GBH, 98 MUTE, BILLYCLUB

at The Glass House in Pomona 2/25/99
by Sal Cochino

I hadn't seen GBH in close to six years, being it was the year 1993 the last time they played in the US of A. Nevertheless, this was a great fuckin' show! I showed up early to interview GBH for Censor This punkzine. The show was supposed to begin at 7:45 PM but GBH and Billyclub both didn't show up until 7:30 PM. At 8:00 PM they finally opened the door, pushing show time back to about 8:30 PM. I led myself back to GBH/Billyclub's dressing room and had a few beers with the legendary Brit Boys. After the interview I finally got the chance to see Billyclub. ShitEd has been telling me about these guys forever AND they did not let me down! Billyclub played their brand of Dallas, England punk rock'n'roll. They blasted their way through a brilliant, fast-paced, beer-fueled set that the kids in the crowd didn't seem to get into it. The kids just stood there in shock, I guess seeing four old punk veterans rock that hard would put the fear of Dog into anyone... under 16! Next up was 98 Mute. They made their way through a tight Pennywise-induced sounding set that personally bores me to tears. Finally at 10:20 PM GBH hit the stage and did they ever hit it HARD! The British foursome rocked their entire 20 some-odd song set - dating back to their first releases - better than most punk bands nowadays. GBH only played two songs from their most recent CD titled, "Punk Junkies." "Catch 23," "I Am the Hunted," "Hellhole," and of course, the 2 in 1 classics "City Baby's Attacked by Rats" and "City Baby's Revenge" were the highlights of the evening. During GBH's set, Colin (vocals) saw a father struggling with his 8 year-old son at the front of the barricade. Colin remedied the situation by grabbing the little tot and letting him sit on the side stage monitors for the duration of their set. All in all, they STILL rock! On the "Cochino Scale" I gave this show a 9 - Minus 1 point for 98 Mute being second on the bill. *NOTE: Look for The Wernt (GBH/English Dogs) on tour this summer on the North-East Coast of the U.S.!

ALL, GOOD RIDDANCE, LIMP

at the Palace 3/2/99 by ShitEd

Limp wasn't lame. I was pleasantly surprised by how much personality and likability they had. Power pop, but good power pop. Good Riddance was less thrashy and punk than I remember from a couple years ago. I guess being on Fat has finally gotten to them, but I liked most of their set anyway. Can't fault their energy though, that's still strong. ALL is ALL: merely the tightest unit I've seen on stage! They raged: high energy, flawless execution/relaxed, almost

casually perfect while playing all those wonderful songs. They make it look so easy to do, but (for instance) I challenge most drummers to come close to Bill's varying syncopated beats. He uses the whole kit instead of getting locked "into the pocket" and the strangest thing I saw him do was cross back and forth over himself using alternating hands on the snare and cymbals. Chad Price was as wearing a brace on his left knee but it didn't slow him down any - he was his usual firebrand self. Someone in the crowd was wadding up dollar bills and throwing them at Chad. He caught most of them with one hand. As usual, the audience went craziest over "Loser", which they played perfectly. I love this band. They are the best. Less Than Jake was also on the bill, but I didn't stay for them.

FUGAZI at the Palace 3/7/99 by Todd

With all the lights on, none of them flashing, Fugazi pulled off so much energy and magic, that I'm surprised the house lights didn't dim from the drain. Hard, bright, nails of light, that's how I envision the band now. The antidote to the flash pot and the trickery of "modern music," I just got pulled under by the wave after wave of twists and turns, almost as if the

entire set was one long song. Fiercely braided harmonies melded, softened, stretched, and lilted only to be nailed with the music of errant gunfire and barked directives while they pulled songs from all points in the curve of their vast musical catalog. Guy must have a silly putty spine and some anti gravitational pellets in his pocket. He moves unreal, both cocksure and somewhat cloying, almost like a hidden puppet master isn't sure if his hand is on fire or if he's trying to shake the strings loose but just can't. Ian plays like he was born with guitar, an appendage as natural as a big toe or a shoulder blade that sometimes bothers him; part attack, part rage, part caress, almost by reflex. Joe, part of the music spine, operated like one, almost out of sight, but without it, the body would collapse into a lump. I think he moved a step or two, other than that, it was just his hands. I've always been suspect of a drummer that has a cow bell on their rig, but never of one that plays hardcore and jazz and sees no difference between the two besides unnecessary over-classification. Personal observations: 1. I know it's unreasonable, but Fugazi should think of playing huge, open fields, so the audience can spazz and rejoice, just as the band does,

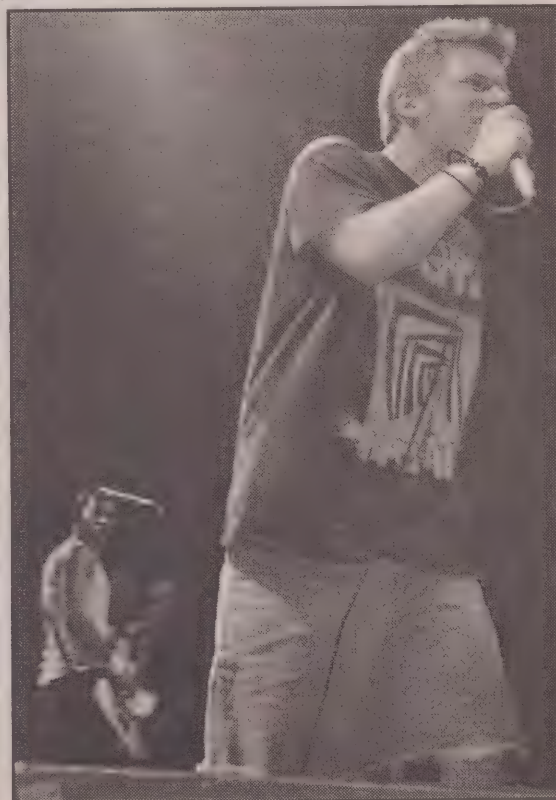
without knocking out, clawing over, beachballing on top of, or knocking out the dentures of scene veterans or molesting the smaller members of the audience. Personal space is important but so is the release of frenzied need. Thus, personal patches of space. 2. They were crystalline. The interlock between the unscripted song list, and I'm not being a dick here, sounded like aquatic communication. Like dolphins, sending out beats of sonar to see where the set would wiggle and explore in tandem. I've never seen a band do this and don't remember it as lucidly out of all the times I've seen Fugazi. 3. To sell the Palace out three nights in a row, you don't have to break one ethical principle that you've set up, you don't even have to be played on the radio, make a video, or sign a ludicrous contract.

ALL SYSTEMS GO!, YOUR MOM, SLOAN

at The Troubadour in West Hollywood 03/09/99 by Sal Cochino

We came. We Saw. We left! All Systems Go! kicked some serious booty! They played their brand of Doughboys-Big Drill Car influenced pop-rock. (They should, that's who they are!) John Kastner's voice has the sound of a dreaded-angel AND with Frank Daly's vocals, come on now, pure pop heaven! I could go on... Mark Arnold held his own. I like watching this man play guitar. He plays as though he is singing the har-

This page: All's Karl and Chad
@is-ShitEd
Next page: Bloodhag @-Todd



monies to the song. Drummer, Matt Taylor shreds behind the skins. Even though he's fairly new to the music scene, he fits in perfectly. Like a skilled veteran. These four guys make up one of the best bands of 1999 already. Go see them before everyone catches them on at this year's Warped Tour. As for the show, um, what can be said? They sound like the best parts of Doughboys and the great parts of Big Drill Car. Recommended live, at a small club! (10) We didn't stay for the other bands, I'm sorry! But, they were from Canada, as are John and Matt. They play very serious-commercial-pop stuff.

ALL SYSTEMS GO! at the Troubadour 3/12/99 by ShitEd

I've seen a few bands over the years, starting in 1965. And though I am proud to say that I have yet to become jaded, still, I've seen a lot of great bands so it's hard to really knock me out of my underwear. Well here it is: on the 12th of March 1999 at 9:15 PM, All Systems Go! completely blew me away. It was the second time I'd seen them, so it wasn't shock of the new that pinned my ears so far back that they met behind my head and did unspeakable things to each other. No. It was the beauty and power of their performance that knocked my ears rearward. Most bands that write great songs and play real purty are lame by being slow and/or derivative. Not ASG. They sounded like exactly who they were: one front guy from the Doughboys and the other two from Big Drill Car. The result sounds like both bands together in many ways. The most amazing thing was the harmonies. John and Frank would trade off primary singing duties, with the other doing harmony in the appropriate spots. Beautiful harmonies. And all the while, because John is playing chords on his guitar, Mark Arnold is playing a lead on his guitar that blends into the vocals. The result is three-part harmonies, two vocal and one guitar, all blended together from individual exquisite melodies. And all the while the band absolutely rocks, with a young drummer who is so sharp and clean and hard that the only adjective that comes to mind to describe his drumming is "crystalline." You have GOT to see this band! (I had to bail and therefore missed Sloan and I forget who else.)

PENN SCARBOROUGH, BOBBY CONN, CHOKEBORE, at The Smell 3/12/99 by K.

The Smell is a cozy venue on Lankersheim. Pretty good place for a show. The room was full. A "smart" show. No alcohol served. The music was excellent. Three very different sounds. All of them amazingly powerful. The first band Penn Scarborough, from the valley(?), was solid rock. Tight. Loud. Thick guitar. Heavy but not oppressive. This band is a four piece. Two guitars, bass,

and drums. One of the guitarists uses keyboards as a kind of "thickener." Extremely effective. I was pleasantly surprised with them. The instruments traveled along on the same line for heavy, powerful unity, then each drifted into other spaces, creating a completely encompassing sound. The only negative was the singer's voice. His amp was too loud and it overpowered the music at times. The music was their sweet salvation. Great band. I'm sure that we will be seeing more of them around town. Check them out! Bobby Conn, the second band, is a very unique four piece from Chicago. Guitar, electric violin, and drums make up this quirky, dark ensemble. Bobby, the singer/guitarist, wore a shiny white sweat suit, and I swear, some kind of big gold medallion. His eyes were amphibian-like... total stage presence! I kept thinking of some obsessed cult leader. He pulled me into the music. This band is on Trance

never seen them, you should. They have this drawn-out, deep, resonating sound with sprinkles of high notes and a singer with a velvet voice that can scream and whisper in one breath. The crowd seemed pleased by all of the bands and the entire event was videotaped by a guy that opened the show with a beautiful acoustic song. It was a great night! I wish for more shows like that. Perfect.

DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM

and **ICU** at the Troubadour 3/16/99 by K. The opening band ICU, did not impress me at all. The band was made up of keyboards, turntables, a guitar, and a stand up bass. The most interesting instrument was the theramin. The fact that this band could make music while smoking cigarette after cigarette, annoyed me. I felt like all of that energy could have been put to a better use. They looked bored, and I was not the only one in the crowd yawning. I am all

STITCHES, THE CROWD, TRICK BABY, RANDUMBS at Bar Deluxe 3/19/99 by ShitEd

The Randumbs were a great opening act. They did a rough and ready drunk punk set that was both hardcore and comedic, working the same general territory as Sloppy Seconds. Their new singer is their old bass player. Trick Baby, or did they say their names was Trick Babies?, anyway, they are Alex from DickTit's new band. He's on guitar as usual, only now it no longer says "TIT" on his ax. The singer was a tall, lean girl who worked the same general territory as Texas Terri and Josie Pissant, only far less hard and not at all raunchy. She was continually pulling up her tube top because her teats were too small to keep it in place! Overall they were a lot more straightforward than I expected; an expectation fueled by the trendy looking, girlish, almost arty fans they brought with them to the show. The

Crowd were back in March after months of not playing anywhere, even OC. They were great, a perfect combination of punk aggression and pretty songs. They did two new songs, and talking to them afterwards I was told they are writing their next album. Their set ended with a series of those short, intense songs from their Beach Blvd. era, songs like "Living in Madrid" and "Modern Machine." The Stitches ended the night with belligerent Pistols style punk rawk. They were a lot of fun. They seemed to have some new songs, or at least they played some songs with which I wasn't familiar. Other Flipsiders there

for the show were Marty, Money and Matt Average. Matt and I took lots of pictures. The bar was packed with people upstairs and down, and the door guy actually had to turn people away!

BLOODHAG

at Al's Bar 3/20/99 by Todd

Lured in by the siren sounds of their "Hooked on Demons," cassette I wasn't sure if the Hag would live up to the expectations laid bare and slammed down by the heavy EduCore gauntlet - speedmetal bleating the stripping down, lyrical essence of the heaviest of duty science fiction authors, barked through Professor J.B. Stratton's ulcerated, tuna fish eatin' throat. No disappointment from this new convert. Pearl strings of napalm live. While my hands were clasped in rapture, they rampaged the stage with their bibliophile hardcore, balls swinging heavy as their dangling axes, dangling modifiers, and chain books (This, I'm not kidding. Heavy duty loop pierced through a corner of a book and hooked to a chain in a variation of the chain wallet. For sale at a modest price.), who'd think that the docile characters puffing dutifully on meerschaum



Syndicate, so that gives you more of an idea about where they were coming from. The violinist, dressed in a tight black sequined dress complete with wig and blue eyeshadow rocked. She added a whole new dimension to their sound. I loved it! The bass player, while the rest of music was dramatic and strong, played kind of funky. It didn't seem to make sense at first, then I listened, and watched further... It was the perfect mix. The drummer even told some really stupid jokes while a string was being repaired - very dynamic group of individuals. Their sound was extremely engrossing and moving! Powerful, quirky, trance rock - mind altering! Do yourself a favor and see the way of Bobby Conn. I did. Chokebore played last. I was excited because I haven't seen them for about a year and a half. They've been touring a lot in Europe. They began with an old favorite, and I noticed that they have not changed that much. As a band, they seem more confident and mature in their sound. They still have that dreamy, heavy sound that makes my knees bend and eyelids lower. I really like the new songs. I only wish that there were more. If you've

for experimenting with sounds, but I feel that the most successful bands make great music when the conventional instruments are enhanced with other textures and sounds. I did enjoy the use of the turntables, that holds many possibilities, but this band never rocked. They never came close. I cannot say that they totally sucked, I mean, they are making music, and there is something to be said for that, I just see that band fitting in better in a dance club or a rave. Dub Narcotic Sound System was a little better because the singer is so quirky. He has a dance unlike any other person I have seen perform. He is humorous. The crowd was more into them. They are a fun band. By the time the show was over, most of the crowd was up on stage dancing. That's a good thing. I don't know, they just weren't doing anything out of the ordinary, and lately that is what I am looking for. So they are a good band, but they definitely have a specific audience. I like the fact that a lot of other people seemed to be enjoying them, I just was not blown away. I would describe them as strange pop. If you like that kind of thing, check them out.



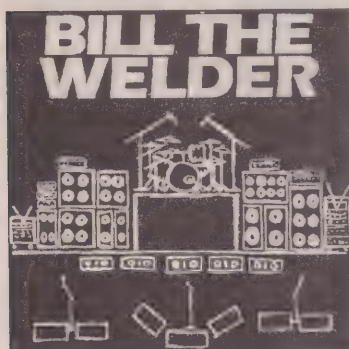
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pipes mere seconds prior would strip out of their comfy slippers, focus their regal aires to laser beam focus, get matching ties, and unlock the beast of glorious, spazzmodius chonk metal with the wank left in the bookmobile and the fire of a dragon kicked in the balls? Right fucking on. These are the warriors we need, yeah, must herald and support through federal funding to break up the next rash of book burnings. Gleaming warriors, to be sure. Papercuts, to be sure, as knowledge was literally thrown out to the crowd by the tome (I caught *The Left Hand of Darkness*). With no ballads, and all songs comfortably under the minute and a half mark, I left with tattoos on my eardrums and the crowd faves for more "Moorcock, cock, cock, cock" ringing, realizing that the world will remain a dumber place if not everyone embraces the beautiful fury of the Hag. Seek out. Give the gift of literacy. Have it bodyslam you.

LESS THAN JAKE, ALL, FRENZAL RHOMB, LIMP, IE ORCHESTRA at The Glass House in Pomona 3/23/99

by Sal Cochino

We ALL came to see the almighty ALL! ShitEd, Leo, Gizz, and Jeff from the band Dead Lazlo's Place and I. We arrived late due to Leo and Jeff trying to steal a nice car. We missed IE Orchestra and much of Limp's set. So you tell me, how they were? We watched, for the most part, all of Australia's Frenzal Rhomb's set. They were quite energetic and tight, playing their brand of FAT Rock really well. Their guitarist looked like the bastard child of Kurt Cobain and one the those Hanson kids. Sick! Next up were ALL! They blasted their way through a 30 minute ALL/Descendents set without ever saying a damn thing. I like that! No bullshit spewing from a singer's mouth! Not that I would mind hearing something Chad had to say. ALL Chad said was, "Hello... are you ready?" to Stephan - then wham, bam, thank you man! Then it was ALL over. ALL rules live, hands down! They played all the recent favorites as well as some older tunes. Everything and ALL we're accustomed to seeing from these punk rock veterans. During ALL's set, the drummer from Less Than Jake was acting like an asshole. He was running in and out of the backstage area bumping into everyone, throwing water at people with his "oh-so-cool" drumsticks sticking out of his back pocket! You're so cool, dude! I think that is why I cannot stand ska bands! They're too fuckin' happy! ALL in ALL this was a great ALL show!

BRAID, SEAWEED at the Casbah 3/24/99 by Todd

Braid flailed around a lot, but when I closed my eyes to pass out, I realized that they didn't often touch their instruments, let alone play them. Instead of getting all emo'd, taking off my jacket and using it as a pillow on the floor, I opted to leave. Sometimes emo=(d)emo. Sometimes emo="I really wonder if I could beat up the entire band at once," and I'm not a violent guy. Came back and Seaweed quickly burned and evaporated the previous Nyquil rock and

charged into the business at hand. Inducted into the class of "ordinary looking guys who'll jackhammer your sorry ass by a wall of sound," I just made up, they're the cleanrock equivalent to NoMeansNo - they pull off and get down to what usually fails, bores, or patently sucks because the cloning machine is worn out - clean melodies, bright, loud guitars, pummel snap drums, a singer that looks like he's giving his mom a peck on the cheek one second and bursting a head vessel the next. It's a formula that's been well-used, but don't mistake your history, Seaweed's one of the original main mad professors (buy "Weak" if you ever get the chance and their newest, "Actions and Indications," burns) of the genre and seem to have nuclear holocaust power hidden in the palms of their hands. Ever see people that are so overloaded by information and stimulation that all they can do to respond is sway back and forth a little, fetally? Well, that's how the audience responded. No pit. No pierced human throw toys, just so much music it was hard to figure out what to do except sway, shout along, and stamp. I'm not saying hippie, love, peace, and Volvo swaying, but violent/nurturing/entrapped swaying, like kelp being brushed by the underwater impulse and shock of a passing whale chasing a manatee. All said and done, Seaweed's living proof that a band can come back from Hollywood Records and not be a sucked-dry zombie shell of a band. Downright amazing. Made the two hundred mile round trip seem like an eyeblink.

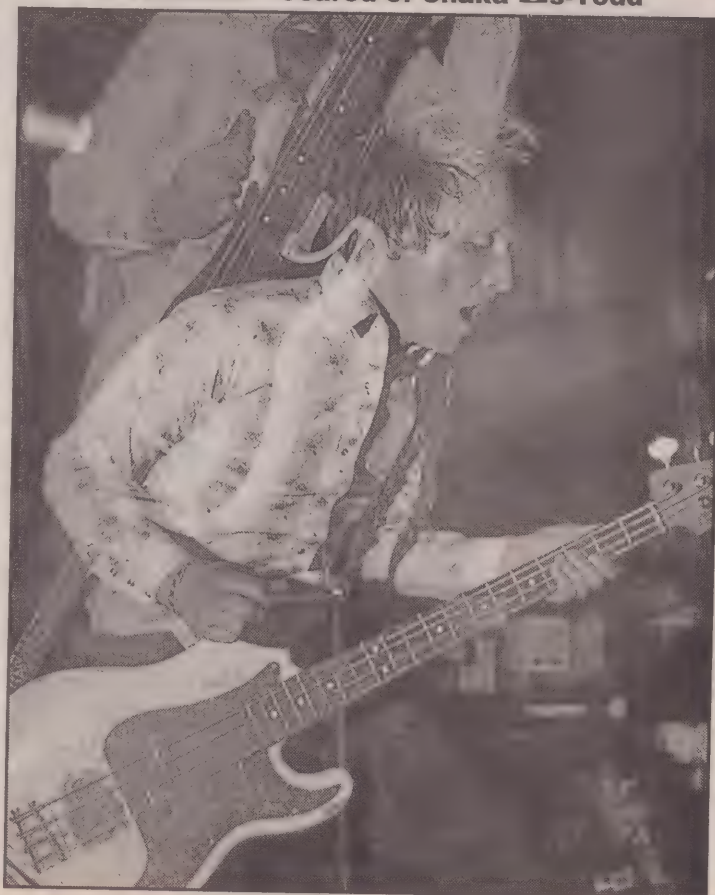
TILTWHEEL

at Club Mesa 3/30/99 by Todd

Tiltwheel is once again a three piece. After recently picking up a second guitarist, Squire, he shattered his arm while riding his skateboard to Denny's at 3 AM - proving, once again, that fast food is an evil siren call, just like sailors goin' for mermaid tails and crashing their schooners on rocks. Tiltwheel tend to amaze, especially when talking to them before a show (and occasionally looking after the merch when they wander), that they can be that fucked up and function like a mix between construction workers (leaning into notes, hammering up a wall of sound, huge washes of guitar spray, ass crack) and ice skaters (for some reason, they remind me of couples ice skating, when one of the skaters is twirling around with the skate extended in a pirohette (or a sow cow (?)), the glistening blade inches away from slicing through a throat or a hunk of skull) when they hit the stage. It's beautiful, but with a nervous tension that the songs will fall completely apart if not pressurized and shook up so everything must lock tight and explode or mush out into inert ingredients. Tiltwheel controls their own explosions of melody and dirt so well, I'm not going to compare them to anyone or genre-lock them. They're better than that and they've been around for seven years. If you find your thumb in your ass on any day of the week and see them on a bill, extract thumb, quit being a boob, and go get some great music in that noodle.



↑ Tiltwheel ↓ Scared of Chaka ☼s-Todd



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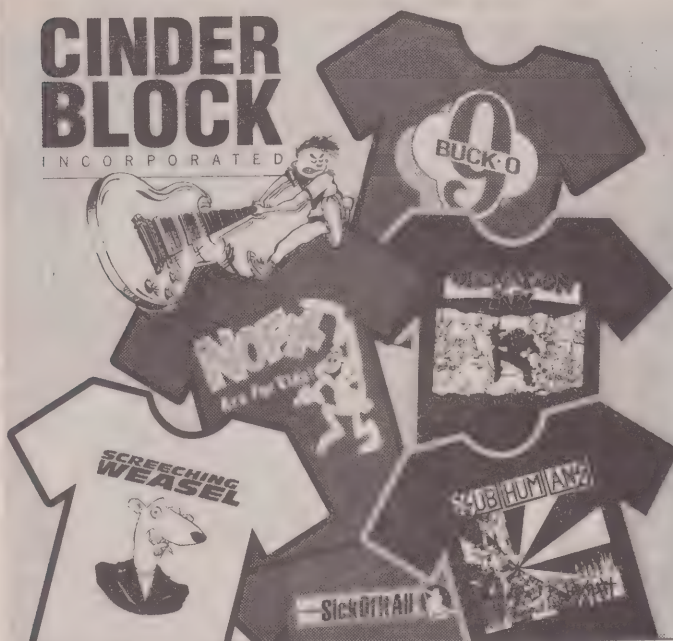
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OP-159 THE QUEERS Punk Rock Girls
SC-153 SCREW 32 Champs
SM-161 SAMIAM #1
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SW-177 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SI-103 SICK OF IT ALL: Rose The Riveter
TL-150 TILT Truck Logo
SU-231 TRIBE 8 Sacred Heart
VD-150 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Skateboard
Embroidered Baseball Hats
AFI-230 AFI Logo
LK-214 LOOKOUT! Logo
OP-183 OPERATION IVY Logo
OR-192 THE QUEERS USA Band Logo
SW-180 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SU-230 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
MTX-240 MR. T EXPERIENCE Logo
VD-245 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Monster Face
LI-203 LESS THAN JAKE Logo
AT-216 ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES Logo
CB-231 I LOVE SATAN
Embroidered Knit Caps
AFI-231 AFI Logo
LK-196 LOOKOUT! Logo
OP-184 OPERATION IVY Logo
OR-193 THE QUEERS USA Band Logo
SW-181 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SU-231 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
MTX-241 MR. T EXPERIENCE Logo
VD-246 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Logo
CB-230 I LOVE SATAN
Long Sleeve T-Shirts
AT-215 ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES W. Smith Logo
CB-223 PUNK ROCK HIGH
OP-182 OPERATION IVY Energy
SM-212 SAMIAM Double
SW-178 SCREECHING WEASEL Weasel Barking
VD-247 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Weasel Barking
GD-112 GREEN DAY Billie Joe "Jump"
QR-194 THE QUEERS USA Band
Hooded Sweatshirts
AFI-230 AFI Freestyle
AT-217 ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES W. Smith Logo
GM-239 GUTTERMOUTH Asshole
GD-110 GREEN DAY Billie Joe "Jump"
K-215 LOOKOUT! Party
NF-103 NOFX Serifs
OP-181 OPERATION IVY Ska Man
OR-190 THE QUEERS USA Band
SM-239 SAMIAM Double
SU-229 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
SW-179 SCREECHING WEASEL Weasel Barking
VD-248 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Monster on Motorcycle
VN-249 VANDALS Logo
Vinyl Stickers
LK-212 LOOKOUT! Party Logo
MTX-240 MR. T EXPERIENCE Logo
QR-211 OPERATION IVY Ska Man
OR-214 THE QUEERS Surfer Cat
SM-212 SAMIAM Logo
SW-178 SCREECHING WEASEL Face
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VD-248 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Logo
SU-212 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
PS-212 PHANTOM SURFERS Logo</p> |
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FIFTEEN, SCARED OF

CHAKA (Sub City label launch) at Spaceland 3/31/99 by Todd
Sub City's a new label started by Hopeless. It gives 5% of a CD's profits to the charity of the band's choice. A nice, professional lady talked about eye diseases and the search for a cure. When I saw her wandering around later, she looked like she was trying real hard to like the bands, so I have to give her credit for sticking it out. Without any sarcasm, I think that Jeff Ott, the lead singer of Fifteen, should write some books. He appears educated in politics, earnestly impassioned, and brimming with conviction - all elements that would make me want to read. Enter Fifteen, the band. Bored me to tears. Their set was almost like a book on tape that got stuck on repeat for choruses. In fact, the band is little more than backup to Jeff's voice and ideas. Hell, I'm not saying that politics have no place in music. Some of my favorite bands (Crass to Dillinger Four) aren't singing about girls stealing gummi bears out of a frozen yogurt cup and the attendant emotional scarring, but - and this is the hinge - they have interesting music to drive it into your skull like an insect with a dentist drill as a beak. Zone out the lyrics and they rock. Zone out Fifteen's lyrics and I hear monotonous plod. A very astute observation was, "They sound like they're reading the letters section of Maximum Rock'n'roll in the mid-eighties." Hard to refute. Scared of Chaka act like someone hid a pack of BlackJack firecrackers in their pockets, lit by the short fuse of the first note of their set. More jumping than an hour of jazzercise, more sweat than driving through Albuquerque in the summer with no a/c and black, vinyl seats, and it looked like a wet t-shirt competition by the end of the set. Besides feats of physical nature, they can feed grit-filled garage gasoline into a perfectly dented airplane capable of the



↑ The Eyeliners □-Matt Average ↓ Liars, Inc □-Money



most stratospheric, searing melodies - so, it's simultaneously as raw as the inner parts of your knees after wiggling your honey onto the front room floor after a six week tour, as supple and warm and right as the initial insert, and as fun as watching her head melt back and her eyes close... did I mention that some proceeds go to chairties?

THE EYELINERS, GROOVIE GHOUIES at

The Foothill in L.B. 4/15/99

by B. Double

If you like good, harmonious, tight, poppy music, you'd like the Eyeliners. They're 3 sisters who are really good female musicians who happen to be super cute girls and really nice on top of it all. It's music I love to go-go to. More music to go-go to... The local Long Beach paper compared the Groovie Ghouies to the Ramones. Well sure, they're both bubble gum, pop, and punk, but the Ghouies have their own distinct sound. Very garage, bubble gum, pop. They give a good show.

LIAR'S INC

at Dragonfly 4/20/99 by Money

The few, the proud, the Angeleno pop rock bands. The hardest thing about being in a rock and roll band in Los Angeles is getting your friends to come out on a lifeless Tuesday night. Well, I went down to Dragonfly to see Liar's Inc, a band you've probably never heard of before, and was astonished to find the place packed. Liar's Inc recent debut album "Superjaded" on Foodchain Records has been on perma-play on my CD spinner at work and I wanted to see if they could deliver the goods live. Liars Inc. did not disappoint. LA pop rock can mean anything from Sugarplastic to Sugar Ray, Fonda to Red 5. Liar's Inc are fixed firmly in that intractable gulf between Silverlake and The Troubadour. They can floor you like the Foo Fighters, but their irresistible hooks and rhythms tend to creep up on you, too. Best of all, there is considerable substance to the music and words. Unlike a song by Sugar Ray, Third Eye Blind or even Everclear, the message behind the music is neither idiotic nor asinine, nor is it entirely obvious either. Carefully structured and impeccably layered, the mood of a Liars Inc song is as artfully orchestrated as a panorama in a museum, such is the precision of the performers. I don't always care for pop rock because the naked ambition of the artists almost always



FLIPSIDE

Man or Astroman? Os-Kat and Todd

interferes. True to its title, "Superjaded" is infused with tender ironies and moments of edgy sadness that stand out in stark contrast to lyrics like: "Doot doot doot, doot doo doo doo doo," which is kind of a shame because watching this radio friendly band onstage made the mere thought of turning on the radio, well, unthinkable.

LAZY COWGIRLS, VON ZIPPERS

at Bar Deluxe 4/24/99 by ShitEd

The Von Zipper did original style punk rock'n'roll, like a mix of Sex Pistols with some rockabilly elements. There were a couple of unsettling minutes at the beginning because the PA wasn't working, but Dirty Ed quickly fixed it. They were seriously fun, wild and obnoxious. The upstairs was packed for them, including with about half of the local Flipside writers. Johnny from the Stitches was there, having drove up for the show, and Bar Deluxe bartender Caine took a break from his duties downstairs to watch the set. During the third or fourth song the singer/guitarist spazzed out so hard he fell off the stage into the crowd almost onto Mary Ellenberger, and I was wondering if he had hurt himself on the floor. A few seconds later he was up, replugged his guitar and resumed the song, playing like a maniac while a bright red double scratch glowed on his neck. They were truly first rate: the energy was right, the attitude was right and the songs entertaining. To my annoyance, many people left during the Lazy Cowgirls. That just confirms my opinion that the majority of the human race is unredeemable stupid, and as Pookie often puts it, are just a waste of space. The Cowgirls, which if you've never seen them are five middle-aged guys, two with monk's tonsure balding heads, absolutely SMOKE playing a delicious blend of punk, country and raw rock'n'roll. In no way were they wimpy or weak, and I gotta tell ya, they had more energy and were more punk than 3/4 of '90s punk bands whose members are in their late teens/early 20s (and therefore are supposed to have lots of energy). Too many of today's bands are so concerned with style that they have lost track of attitude, approach and energy. I guess that means that the punk scene is turning into the rockabilly scene, huh? In any case, don't mind my bitching, just go see both of these bands. They SHRED.

DICKIES, NIP DRIVERS, TONGUE, RUBBERNECK at Troubadour 4/30/99 by ShitEd Rubberneck seems to be one of those quasipunk bands of the '90s

who grew up listening to stuff like NOFX and Screeching Weasel, then used that as the jump off point for their own music. They were fast, derivative and bland; and their drummer had trouble keeping time. Next up was another '90s band, but a real punk one. Tongue played almost a whole set of new, unreleased material that was tasty, strange, hardcore and complex all at once. Several of the new songs were wonderful, especially "Failure." Nip Drivers were next, doing

was laying off and didn't hit with full power; if he had he would have killed you! It was finally broken up by cooler heads in the crowd separating them and him simply walking away in disgust. Anyway, the Dickies played for what seemed to be an hour and a half. They began the set covering "Solitary Confinement" with Leonard wearing a black trenchcoat. I began yelling "trenchcoat mafia" at him but he ignored the heckling and during the first few songs

Getting slot deuce for tonight's gig were San Francisco's, The Hi-Fives. Fueled-up rockers sporting suits and ties, melded the sounds of the British Invasion with the power punch of garage/pop. Making down time in between sets more interesting and entertaining than anyone I've seen, Man or Astroman set up their own gear in contamination suits. (You know, those white puffy outfits with hooded-type helmets? - think X-Files.) Add more visuals - strewn

all over the stage were massive amounts of tubing, about 10 Mac monitors, scads of Danelectro guitars, three towering amp stacks, uniformly made to suit for the EEVIAC tour, and hidden in the corner, one very ominous "Astro-built" Tesla coil. (We'll get to that in a bit). These outer space guys don't just play music, heck, they practically act out a B-grade, sci-fi flick right in front of your eyes, with their music as the soundtrack. Speaking of the music, it's a non-stop barrage of heavy-hitting space/surf instrumentals with a dash of vocal work, compliments of Trace. Devo visit outer space! As for the finale; who needs a lousy encore when you've got the Tesla coil? Jumping into the crowd, pushing everyone back a couple of feet, Birdstuff, and one very quizzical audience, all watched as the Tesla coil emitted zaps of light stretching out across the stage. Our very own show and tell science experiment, courtesy of Man or Astroman. I think my girlfriend best summed up the whole experience with these four words, "Thank God for geeks."

SHOEGAZER, BARFEEDERS

at Billy & Pete's house 5/1/99 by B. Double

Shoegazer has a new lineup that includes Jeff replacing Billy on bass. The party was at Bill and Pat's house. Pat wasn't there but Billy was and it seemed strange at first, Shoegazer playing as Billy watched, but they were so good that even Billy was going off dancing. They have a couple of new songs that are pretty complex. At some point in the set, Billy got on bass and Nathan was dancing in the crowd. The Bar Feeders were back in town. Yeah! They're fast as fuck and they rock my world. I love to watch Jimmy (the Paul Newman look-a-like, stud) as his fingers run frantically up and down the frets of his guitar. It's beautiful insanity!

STATIC X

at The Roxy 5/9/99 by B. Double

Just as on the album, they were dark, hard driving rock-n-roll. The crowd loved 'em. The whole floor was bopping their heads in unison. It was pretty fucking cool. I was seriously digging it. This was probably my last chance to catch them on the strip. Their next show is Ozzfest and after that I'm sure they're going to be huge.



**Top: Hi Fives ☐-Kat
◀Shoegazer ☐-B.Double
↑Scared of Chaka ☐-Todd**

he pulled squirt gun after squirt gun out of his clothes and hosed down the crowd with them. There was a song about Courtney Love that's sure to cause trouble. Everyone went nuts for "Gigantor" of course, including me. Between songs Leonard was witty and entertaining, making lots of jokes. They played most of my faves. Geez, they were brilliant! I love the Dickies. They are always fun.

THE ROCK*A*TEENS, THE HI-FIVES, MAN OR ASTROMAN?

at The Roxy, 5/1/99 by Kat

Hanging out with a couple of The Astromen before tonight's show, I realized something. They like Earth food. Mexican, to be exact. Hence the reason why I walked in half-way through the Rock *A* Teens set tonight. Straight-up '80s type rock that's reminiscent of say, Drivin' & Cryin'. Solid, but lacking uniqueness.

PUBLICATIONS



A CARTOONIST SHOULDN'T HAVE TO BEG FOR... #N/A, *, HS-20-T (PO Box 12671, Ft. Wayne, IN 46864-2671)

A collection of zine covers and other work that Jeffrey Meyer has done and put together mainly as a promotional item. Pretty good, sharp stuff. If you're looking for someone to do a bit of zine illustrating you might want to look him up, or you can trade him for something.
<jmeyer@acpl.lib.in.us>

ABUS DANGEREUX #60, \$5, L-40-FT (B.P. 172, 82001 Montauban Cedex, France)
French zine w/ news, reviews, interviews, views and information on music. Comes with a sampler CD compilation. Nashville Pussy on the cover. Inside: Ash, Sophia, Turpentine, Arab Strap, Portobello Bones, Tupolev Flight 409, Will Oldham, and more. <vicious@club-internet.fr>

ALPHA MEGAZINE #2, \$3ppd, L-40-T (c/o Rota Andreavia, Giotto, 3, 24031 Almenno San Salvatore (BG), Italy)
More tightly packed Italian reading for your enjoyment. There are columns, lots of zine and audio reviews and more of the things that you'd find in a self respecting zine. Interviews with: STP, the No-Talents, Killer Clown, the Mummies, Lightning Beat-Man, Bingo, Spider Babies, Stinking Polecats, and more. Looks like pretty good reading if you read Italian.
<alphamegazine@hotmail.com>

ANGERBOX #3, \$3ppd, HS-64-T (PO Box 24262, LA, CA 90024)
In this issue you'll be able to read about the explorations of chemical-imbalance induced depression. Pretty honest and interesting stuff. There's explanations, examples and illustrations. Thoughts, therapists and treatments. If you've experienced it or know someone that has, this should be pretty interesting reading. Even if you're real happy go lucky, you might want to read this. Pretty well put together and not "new-agey" in the least.

ATHENA'S SCAPEGOAT
#3, \$1/trade, HS-40-R
(1210 W 68th Terrace, Kansas City, MO 64113)
More home made cut'n'paste reading. Reader mail, poetry, a day in the life of Barbie, tornado damage, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Reel Big Fish, lots of photos and illustrations, zine reviews and more. <AMPitch@aol.com>

ATLANTIS RISING
#19, \$4.95US, T-82-F+
(PO Box 441, Livingston, MT 59047)
As you might be able to guess from the title, this is some pretty far out material... Pyramids, cold fusion, the art of dousing, waters other uses, Isaac Newton and the occult, ionizers, book and product reviews, lots of adverts and more. If you're interested pick up a copy and judge for yourself...

AURAL INNOVATIONS
#6, \$3US, S-72-T
(c/o Jerry Kranitz, 1364 W. 7th Ave. #B, Columbus, OH 43212)
Hot damn! It's even bigger! More to read with every issue in this "space-rock" zine that's well assembled and crammed with information.

Inside you'll find:
News and reviews to keep you busy for a while, a Berlin cosmic music family tree, scene reports, and lots of bands.
King Black Acid, Dark Sun, Kingston Wall, Five Fifteen, Skye Klad, Agitation Free, Brainstorm, Tom Spacey, Bad Acid(Records), Hawkwind and more!
<jkranitz@infinet.com>
<http://www.infinet.com/~jkranitz/space/space.html>

BABYSUE
Vol 7, Issue 1, \$3, S, 30-R
(PO Box 8989, Atlanta, GA 31106-8989)
What babysue can pull off - complete and utter irreverence, despicable behavior, questionable (and questioning) antics, that are at the root of iconoclasm - few can with such insight and wit. In the nether regions of blasphemous behavior, nihilism, and scatology, only a handful explore, debunk, and entertain finer than this zine. More than mere shit jokes, easy anti-church sentiment, or shock for shock's sake that many zines rely on, babysue isn't scared to ask sophisticated questions or make fun of people's reactions about race, religion and well-armored taboos. Its views are often unpopular, and un-PC, yet maintain validity by being a far cry from a knee jerk reaction while retaining the punch of a well-placed barb at folks who take themselves too seriously. Always a fascinating read. Just what I like. I bet it'll make most of you uncomfortable. -Todd

BABYSUE REVIEW
#29, \$2ppd, S-32-T
(PO Box 8989, Atlanta, GA 30306-8989)
More side-splitting audio reviews of the latest releases with babysue and friends for comic relief overkill added to the mix. If you're interested in what's out and what it's about you'll want to have a look at this brutally honest carnage fest. Reviews that make for a good read!
<lmnop@babysue.com>

BELCHIN' WAFFLES
#6, \$1ppd, HS-28-R
(17611 NE 108th Way, Redmond, WA 98052)
Columns. Interviews with: MxPx and Downway. Record reviews. A few bits more.
<skids@usa.net>
<http://www.skapunx.net/~belchin>

BITE THE BULLET #1, \$1, HS-40-R
(PO Box 48061, Bedford, N.S., Canada)
Interviews with: Sheavy, Dichotic, Mark (Happy Hamster Rec.), and more. A bit of audio reviews and a couple of pages dedicated to Motorhead. Connect with these Canadians. <noclass71@hotmail.com>

DELINEATOR, THE #1, \$3.50, HL-40-T
(515 E. Denny Way #304, Seattle, WA 98122)

- This is a "clip-art" zine and it pretty much is just that. Lots of clip art that you can clip and use as illustrations or filler in your zine or collage. Compiled from phone books, Christian pamphlets, antique magazines and everything in between, you'll find lots of pretty unique stuff for your use. Each page has a theme: animal attacks, brains, death, hands/ouija, masks, people on fire, and so on. A pretty handy thing if you like graphic art. The reproduction quality is pretty good.
1. Number. Directly following the zine name is the issue number of the zine listed here.
 2. Price. Cost of the zine which may or may not include postage. An *** means that although the zine is free, postage is not so send stamps, IRCs or some change.
 3. Description codes:
A. Size of paper
S- Standard (8 1/2" x 11")
HS- Half standard (5 1/2" x 8 1/2")
L- Legal (8 1/2" x 14")
HL- Half legal (7" x 8 1/2")
T- Tabloid (usually newsprint)
M- Mini (smaller than half standard)
O- Oversized (larger than tabloid)

B. Length
Number of pages

C. Notes
R- Photo reduced type
T- Typeset or laser printed
M- Multicolored cover
M+ Multicolored cover and inside
F- Full color cover
F+ Full color cover and inside

DREEMY KREEM #3, \$1, HS-40-R
(PO Box 6304, Hoboken, NJ 07030)
Audio recommendations, some snack suggestions, thoughts of the guillotine and horror films, lots of cutup illustrations, a different exploration of Alice's Wonderland and Peter Rabbit's life... Some amusing thought and expression here.

ESTRUS RECORDS QUARTERLY
#35, \$1, HS-16-T
(PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227-2125)
All the Estrus Records stuff you want to mail order... Also you can read about: the Von Zippers, the Crown Royals, Los Coyotemen, and a few more bits. <http://www.estrus.com>

FLASHING ASTONISHER
#12, \$2ppd, S-78-R
(PO Box 70, Syracuse, NY 13210)
Even bigger and more packed. Columns, prose and fiction. Reader mail of all types. Thoughts on Tibet and the Syracuse sXe scene. Interviews with: Fugazi, Sidedoor Johnnies, and Mogwai. Video, live, audio and zine reviews. There is lots to read and quite a substantial amount of that is quality as well as quantity. This zine just keep improving. <gcjohnso@mailbox.syr.edu>

CHUBBIE
#2, \$1, HS-40-R
(2936 Daisy St., Union City, CA 94587)

As the Mac on the cover accusingly says, "This ain't yo mutha's zine. Sucka." You'll find some thoughts on Madonna, a Barbie expletive in photos, lots of cut-up photos and material, wrestling and porn, and more. Pretty haphazard thoughts and rants.
<bocyte2@ix.netcom.com>

FLYGIRL #8, \$7ppd, S-64-MT
(43 Morris Ave., West Milford, NJ 07480)
Well put together zine of art and poetry/prose. There are a few writings that are pretty "Christian" in content - guess that adds some bit of wholesomeness, however, it doesn't negate any artfulness of other content. Also comes with an right track CD. Well produced and accepting submissions of writing, drawings, photographs, etc... <jags789@yahoo.com>

FREEDOM ZINE #3, \$2ppd, HS-40-R
(46-365 Kahupia St., Kaneohe, HI 96744)
Lots more news and pics. from the Hawaiian scene. There are some riddles, a story or two, things to do late at night in HI, zine & audio reviews and more. Interviews with: Less Than Jake, part 2 with Hawaiian Express, <smiyakawa@hawaii.edu>

FRIEND OF THE DEVIL
#11, \$4ppd, S-34-T
(c/o Satpal Kalsi, 4 Mainstone Close, Winyates East, Redditch, B98 0PP, England)
Well produced punk and more music zine. Inside: Orange Goblin, Dethroned, Dwarves, Q-Bert, Cavity, Hentchmen, Sadistic Intent, Seven Foot Spleen, and more. Audio reviews and other writings. Lots to read.
<pkalsi@cableinet.co.uk>

HAGGARD AND HALLOO
#16, \$1ppd, HS-20-MT
(348 E. 3rd St., Long Beach, CA 90802)
More poetry, short prose and illustration from contributors put together nicely. If you like trading in that sort of fare, this is a pretty good read and place to contribute to. Inquire for more information. <1_bobcat@hotmail.com>

HAPPY HOUSE #11, \$12/1year, HS-64-T
(PO Box 506, Hull, UK)
Finally out with another issue and bigger than ever. Quite a few columns, audio and zine reviews. Also inside, interviews with: Servotron, Sean Worrel (Org Records), and Pinto. Great layout with photos and illustrations. A good read.
<rick@cert.demon.co.uk>
<http://www.cert.demon.co.uk/hh/>

HERE BE MONSTERS
#17, \$3ppd, L-40-R
(c/o Clive Roberts, 36 Folly Fields, Wheathampsted, Hertfordshire, England - AL4 8HL)
Crammed reading with news, reviews and more! In this issue: Dropkick Murphys, Rico, Nashville Pussy, and more. The tiny print will keep you reading for quite a while...

HYPHENATED-AMERICAN
#5v11, *, HS-24-R
(207 FM 107, Gatesville, TX 76528)
The best of '98, audio and movie reviews, some rants and a bit more. Interviews with: Avail, the Goons, <hyphena@aol.com>
<http://www.hyphenated-american.com>

INTEZ LIKES SHIT
#0, Free, HS-62pgs-R
(Intez!, 36 Rebecca Ln., SF, CA 94124)
This is the greatest thing I have ever layed my eyes on. Well, perhaps not, but man, it's great.

It's a fanzine of pure un-politically correct chaos, which is fun. Basically, it's a lovely collection of post-it notes that a group of young men from California have put together in a fanzine. It basically consists of 62 pages of post-it notes with crude drawings of their friends - eating shit, jerking off, and having sex. They feature how Mike reads a lot, therefore he must be a homosexual, how Ed likes to have sex with dead bodies, etc. That's just a taste. It even includes a centerfold drawing of a very hairy man. It's fun. Very funny. If you are offended by mocking humor about penis sizes, loose uses of the words "gay" and anything offensive and crude, then please don't get this fanzine. Or maybe just pick it up for that easily offended friend, and let them look at it. I just don't recommend leaving it on the coffee table for your grandparents to check out. I don't think they'd ever be the same. This fanzine is great in all its sick sexual perverted horror. -Miss Sarah A Stierch.

IMPACT PRESS #20, \$2ppd, S-48-T
(10151 University Blvd. #151, Orlando, FL 32817)
Political and social thoughts and questions. Inside you'll find: reassessing the death penalty, modern trends in politics, the School of the Americas, and more. Reader mail, audio reviews and more of the standards. Well put together.
<impact-prsss@mindspring.com>
<http://www.impactpress.com>>

JERSEY BEAT #64, \$3ppd, S-96-MT
(418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087)
Finally out with another new Jersey issue. Interviews with: Against All Authority, Jets To Brazil, Burning Airlines, New Rising Sons, Electric Frankenstein, Ben Weasel, the McRackins, and more. Live, music, demo and zine reviews. Lots of photos and local news.
<jimjbeat@aol.com>
<http://home.earthlink.net/~jimjbeat>

JUXTAPOZ #3v6, \$4.95US, S-88-F+
(1303 Underwood Ave., SF, CA 94124-3308)
Great color and production value to the West Coast's slickest art magazine. No outdated relevance here. Letters, products, events, news and more. In this issue: Van Gogh, Winston Smith, Rob and Christian Clayton, Margaret Kilgallen, Joe Sorren, clown art, Ron Garrigues' sculptures, Walton Fords' watercolors, and much more. Keep current and informed. <editor@juxtapoz.com> <http://www.juxtapoz.com>

KEEP FINDING PICTURES OF TIMES GONE BY #N/A, \$1ppd, HS-40-T
(c/o J. Nichols 305 Las Brisas Ct., Peachtree City, GA 30269)
A chapbook of poems by Jim Nichols written between 1996 and 1999. He's looking to trade poetry and thoughts on matters of writing. Drop him a line.

KOEKRAND #92, ?, HS-28-T
(Laan van Berloz 6, 2151 GR Nieuw Vennep, Netherlands)
Read about what's going on in the Netherlands. Good production. There are reviews and articles and stuff that anyone into punk would be interested in, assuming they could read the language.

LACK OF AFFECTION #1, *, HS-11-R
A personal fanzine that bases a lot of the writings on love and seemingly fictional pieces. The cover art is nice, and there are a lot of hard-to-see pictures included, but we all know the drama of the Xerox machine when it comes to photos. Mainly the zinesters own thoughts and feelings -

she has a call out for a certain boy seen at shows and a slight "personal ad" of sorts, and she actually does find that love. The fanzine features some writing done by her boyfriend - very sweet, slightly cut up (in that Burroughs manner?) - romantic stuff. Well done. It's a sweet little fanzine, and I'm not a big fan of personal ones. But this one, is nifty, kid. -Miss Sarah A Stierch

LOCA #12, *, S-44-T
(2168, S. Atlantic Blvd. #290, Monterey Park, CA 91754)
This is one of them there "literary zines" that seem to be all the rage in cultural hubs like LA. This issue features ramblings from Nipper Seaturtle, Jim Miller, Mark Fletcher, Mike Randle, Cat Noel and others, most of which I found excruciating to wade through. Worst of all was a Monica Lewinski interview supposedly conducted by President Bill Clinton. As with most zines of this ilk, the editors are either having a hard time coming up with good submissions, or, in the true spirit of the "underground" are letting any idiot with the ability to string a series of syllables together the opportunity to see his name in print so that he can tell the folks back home he's a published literateur. I'm hoping that I merely latched onto a bad issue. -Jimmy Alvarado

LOLLIPOP MAGAZINE
#47, \$4.95US, S-130-F
(PO Box 441493, Somerville, MA 02144)
Another giant issue with loads of reviews and news of film, music, books and more. Inside you'll find interviews with: Prolapse, John Hughes, the Sheila Divine, Electric Frankenstein, Meshuggah, and much more. Gives you maximum bang for your buck.
<http://www.lollipop.com>

LUMPEN #10v7, \$3US, S-56-FT
(PO Box 47050, Chicago, IL 60647)
News and views from Chicago with some interesting facts and tales thrown in. Inside you'll find a "blue" story of sorts, talk of trends in modern culture, Apocalyptic, and more. A journal for the present times. <lumpen@lumpen.com>
<http://www.lumpen.com>

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
#193, \$3, S-172-T
(PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146)
The lovable punk rock mega-zine with columns, letters, reviews and other voluminous things that endear it your youth's hearts. In this issue: Munster Records, Houseboy, the Bodies, False Alarm, DS-13, Bad Stain, some Noam Chomsky, and more. Get with the program and pick up an issue. <maximummr@mindspring.com>

MUDDLE
double issue #15/#16, \$3, S, 162-R
(PO Box 120289, San Diego, CA 92112)
Thick in width, clean in appearance, featuring many a young writer, energetic about music and the burgeoning emo culture (hanky at the ready, shoulder soft for your head), does it sound like a slag if I call Muddle the Sassy of the gentle emo rocker? Hope not, and that's how it read. The overwhelming sensation I got was gentleness, veiled neurosis, and protection being at risk. Instead of makeup tips and hot date suggestions, there's liberal slashes of "Dawson's Creek" saturnalia, being stunned by Hollywood stars, self-questions of fitting in and liking the right bands, schooling, and innocence - lost, regained, protected. Favorite sections include Allison from Discount's page which shows she's becoming an incredible imagistic writer, and the

guys from Panthro United UK 13 harassing their interviewer from the get go. Fuckload of band interviews include, but not limited to, Pedro the Lion, JeJune, Cursive, Ink and Dagger, Compound Red, and Fireside.

MULTIBALL
#16, \$4.50ppd., S-76-T
(PO Box 40005, PDX, OR 97240)
The rock and pinball connection delivers the goods once again! Packed with character, personality, charm, and all that other charismatic shit people go for - all the necessary ingredients that have made this a much talked about and respected publication. This is loosely based around the idea of love, as it comes up in various sections, sidebars, and is the focal point of conversation with Lisa Carver. Also contained within is an interview with Charlie Ryan (U-Men) about his pinball collection, and articles on pinball in Croatia, Jim Sheperd, records and songs about pinball, and tons more. Also comes with the Bobby Conn / Necessary Evils split single.
-M.Avg; <mail@multiballmag.com>

MUTANT RENEGADE ZINE #10,
\$2ppdUS, S-48-T
(PO Box 3445, Dayton, OH 45401)
This is their "computer/technology" issue. Interview with Larry Fast. Live, audio and zine reviews. Lots of prose, rants and poetry. Photos, illustrations and more.
<grog@mutant-renegade.com>

MUTANT POP RECORDS CATALOG #N/A, *, S-16-T
(5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330)
Not too much to read, but plenty to order... You can find: Groovie Ghoulies, Boris The Sprinkler, U.S. Bombs, the Gain, Fastbacks, the Avengers and more. <mutantpop@aol.com>

NEAR MISS, THE #8, \$1ppd, S-16-T
(c/o Nic Mickelson, W1509 Hwy. NN, Neshho, WI 53059)
Lots of rants and thought. Interview with the Chubbies. Audio and zine reviews and a few bits more. <nearmiss@farts.com>

NEAT DAMNED NOISE
#11, \$4ppdUS, S-53-T
(PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)
More heavily involved archival reading about everything Damned. In this issue you'll find some fine gems as usual. There's a Patricia Morrison interview, a biography of the enigmatic Monty The Moron, Damned records released in Africa, a look at ex-Damned drummers, plus photos, up to date news and information and more! One of the authoritative sources on everything Damned. <neatdn@aol.com>

NEW RED ARCHIVES
#98/99, *, HS-32-T
(PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121)
Catalog of news and releases. Inside: Anti-Flag, Snap-Her, Reagan Youth, UK Subs, Anti-Flag, and more. <http://newredarchives.com>

NO BARCODES NECESSARY
#7, \$4ppd., L-32-T
(Mel Hughes, 83 Glebe Pk., Chanterhill, Enniskillen, BT74 4DB, N. Ireland)
This zine is starting to appear on a more regular basis. Good deal, as it seems there are less and less zines covering hardcore at the moment. As always, Mel gives us the quality we've come to expect, and this is by far his strongest issue yet. There's the conclusion of his interview with Brob, Stef, and Nico, then it's a long and interesting

chat with Ebola, and really interesting talk with Assert, and then there's Knuckledust, Outlast, Area Affect, and Boy Sets Fire (their "politics" baffle me). Rounding out this off are columns and a mountain of reviews. -M.Avg

NO EFFING TITLE #N/A, ?, HS-64-T
(c/o Les Cammer, 4913 Rhoads Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93111)
A very well put together chapbook/book of poems by Les. Have a look, read them, trade with him, exchange words of wisdom...

OUTBURN #9, \$4.95US, L-82-FT
(PO Box 3187, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359-0187)
"Subversive + post-alternative music" magazine in a high gloss high art layout. Inside you'll find: Paige, Funker Vogt, Judith, Halou, the Gathering, Sow, Spahn Ranch, Purr Machine, Legendary Pink Dots, Love and Rockets, Ministry, and lots of reviews of material in a related vein. Giving gloss to some significant bands and many other insignificant others.
<outburn@cognet.net>
<http://www.cognet.net/~rkusano>

PET PEEVE
#2, *, HS-18-R
(3017 Greenbush St., Lafayette, IN 47904)
A very delightful fanzine from lovely Indy. A few notes about this fanzine: 1. They love Keanu Reeves (he's compared to the original meaning of punk) 2. The entire fanzine is pretty much about the writers' dads. 3. Cute cut and paste typewriter fun-featuring essays. 4. Ted Nugent hate. 5. Lots of gun talk. 6. Embarrassing photos of dads. 7. Crush-talk and Clarissa Explains It All 8. The best record reviews ever, watch out Flipside! 9. The Pro-Mullet-Cut Force 10. Movie reviews. 11. Fashion Taste (featuring the Locust). This is so cute. Just too cute! -Miss Sarah A Stierch.

PORN ACTRESSES IN MAINSTREAM MEDIA #1, *, HS-8-R
(c/o Rich, 4203 University Way NE, P-114, Seattle, WA 98105)
Well, for postage and a 21+ age statement you can get this handy reference compilation list of appearances in mainstream media by porn actresses... It's up to you to track down the material to add to your collection, this just points the way.

POTPOURRI & ROSES
#6, \$2ppd, S-28-T
(PO Box 25692, LA, CA 90025)
Interviews with: Beau Soleil, the Martinis, Me First & the Gimmie Gimmies, and Punch the Clown. Audio and live reviews and broccoli thoughts. <potpourri_roses@yahoo.com>

PTBHI ZINE #6, \$1+2stamps, HS-56-R
(PO Box 1868, Anchorage, AK 99509-1868)
More travel tales, from Alaska to Florida - and why not read this? If you're planning on traveling, information is always valuable. Lots to read in very descriptive passages. There are some photos and the layout is pretty decent. Worth the buck.

Q.U.E.E.R ZINE #3, *, S-32-T
(PO Box 52812, New Orleans, LA 70152-2812)
Queer issues approached from the alternative angle. Commentary, letters, reviews and more. Interviews with: Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black, and Jim Buck. Off to a good start and growing. <mondo324@hotmail.com>



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QUEER PUNK #1, *, HS-12-T

(PO Box 14603, Long Beach, CA 90803)

A confessional editorial and a tale in prose. Welcomes letters and comments, not accepting contributions. Photos of tall buildings serve as illustrations. Curious? <dagnir@prodigy.net>

ROCK BRIGADE #152, \$57, S-74-F+

(AV Paulista, 2073-Ed.Horsa I., Salas 821/822 - Sao Paulo, Brazil)

The Brazilian superglossy rock magazine that gives you the 'ol one two punch of metal. Inside this issue: Zero Vision, a huge KISS article, Nocturnal Rites, Skin Lab, Bad Religion, Lefay, Sugar Ray, loads of reviews and more. Plus a couple of glossies you can clip and put on your wall. <http://www.rockbrigade.com.br>

ROCK&ROLL OUTBREAK

#2, \$3ppd, S-50-T

(521 W.Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

This zine is pretty damn good. The coverage is geared towards punk, power pop, glam, and all points in between. There's a lot of zines out there that cover the same ground, but what sets Rock&Roll Outbreak apart is the attitude. Instead of being jaded and cliquish like most punk zines, these guys are inspired and encouraging. You can tell they truly enjoy what they cover, and it's contagious. The columns contain strong opinions, though they're not overbearing, which is refreshing, and the reviews are along the same lines. Interviews are with Moral Crux, Chinese Takeaway, Libertine, Black Halos, and Backyard Babies. This is only the second issue, and if they keep at this they'll become a definite source for punk coverage. -M.Avrq

ROCKABILLY REPORT

#1, \$1+stamps, S-14-R

(3043 California St., Huntington Park, CA 90255)

Trying to get a zine started. Rockabilly queens. So. Ca. venues, some rants and bios. and some photos. Getting started, if you're interested, help 'em out.

RUNNIN' FEART #4, ?, HS-56-T

(c/o C. Masson, 12 Crusader Crescent, Stewarton, Ayrshire KA3 3BI, Scotland)

Really well put together with a great print job! Inside you'll find: Oi Polloi, Airbomb, Pink Kross, The Steam Pig, The Amphetamines, Chinese Burn, Burning Boy, and more. Packed section of music and zine reviews. A lengthy read.

SAMZINE #2, ?, HS-28-R

(PO Box 954, Bloomington, IN 47402)

A zine containing the scribbles of Sam, which are snuck out of his room by Chris and then assembled into a new issue. Letters, drawings, and thoughts. It's like reading someone's diary without them knowing it...

SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

#4, \$1, S-32-MT

(c/o Gene Mahoney, PO Box 843, Redwood City, CA 94064)

More from Gene and friends. Talk centering around the San Francisco Bay area. There's restaurants, fetish clubs, overpopulation and the homeless, there's an interview with the guy that thinks Stephen King assassinated John Lennon, which in itself makes this issue worth getting... Photos and illustrations. Get a copy!

SCHWING! #1, \$3.95US, S-82-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave., ?, CA 94124-3308)

This might be an expensive gag, but at face

value, this is an alternative golf magazine...

Cool equipment reviews, stroke philosophizing, dope outfits for hitting the green, Primus, California coastal courses, cigars, L7, and more. Have a look, it's for real!

SILLY LITTLE TROUSER**MONKEES #10, \$1ppd, S-16-R**

(703 N. Ohio St. #4, Tuscola, IL 61953)

Interview with Girl On Top, masturbation thoughts, some reviews, a serial story and a few bits more. <bushwkprod@aol.com>

SKATEPUNK #2, \$1, HS-32-R

(c/o Alex Napiwocki, 3115 Foothill Blvd. #M182, LaCrescenta, CA 91214)

Interviews with: Reel Big Fish, the Hiccups, Forpessake, Spring Heeled Jack, Dropkick Murphys, and more. Reviews, rants, blueprints for building a rail slide, and more. Not bad for being produced by someone that's 14. <sk8punkmag@aol.com>

SKRATCH #38, \$2ppd, S-64-M+

(17300 17th St. #J223, Tustin, CA 92780)

Letters, live and music reviews and more. Interviews with: Buck O Nine, Smile, Secret Hate, Co-Ed, and Paige. <scottskratch@earthlink.net>

SLAP #6v8, \$3.75US, S-112-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave., SF, CA 94124)

Skateboarding and gear for carrying out this activity. Superglossy, packed with photos, music reviews, interviews and much more. If you skate you'll just have to look.

SOUND VIEWS #53, \$2US, S-46-T

(PO Box 23523, Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)

Columns, NYC happenings. In this issue: Back 47, Backworld, Floorpunch, Irish music scene, and more. Music and live reviews. A good zine produced with consistency. <SoundViews@aol.com>

SPADA #26, ?, S-56-MT

(1004 Rose Ave, Des Moines, IA 50315-3000)

A pretty standard fanzine with all the trappings (interviews, zine reviews, a shitload of music reviews, etc.). This issue is their first to feature columnists, which, like most, are hit and miss in quality. Interviewed in this issue are Anti-Flag the Rondelles, Retriever, Endearing Records, Faster Tiger, Bluetip, Jimmy Eat World and Empty Records. High points for me were Roberts' "Whatever... Reviews of anything I damn well please" section, which consists of a bunch of across the board piss takes, and the "Shit List" review section, which were good for a laugh... In short, not bad, but also not spectacular. -Jimmy Alvarado

SPANK! #1, ?, S-16-T

(PO Box 238, Ventura, CA 93001)

Trying to keep entertained in Ventura County... Eating cheap, local show happenings, Natalie Merchant, poetry, an interview with Blotter, a review and a crossword puzzle. A pretty populated place in So. Calif. where not much happens... Maybe you can help with that.

STEINBECK SALINAS MURDER**REPORT #7, 50cents, S-2-R**

(PO Box 853, Castonville, CA 95012)

Read about the worst from the blotter in Salinas. This is a thin one so maybe not much has gone on lately that's noteworthy...

THRASHER #220, \$3.95US, S-128-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave., SF, CA 94124)

More packed skating action from the granddad-

dy of skate mags. Rob Gonzales, skate Japan, Dave Aron, the end of a skate legend, Dayne Brummfit, and more. Can't turn the page without seeing at least one good picture.

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO

#111, ?, HS-40-T

(PO Box 1, 65200 Vaasa, Finland)

News and information zine of punk and the usual, publishing monthly. I'm told that sometimes you can find stuff written in English in it, but not in this issue... Looks like it's pretty good if you're wise to the Fins.

TRIPPA SHAKE #11, \$3ppd, S-24-T

(c/o Ballini Stefanovia Mocale 79, 50028 Tavarnelle V.P.(Fi), Italy)

Zine, record, live, book reviews, and columns. Also: Electric Frankenstein and more in this all Italian language zine.

TURNING THE TIDE

#1v12, \$2, T-14-MT

(PO Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232-1055)

The watchdog of political and oppressive skulduggery. In this issue: Peltier, crack and the CIA, anti-gay murders, and more. Informative. <part2001@usa.net>

U2: THE WORLD

#1 \$3 S-26-F+

(116 Ripka St., Phila. PA 19127)

Hooboy. A U2 Fanzine. Manoman. Not something I'd expect to get in the mail. They thank the members of U2. I wonder if U2 even knows this exist. Hmmm... They feature a rumor mill full of rumors related to the band - from The Edge and Bono buying a villa in France to a rumor about the two buying a football team. Oy vey. It features horrendous black and white drawings of the band members. I don't know if they were trying to be abstract or if a 10 year old drew them. Ugh. U2 oriented horoscopes, some reviews of U2's concerts, and info on Amnesty International. They have the "Are You a U2 Maniac" quiz, (I'm "like u2 but your not a mega U2 fan.") They review every single freakin' U2 record up to "Pop." Then we see photographs of Bono, to the present. I like the cowboy Bono, or perhaps the Satanistic one. Hmm. Then we have the U2 penpal club. I'm not a big U2 fan, and I really have no need for this thing. U2 people would like it. You can have my copy. -Miss Sarah A Stierch. <U2TheWorld@aol.com>

UNDER THE VOLCANO

#49, \$2US, S-70-F

(PO Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767)

A good read with columns, mail, live and lots of music reviews and more. Interviews with: Hemlock, Lunachicks, Sick Of It All, and Southpaw. There's lots of information and opinions presented in their columns. A pretty good read for your money. <rlackutv@aol.com>

UNDERGROUND VIDEO

#98, \$2ppd, S-32-T

(PO Box 527, Beverly Hills, CA 90213-0527)

Catalog of videos you can purchase... Conspiracies, healing and the mind, UFOs and aliens, Kennedy assassination, secrets of Area 51, martial arts, and that sort of thing. Have a look if you're interested.

<http://www.ufocoverup.com>

VERA KRANT #9, DFL40/yr., HS-32-F+

(Oosterstraat 44, 9711 NV Groningen, Holland)

The great little zine from the Netherlands. Always with a nifty color cover and some creative inside pix. News, reviews and all the sort of thing. There are features, but they aren't too

apparent to me since I don't speak the language. Maybe the website has clues.

<http://www.vera-groningen.nl>

WHEN PUNK TURNS 30

#N/A, *, HS-12-R

(PO Box 484, Pensacola, FL 32597)

One person's view of the aging punk population. Is it destined for the same end as the baby-boomers that had some ideals and pissed 'em all away? Maybe, maybe not. <vomitus@hotmail.com>

X-TRA #27, \$8/12issue, S-40-T

(2484 Hammer Ave., Norco, CA 91760)

Reader letters, music and live reviews. Interviews with: Lou (Melted Records), US Bombs, River Fenix, and more. It's from the record store with the same name... The address is listed, so drop in. <xrecords@aol.com>

YOUR FLESH

I'm mildly drunk, listening to Belle & Sebastian.

First off, they say that my favorite album is a bunch of shit. So I decide that I'm gonna slag these art fags and here goes: the first thing I see is top ten lists by people I never heard of before. Who the fuck are you anyway? Oh you write for Your Flesh? How many markets? What's your circ? Uh huh... so what. Wait, some no name said he saw the Subsonics right there, they're God, what else? Nothing, their top tens are so obscure and irrelevant that no one cares, turn the page an article on some jazz artist, again who cares? Next page some guy that was in the Gories, who cares? Next page the painter who did the cover, who cares - and then, like hosanna from the highest, an in-depth interview with Cheap Trick's bun e Carlos and it's a good interview and he mentions supplying bootlegs of Hendrix in Chicago that he made, what a crucial interview, good stuff! Then somebody jerks off about Jon Spencer and is so obscure I don't know what he or she is talking about...(they advertised this on the cover?) Then there's more stupid pick your nose art shit and then a decent selection of lit reviews. They do a good job here of pointing you in the right direction reading-wise. I turn the page to a Dropkick Murphys ad. I didn't know their four fans could read. Then there's a good interview with The Voice writer Chuck Eddy who I agree with most of the time; he's wrong about The Blues Explosion though - then there's a crucial interview with new Orleans writer James Sallis which is excellent, very well done - then they review videos but since I don't watch videos (such a gutter genre) I can't comment on it - oh yeah, record reviews, pages and pages of reviews of folks you've never heard of and folks who you shouldn't hear of (the pw long review was right, the Belle & Sebastian wrong, the rest irrelevant). Hey, why don't you folks just concentrate on literary stuff? You don't know what you're talking about music wise, obscurest art mystics, cretins actually - I get the impression that your average Your Flesh writer isn't as well read as they think. Cocksuckers, charlatans, fakers, hey to both of you Your Flesh writers reading this, why don't you listen to Slim Harpo while reading Heidegger like the rest of us? Verdict: read Your Flesh at your favorite zine store, don't buy it. These jazz lovers don't deserve any cash... -Jim Hayes

ZINE WORLD #10, \$3ppdUS, HS-102-T

(537 Jones St #2386, SF, CA 94102)

Even bigger than before. This zine has really taken off. Zine related news from around the world, zine reviews, networking opportunities, changes of address, and more. A nice down to earth indispensable resource to people on the zine scene.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARRY WEEN BOY GENIUS

#1, by Judd Winick

Boy genius is right. This kid is capable of doing a year's worth of math homework in a matter of minutes. Our story starts at Barry's birth where our star is pondering the size of his "Dick." The real meat and potatoes start while Barry is experimenting in the basement and tears a time rift in the wall. At this point he calls a couple of buddies over, one of which he uses to go

CAPTAIN DINGLEBERRY #1

This is by far one of the most vile, hard-to-stomach comic I've read in all my life. As a kid, most have had a good laugh over things having to do with body functions, but to make a superhero with a gastrointestinal problem the size of San Antonio, or is that New York City, is just plain bile-inducing. Here's the gist of the story line - there's this art-rock guy who kills a fanboy, which sets this Captain Dingleberry and his little dingleberry

one he comes in contact with. Come on, anyone who enters your home, grabs you by the collar, and tells you "78 cents or I piss on your flowers" has the mean bug dancing in his bung hole. If you enjoy mean-spirited pranks, swinging milk trucks, or an occasional fist fight this is the comic for you. Alongside Reid are Mr. O'Clock, the president of Milk, Inc. and all around absent-minded wimp, then there's Mr. Crabbe the supervisor and regular jerk whose the receiver of most of Fleming's

mare by a creepy looking cat. The second story finds the Lemon Kids entered in a big wheel race which they win by default which their sponsor rigs. When the favored winner finds out he was set up, he not only kicks the twins' butts, but also cleans house on the sponsors as well. By this point we start to see a pattern that these two kids are destined to be beaten down in everything they do, and sure enough, that's how the two remaining stories go. Here's the deal, if you like to see goodie-goodies getting bitch slapped in every endeavor of their lives, this one's gonna make you laugh, but if you're into fuzzy bunnies and rooting for the underdog, maybe you should use your money for a Clippers ticket. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Dr., Gainesville, FL 32607-2429, February 99, \$2.95 U.S., \$4.50 Can.)

RAY-MOND

By David Boswell, \$2.95 U.S., \$3.95 Can.

All right kiddies, we finally have a follow up to the great Reid Fleming. Now this Raymond character isn't as abrasive as Fleming, but he'll bust your gut with his less than heroic situations. Let's stop for a minute at the cover where we get our first glimpse of Raymond. You've just got to love a guy that wears a bell on his head that shoots out a ray of electricity, a Charlie Brown sweater with an "R" on the chest, and a pair of shoes that run on gas. It seems that Raymond dreams of stopping crime, from littering to stealing, and he does it all from the desk at work. Needless to say, he has a window to look down onto the street to spot crime, and upon spotting crime leaps into the company john and transforms himself into Raymond. Keeping his identity secret seems to be his

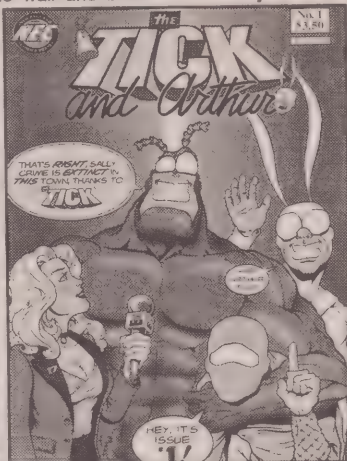
greatest chore because his club-footed jerk boss is always looking for him. Luckily for Raymond, the big boss thinks that the time spent in the restroom is for a more physical nature. So if you like anti-heroes, you'll like Raymond. He's like Ralphie from "A Christmas Story," you know, when he kicks that freckled faced, metal mouthed, racoon hat wearing kid's ass. Yeah, Raymond's an underdog with a weapon and what he does

THE COMIX

ALL REVIEWS BY GARY HORNBERGER

into the wall. Needless to say, all sorts end up appearing in the house, Barry puts on his space suit, sets up a timer, sends everyone back into the wall and blows

cohorts off, so Captain D sucks him into his ass and off to turd world, where the art-rock guy meets this Sir Richard Pump a loaf fairy. Ok, what I meant by vile was



not that the comic sucks, but rather everything has to do with shit, puke, or the far reaches of the human anatomy. The cover art is cool and the art on the inside is stunning to say the least, but the story line is iffy. If you're a plumber who still finds shit funny, this one's for you, but if you find bathroom humor a laugh of the past, don't bother.

(Underhanded-Comics, No

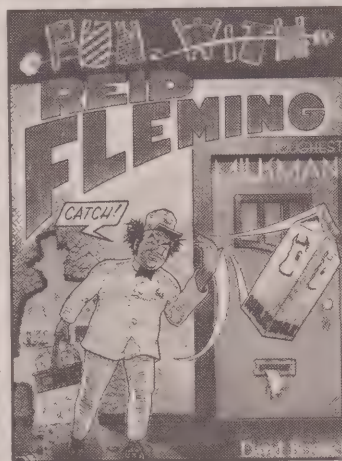
Address. August 98, \$2.95, US) A footnote - (Dedicated to Bad Religion and Pennywise?)

FUN WITH REID FLEMING THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN

(The collected works) by David Boswell Here it is kids, the whole story line of that famous milkman who tells everyone to "Just shut up." This guy is a jerk to every-

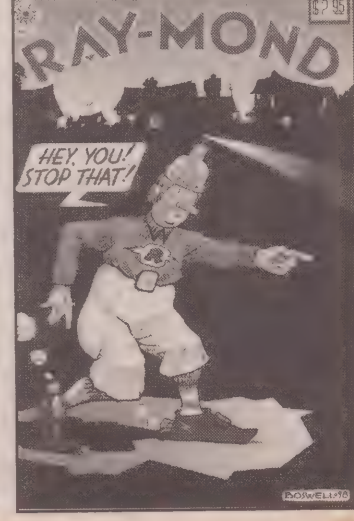
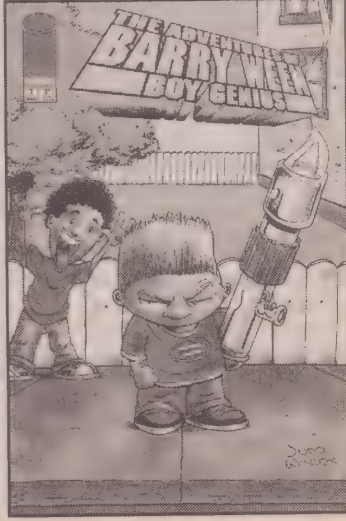
practical jokes. All good stories need a love interest, that's where Lena the three-time divorcee comes in. And finally Lowell Cooper, Reid's best friend and on occasion the butt of Reid's jokes. Now don't get me wrong, sure, who would associate

being a milkman with being tough, but hey like Dennis Rodman and stupidity, it just seems to work. So here's the skinny, this one's about a milkman who's pissed at the world, goes out, smashes shit up, verbally abuses people, and never loses his job. Hey, sounds like a dream job to me. I must say on this one: buy, read, laugh, laugh some more, but for heaven's sake enjoy this comic. (Eclipse Books, PO Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95436: \$12.95 U.S., \$15.50 Can.)



THE LEMON KIDS #1

This one's good, folks, if you like black comedy. The Lemon Kids are twins that are drawn in an angelic manner and are presented in a cherub-like way, but they find a tragic end in every one of their endeavors. In the first story the twins are dreaming of milk and cookies, but this is turned to a night-



no motiv

"and the sadness prevails..."



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with it will bend you readers in half laughing. (Deep Sea Comics, #702-207 West Hastings St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V6B1H7)

SAM HENDERSON'S MAGIC WHISTLE #1

Remember the comic Plop? Well, the Magic Whistle picks up where Plop left off. A comic filled with nonsensical stories that make you smile and laugh and characters so bizarre you could only find them in the pages of a comic book. In the short titled "He Aims to Please," we find this guy using the coupon he found in a burger to get a free t-shirt. Upon receiving his shirt, he immediately puts it on and because it has a large star on the chest exclaims, "Damn, I look good." Then he says "Give a soda to the star!" Well it was funny to me. Later on in the book there's a short on Hawkeye and one on Quincy and to top it off there's one titled Quincy versus Hawkeye. Now by far the best short in the whole comic is "The Naked Guy Has a Day Off" in which our pumped up character, naked guy, is excitedly making ready his day of watching the whole collection of Hello Larry videos. At the high point of his viewing the naked guy states "McLean Stevenson... what a fuckin' genius!" Then very abruptly he is interrupted by a guy selling "Jehovah's Grit," to which he complains "I'm very busy watching Hello Larry! The kid asks 'naked?' And Naked guy exclaims 'Is there any other way?! Well, I found The Magic Whistle to be comical, but hey get a copy and find out for yourself. If you like silly humor, this one's gonna be your favorite coffee blend. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Dr., Gainesville, FL 32607-2429, February 99, \$2.95 U.S., \$3.95 Can.)

SUGARBUZZ #4

All right I bit on this title because it read "Ho Ho! Holiday Heros! And You Bad BAD Monkeys!" What can I say, it made me laugh like Homer. Well that's where the laughing stopped. I can honestly say that this rag put me to sleep. The Holiday Heros are weak. There's Santa Claus, The Easter Bunny, Halloweenie, and I don't understand this one even with the explanation, The Whitsun Table Lamp. These four idiots tangle with some of the most piss poor excuses for villains I've ever heard of. Take for example Mister Spoiler, who spoils things with his invisible breath. "Ha Ha?" I think not. Then we have the Haversham Brothers (I believe an attempt at making fun of the group Hansen) who have gay powers, "I'm Zac, I've got magic hair, I'm Taylor, I can shriek like a thousand girls, and I'm Geoffry, I have strange making-friends powers." Now as far as I'm concerned, these three can go to hell, so this story is not worth the time. Next is "you bad bad monkey" which is basically an "I Love Lucy" episode with two gremlins from the Twilight Zone as adopted kids. This one turns into "I Loathe Monkeys." This comic is so bad

that I'm at a loss for words on how this comic attained a fourth title. (Slave Labor Comics, 325 South First St. #301, San Jose, CA 95113, September 98, \$2.95 U.S., \$3.95 Can.)

THE TICK AND ARTHUR #1

Finally the story line is back on track and we see the return of some classic characters. It seems a bum picked up all the pieces of the Thorn of Oblivion and has them in a bag, which he gives to a ninja and the wheels start turning to setting the ninja force back together. After the explosion at the Evanston mental hospital sent everyone to the hospital, the ninjas there get the call about the thorn and since all the villains are in the same room everyone listening is on the hunt. Also, at the same time across town, the ninjas release Oedipus from her ninja cell. Better known as Ashley, she goes in search of the Tick and the thorn and in the process winds up working with Paul the samurai, who is now Paul the private investigator. So it looks like our story is going to pull together some loose strings, get their crap together and start putting out some classic Tick. All right fan-boy, this is your chance to read the Mighty Tick in all its glorious bumbling humor, meet new characters, get reacquainted with old ones, and boldly laugh your ass off. Well what are you waiting for? Go on, get. (New England Comics, PO Box 690346, Quincy MA, 02269, February 99, \$3.50 U.S., \$5.50 Can.)

THE TICK HEROES OF THE CITY #1

A new story on the big blue pearl of justice. It seems the Tick has decided to walk a few miles in his sidekick Arthur's shoes and has gone to the sidekick temp agency for a job. The Tick is side kicking for El Flamingo as a pool boy at some swanky hotel, but when the villain cabana boy shows up, the Tick once again takes on the role of superhero. Cabana boy is sent hurtling with one swing from an uprooted diving board. This one has all the ridiculous puns that make all Tick comics hilarious. Also in this book is the introduction of a new crime fighter named Myndi, the crime fighting cheerleader. Check this out, she kicks villain butt while yelling out bad cheers. She's also got a terrific pair of pom-poms. Ok, I mean the cheerleading kind, but she is drawn seductively. Back to the pom-poms, they shoot out Chinese stars and they can stop bullets kinda like some other wonder woman we know. So if you're up on the Tick, this is a great new one with a new writer and he does great work, so get your hands on it. (New England Comics Press, PO Box 690346, Quincy, MA 02269, February 99, \$3.50 U.S., \$5.50 Can.)

BORN TO LOSE

A film by Doug Canker

According to the back cover, this movie is about a punk group called The Spoilers; who are "young but they're not kids." It goes on to say that we follow them as they try to keep their integrity as they try to score a "connection with the Los Angeles music scene." Well, if this was the intention, Canker and crew have failed miserably. Instead, what they've captured on film is yet another installment in the "misunderstood

junkie punk, in his request for rock'n'roll superstardom, drinks, fights, dopes and fights his way absolutely nowhere" genre of "Sid and Nancy" rip offs. "Born to Lose" is really about The Spoilers' lead singer/guitarist, Stevie, a limey who used to be in another band called The Have Nots, who apparently broke up due to Stevie's excesses. Put together with some friends, the Spoilers have a shot at making a record and at least getting played on KXLU, if only Stevie can get his shit together and come up with some good songs. From here we watch him fuck around and shoot heroin with the films "Nancy," one of the record company's execs who thinks the only way Stevie will come up with some worthwhile songs is to be up to his eyeballs in smack. We also get to spend 86 minutes watching Stevie smash in a car window, have tantrums during a recording session, steal an invalids' wheelchair, smoke pot with a bunch of hippies, show up at practice incoherent (thanks to a combination of pills and booze), and recite the lyrics he wrote while geezing. The rest of the Spoilers, sadly, are never developed past the point of serving as minor characters for the lead role to interact with. In his effort to capture the rebellious spirit of rock'n'roll, Cawker missed a point vital to accurately depicting the trials and tribulations of a band: you must focus on the band, not only the drug addict lead singer. The film has its pluses, though. It has been blessed with a pretty damn good cast, and writers Cawker and Howard Roth have a knack for writing believable dialogue, which makes the film at least watchable. Cawker has also accurately depicted just how boring band rehearsals can be, especially when one of the members is out of his mind on chemical agents. Ultimately though, as with "Sid and Nancy," watching a junkie self-destruct for more than 15 minutes doesn't intensify the viewer's interest, it lulls him to sleep. If they plan on making more films based on punk, or rock'n'roll in general for that matter, Cawker and company might do well to learn that not every musician does heroin. I would even venture to say that the ones that do are in the minority. Movies about junkie musicians, from "Sid and Nancy" to "Bird," are almost always pure Hollywood sensationalism, an explosion of music's seedier elements and a real chore to watch once the opening credits stop rolling. Contrary to what the box will have you believe, "Born to Lose" is not rock'n'roll's idea of a film. It's another example of Hollywood's idea of rock'n'roll's idea of a film, and we already have more of those types of useless stereotypes than we need. -Jimmy Alvarado (Provisional)



BOOKS AND VIDEOS

F*U*TV #6

For those not in the know (like me before I watched this), F*U*TV is a Canadian videozine featuring big and not so big bands performing and being interviewed, as well as some other silly shenanigans. This installment features the musical styling of the Lunachicks, Abalienation, Broadzilla, Jerry And The Final Thoughts, The Thundergods, The Stiffs and Libertine. The bands are shot with a single camera and the sound seems to have been recorded with the camera's built-in mic. What's amazing is that the lack of production

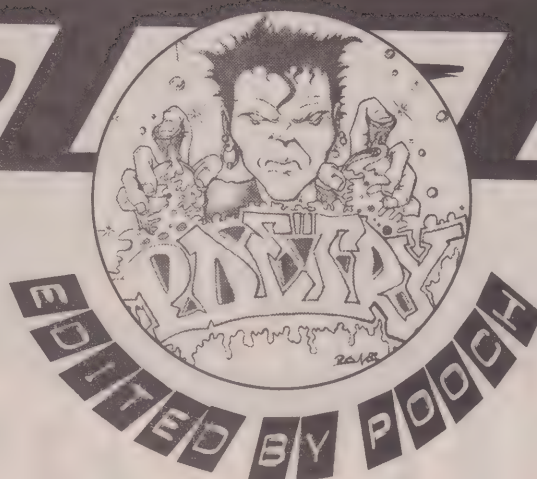
frills works. It must have taken these guys years to find the perfect spot in a club to capture sound this good through a shitty camcorder mic. Little video tricks keep the single camera shots from stagnating and the interviews are at the least diverting. While I wasn't too impressed with most of the bands featured on this "issue" (you know, being the jaded, cynical rock journalist that I am), I did find their performances interesting enough to keep me watching without any fast forwarding whatsoever. The Stiffs fast as hell popcore did get my foot a-tappin', I must admit, and the Lunachicks' set brought back memories of things I haven't thought of in almost 10 years. All in all, this was some good viewing and I hope they are able to keep it up for some time to come. -Jimmy Alvarado (Yabenti Video, PO Box 67585, Spadina, W.Toronto, Ontario M5T 3B8 Canada)

THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO LOS ANGELES

Pleasant Gehman, editor

This is a guide for out of towners, or newbies in LA who want to know where to find cool stuff to do, places to go and places to shop. The editor is one of the survivors of the original '70s punk scene, who went on to make her living as both a writer and a belly dancer. And like her dancing, this book writhes, wriggles and shimmies all over the Landscape. The writers are too many to list without boring you to death, but they include dancers, musicians, writers (like, duh!), and local weird personalities who really DO know El Lay, from its softly decaying underbelly to its glittery dark towers. The chapters cover: where to stay; where to eat; emergency and health services; special events, festivals and parades; theme parks museums and the like; art galleries; bookstores; record stores (the GOOD ones!); thrift and vintage shops; beauty and style supplies; punk rock venues, stores and hangouts (from another belly dancer, Valerie); cool clubs and bars for the night-hopping set; even MORE places to hang out (provided by Plez's sister); magic and fetish stuff; lesbian and gay oriented local everything; Plez's take on the two-headed Creature Hollywood and Silverlake; an excellent chapter on downtown and the darkly melting MacArthur Park area; more Silverlake from a member of Possum Dixon; chapters on the Westside, Laurel Canyon, Pasadena (The Eastside); The Valley; and ending with chapters giving the LA perspective from longtime scenesters Iris and Vaginal. It's quite a city. It's so damned big and complex that even natives don't know all of it. So I recommend this book to locals as well. -ShitEd (Manic D Press)

P O I S O N



The Machine

by Seth M. Ferranti

The Machine Churns You
Out
To Grind You Up-

It Spits You Sideways
To Digest You-

It Contorts Your
Individuality
To Suit Its Uniformity-

Conformity the Norm-
No Revolution.

Creativity Slain-
And (WE) are still
Sleeping.

The Machine Computes Your
Abilities
To Assess You-

It Analyzes Your Faults
To Exploit You-

It Siphons Your Energies
To Make Itself Stronger-

Survival is Sacred-
Plug in your Receptors

Population online-
And (WE) become Faceless.

Cloudy, but who cares? by Scott C. Holstad

I've been cutting for months -
it's addictive. I like the blood,
the flow, the look, feel, taste -
it soothes, comforts, controls.

My wife thinks I want to be
proclaimed a schizo. Actually,
the people who usually do this
are Borderlines, but why make
a distinction in this case? She
thinks I enjoy the drama of it
all.

Frankly,
I think I knife myself to keep
from knifing everyone else
I run into....

Vacant Fantasy by C.D. Moody

Madness exploded with laughter
at the loss of contempt!
Or any measure of concern
City lights smiled!
As the whiskey roared on
Wild, wild west
And still wilder chests
Full of promise & refuse
The ten second freedom
of my own imagination

Ode to W.S. Merwin by Sabrina Kaleta

We think of mountains and ocean
as if
they are just different scenarios
for drinking beer.

We think
we are good people.
We drink and are merry.
We ask all to join in.
Sit down,
have a brew,
relax.

We do not like the sun.
If we were indoors,
we'd ask the bartender to dim the lights.
Nature is not natural to us, we think.
It doesn't seem to welcome our sort.
We go through our beer
and bitch that the store is so far away.
No, this is not natural to us.
We sit and write that we need more beer.

Night falls
We are bored
We drive home
to the Pub.

Irrigations Made Of Sand by Paul Semel

my cousins and I didn't just
build sand castles when we were young
we built irrigation ditches
massive things to make water flow
from the top of the beach
back to the lake

we'd start before noon

pouring buckets of water on the sand
to make it wet
and we'd build paths
ridges with high walls that twisted and turned
sometimes we'd build tunnels and bridges
strengthening the sides with sand
and at the highest point
we'd dig a great big hole
and pour the water in
and watch it flow down the paths

sometimes the water broke a wall
and we'd scramble with more wet sand
like it was a disaster
with children in peril
but we'd be quick enough to fix it
send the water back down the path
until it finally flowed
back into the lake

Untitled by Logan Firestone

Streetlight
tree shadows
dance
on the cold
wet asphalt...

Giving life
to monsters
in the
dark morning.

I
run
from
Them.



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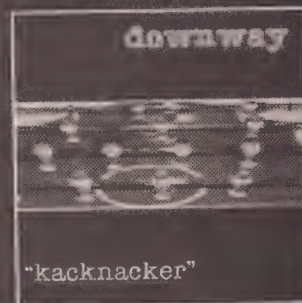
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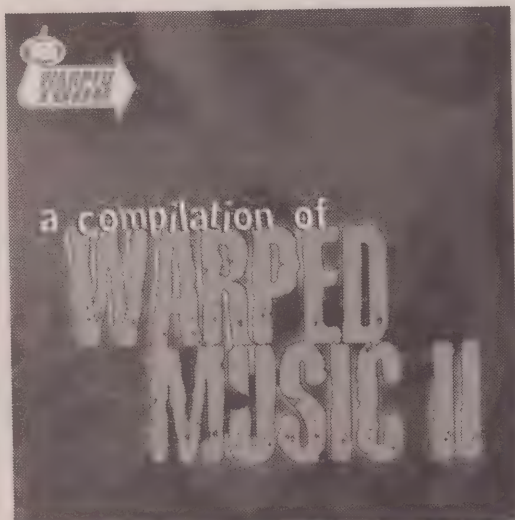
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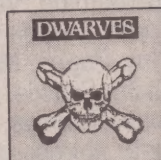


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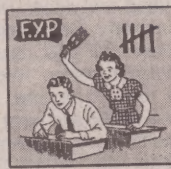
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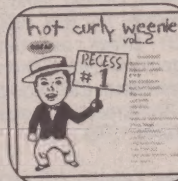
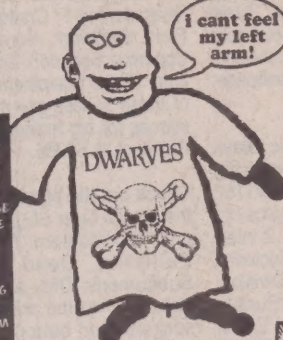
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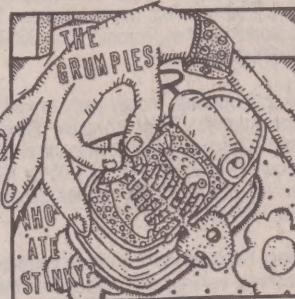
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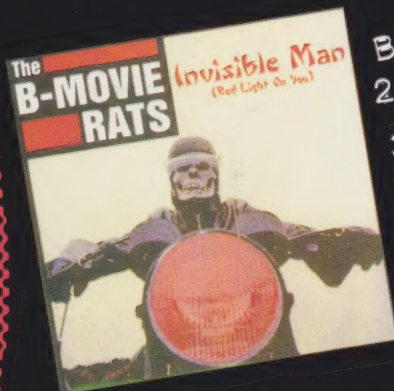
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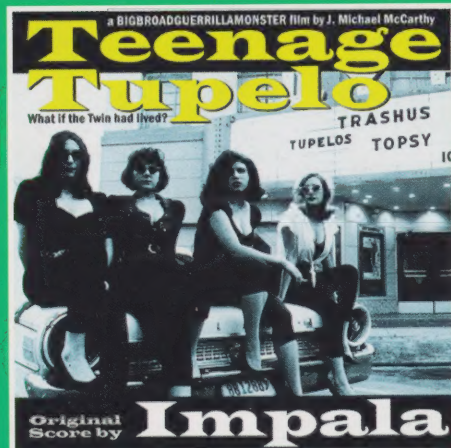
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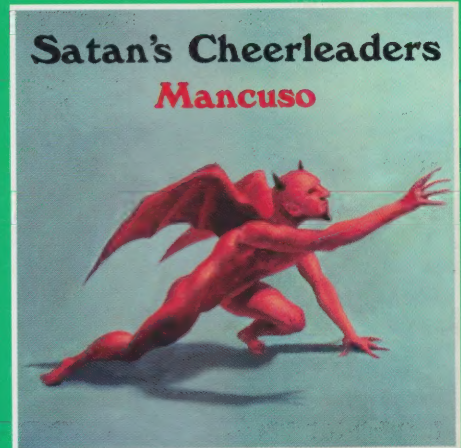
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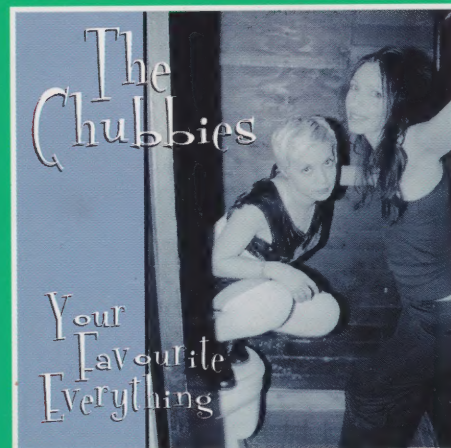
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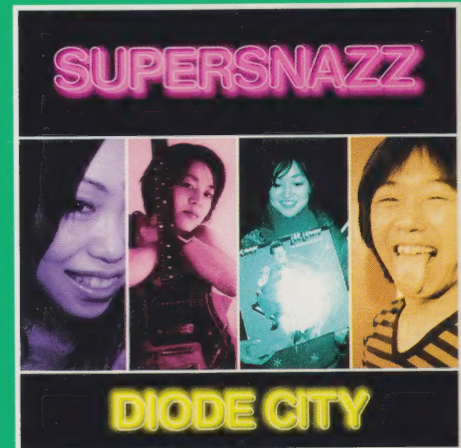
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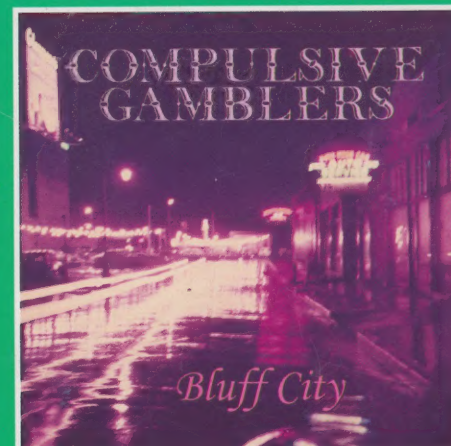
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Rocket from the Crypt CD

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